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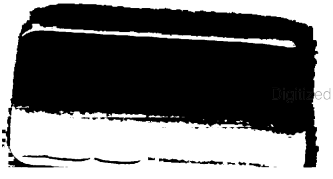

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THE

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PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXVIII.

"PREPARE ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."—Isaiah, xl., 3.

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

1898.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. JANUARY, 1898. No. 1.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

THE PROGRESS OF SHAKERISM.
NO. 1.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

IT is now quite universally admitted that the unfoldment of the human mind has been very gradual and yet of continuous growth. The animal man does not change in the twinkling of an eye, from low to high estates. Even the most radical Biblical students who were positive that the days of creation, as recorded in Genesis, were periods of time, of only twenty-four hours each, now admit that the morning and evening which formed the day, may as well have been one thousand, ten thousand or forty thousand years each, as to have been only twenty-four hours.

Figuier says,—"The mind recoils dismayed when it undertakes the computation of the thousands of years which have elapst since the creation of man."

This being the case, even admitting that prehistoric man was made nearly on a level with the brute creation, we wonder that so many thousands of years could have past away, and brought to the race no higher moral standard than is represented in the book of Genesis. That there was a gradual development of the mind, altho it may have been at a snail's pace, is generally conceded, as a writer of the Sacred Book, places man in advance of the animal race and denominates him when standing upright, to be a "son of God."

Isolated individuals may have been found no doubt who were equally as far advanced as was the one we call Adam, but the race, as a whole, was very far from being what we should consider, either sons of God or even an ordinary standard for humanity. The historian in illustrating the condition of some orders of society, at that date, says;—"every imagination of the heart was evil continually."

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Such a condition would be hard to conceive, and still more difficult to accept into the mind, even tho we should bring forward the most uncivilized races that exist at the present time. If the development of man before the advent of Adam was twenty thousand or even ten thousand years, and the time from Adam to the present date has been only some six or seven thousand years, then we should readily admit that the advancement of humanity for the last term has been wonderful.

But the six thousand years of man's existence may be no more exact than was the minister who said that the three holy children were not in the fiery furnace, but just near enough to be comfortable. The eagle-eyed commentators have found some one hundred and forty opinions of the date of the creation "and that between the varying extremes there is a difference of three thousand one hundred and ninety-four years; a difference which only applies to the period between the commencement of the world or birth of Adam and the birth of Jesus."

A slight acquaintance with the Phrenological chart will perhaps show us how easily the good or bad conditions may predominate in the mind. How the moral and intellectual faculties may rise through many degrees to a higher and better form of humanity, while a departure from right or from goodness will as certainly lead to brutality and to a sensual existence.

Having this thought in mind it is not strange that the family of man should have been formed into classes, and one should have been designated as the "sons of God, and the other as the sons of Belial." Then as now it was a matter of discipline that made an honorable state of society or through lack of discipline made those of low conditions, that were a disgrace to humanity.

From the days of Adam to the present time; from the first religious and murderous quarrel of the two brothers, and these were sons of God, down through all the races of men, whether savage or civilized, the same contest has been going on, and yet we have this assurance, that the better quality of the human mind has predominated, and the great family of man has moved forward in everything that makes life of more value upon the earth. It has also as steadily moved upward toward a higher ideal of man's duty toward man, and no less toward the kingdom of God, the consummation of our greatest hope.

That there should be some nations or tribes that should be savage and sensual, and of a degraded type, is no more strange than that there should be found in some well-ordered families, one or more of the children who become a sorrow and a disgrace to their parents.

At the advent of Shakerism, so early as the year 1770, there were wars and rumors of wars. The thirst for conquest and the thirst for gold were quite closely conjoined and aroused all the passions of the mind to do and to dare, even to the utmost cruelty and savagery of their animal natures, and yet many of those most warlike demonstrations were led by men who be-

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lieved in the name of the Prince of Peace and in the advancement of the human race.

Four thousand years of selfishness, of wars and of slavery, had made indelible impressions upon the mind. Out of this great body, a few individuals may have been found who gave their lives for the good of humanity as did the man of Galilee. Obscured as this may have been, it sometimes found willing advocates whose testimony was as the sword of the God of Peace.

From this Babylonian mass came the first Shakers and the voice of the spirit was the same to them as it was to the primitive Christians,—"Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." Shakerism, is by no means an instantaneous conversion. Those who have been traveling many years from right toward wrong, may be as many years in traveling from wrong toward right.

It was a wonderful power that could enter into the mind of a selfish man and take him while so filled with the war spirit, with the love of money, with the love of honor, and a great name in the earth, and lead him to love God, as a Heavenly Father, and then to pray for his persecutors.

To place men and women in a Christian community, after they had been developing all the variations of self-love for twenty or forty years, was a test of Christianity, that but few have experienced.

A fair illustration of the disciples who entered into Christian fellowship, would be to visit the service held by the evangelists of the present day. If the word of God should reach such a class, it would take them as it found them, and it would find them as it found Cain and Abel; as it found the people in the days of Noah; as it found the inhabitants of Sodom, or as Jonah found the people of Nineveh. If the cross prevailed it would take them as St. Paul took them into his church. Did he accept those who pilfered? Indeed, he did. He said to his brethren; "Let him that stole, steal no more." Did he accept the selfish and overbearing? He says, "Wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself." Did he accept those who were weak in the faith? "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye," and yet there were some who would put stumbling-blocks in the way of others. They were carnal and indulged in strife. Some of his members were less reputable in their characters than were the sensual Corinthians. This may be quite like the promiscuous gatherings of the men and women of even this year of grace.

Paul says the brethren went to law against their own brethren, and the Christian churches of to-day do the same thing. Some were so covetous that they neglected to eat at home, that they might consume the more at the communion table. This is a sad picture of unregenerate man in the early Gentile Christian church, before the advent of the Shakers, and yet it was quite the same when the Shakers formed their communities.

(To be continued.)

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SCIENCE v. s. THE CHRIST.

By Charles Jay Maclaughlin.

WHEN schism crept into the primitive church, causing it to fall, men came under the bondage of creed. The original faith and practice of the church of Christ as taught by our Savior and reiterated by his apostles gradually disappeared. The doctrine, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure" was set aside. Practically, men were told to allow the individual understanding to decay and listen only to the voice of the priest and prelate. This state of affairs brought with it the dark ages and the notorious corruption of the Roman clergy against which Savanarola hurled his anathemas, Melancthon penned his disquisitions and Luther thundered his denunciations, opening anew the scriptures to individual inquiry. While the Reformation broke the power of Rome it signally failed to lift the people from the bondage of dogma hence orthodoxy has not given forth that light which it claims. In the original gospel there was no dogma, no creed, no system of theology, but a living faith and practice.

Martin Luther, however, began the work of individual thought carried forward by such men as Jacob Brehme, Emanuel Swedenborg and the whole host of names which have given lustre to the pages of modern literature. But the difference between the work of Brehme, Swedenborg and Ann Lee lies in the fact that their minds were illuminated while others brought forth the inspiration of natural genius. Herein lies the distinction between science and the Christ. Dante, Schiller, Goethe, Kant, Shakespeare, Mohere, Montague, Rorscean, Carlysle, Browning, Emerson and the rest belong to the realm of natural inquiry properly denominated science (from scire, to know;) but to know a thing from the standpoint of the natural mind is very different from perceiving it by illumination.

In the efforts of mankind to break away from creed there have come forth in these latter days with the running to and fro, divers doctrines which while an aid to the development of the natural intellect are no part of that mind which was in Christ Jesus our Lord and which carries with it the only genuine power for soul healing from which all sin, sickness and death emanate. Theosophy, Ethical Culture and the various forms of mental science belong to this class. They are neither substitutes for the Christ nor effective panaceas for the ills of humanity. All things springing from the natural mind to-day are tainted with the spirit of the prince of this world. Jesus said to the Pharisees; "Ye are of this world; I am not of this world." This doctrine of the Christ is just as true to-day and ever must be. We have reacht a time when the old serpent through the natural powers of man will be able to counterfeit everything from Heaven but the saving of the soul. It will be remembered that Moses threw down his rod and it became a serpent; the

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Egyptian magicians then threw down their rods and they also became serpents but Moses took up his rod again as a rod while the rods of the magicians remained serpents.

Pantheism of which all these new doctrines are a part, teaches, but has never demonstrated the proposition that the human mind is without limitation in the possibility of its achievements. Aristotle and Plato, Cuvier, Kant, Shakespeare, Darwin, Spencer and Agassiz to say nothing of Buddha or the Hindoo adepts have never proven it. "There is no new thing under the sun." Why? God alone, as exprest by Emerson, is the eternal child, the boundless, the limitless, unchanging mind. As Job expresses it; "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, broader than the sea. For vain man would be wise, tho man be born like a wild ass's colt." Even the human in Jesus cried out at the last; "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me."

This new school of mentality which is rising would set at naught the Mosaic law and declare that sins committed in violation of that law are simply mistakes. It works itself up into a state of ecstacy wherein it imagines that everything is divine and that there is no evil to be overcome, which idea it uses as the source of its healing power. Such repeated affirmations as the following are said to bring strength to this purpose; "I am pure!" "I am divine!" "I am healed!" "There is no evil!" Many cases of healing are reported to have been effected by this means. The healing is not accomplisht instantaneously as in the times of Christ and his apostles, but gradually.

We are glad for all benefited by these mental, not spiritual means, but is the benefit lasting? We do not believe it because the remedy applied is of a mesmeric character as are all intellectual persuasions. Jesus healed through the law of sympathy. He was touched with the feelings of our infirmities because he was the at-one-ment with God. He taught the doctrine of the angel life and community of goods as the only method of developing those divine forces in men and women which make the whole world akin. If persons living in the natural life with its mine and thine, who have never come to any deep conviction of the lost condition of mankind through sin as did Ann Lee, can create a system of healing that is all-sufficient for the soul then we are unavoidably forced to one conclusion, to wit: that the mission of Christ is at an end. It is only by the principles of bear and forbear in the communistic life and of the daily cross against evil that deep love and sympathy of the soul can be brought forth which really bears the stamp of the divine. "All souls are mine" saith the Lord. If this statement be true as well as the one that all weakness arises from a diseased condition of the soul, then only from the house of the Lord can go forth that cleansing power to lift mankind from the crawling serpent.

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This is a matter of vital importance to Zion. Let no man take thy crown. All else in this world is antichrist but an obedience to that great summary of the law as enunciated by Jesus of love to God and the neighbor. That law was repeated and emphasized by the Christ spirit in Ann Lee, and through the work which she inaugurated, tho but in its infancy, there has been made more definite progress toward the settlement of the one great question—that of sex—than has been made by all other movements of the times. In Zion there is to be found an inner way partaking not of the form but of the spirit which will yield salvation, and to her has been committed the task of consummating that one great declaration of supernal truth, —There is neither male nor female in Christ.

Movements springing from the earth may train the natural mind to think and teach self-control and thus far are valuable, but in the daily, practical, spiritual life personal experience with the difficulties to be met and overcome sets aside all theory and calls for an application of those Christian principles which alone can develop the real man and woman. A complete sacrifice of self and self-interest to the spirit of truth is the only way of attainment.

To all filled with the afflatus of pantheism to the effect that men can rise "of their dead selves to higher things" let the example of the Nazarene suffice, made perfect by Christ through suffering. The natural precocity of Jesus as a boy was evident from the fact of his having confounded the doctors and lawyers in the temple with his questions. His intuitive genius and comprehensiveness of mind derived from his lineage were made manifest while the knowledge he had acquired previous to his conjunction with John must have been a treasure to him, yet he knew that of himself he could do nothing for by the God power alone with which he had been anointed through the descent of the dove was he enabled to raise the dead, heal the sick and preach the gospel to the poor. The complete earthliness and limitation of the natural mind with all its philosophy and science, valuable enough in their sphere, were thus clearly demonstrated. The revelation of God in Jesus through the witness, John, is an unanswerable testimony against pantheism with its inadequate individualistic development.

Let vain-glorious man with all his researches and philosophies remember that while he may write books and add proposition to proposition that the childlike simplicity possest by our Great Examplar who said his doctrine was not his but his Father's who sent him, is a resignation of the human to the divine which the spirit of truth demands.

The difficulty in regard to the teachings of Christ with the majority of people lies in the fact that they have not grown to them and therefore conclude that some new ideas, so-called, claiming to point to the higher life are an improvement upon them. This delusion arises from sheer ignorance. No production in all literature is comparable with Christ's Sermon on the Mount. He spake the eternal truth as never man spake it. Notwithstand-

ing all the evolutions of thought by the mind of man it will be discovered at the Last that the everlasting gospel which John the Revelator saw the angel standing in the sun (divine illumination) proclaiming to all peoples, nations and tongues possesses the only power to fulfill that prayer indicted by our Lord; "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven."

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

[*The following was written at Enfield, N. H., June 30, 1826.*]

TESTIMONY OF EZEKIEL MORRILL.

MY native place was South Hampton, in New Hampshire. I was born November 15, 1747. In my childhood, my father moved with his family to Canterbury, where I lived till I was forty years of age and then removed to Enfield, N. H.

My parents were Calvinists, and I was brought up under the influence of their principles. In my youthful days, I had religious impressions, and felt some concern for my soul; but having little hope that I was one of that small number who were elected to salvation, I resolved to pursue the course of the world to the extent of my abilities; but determined, at the same time, that if I should ever feel any call of God, by the movings of his Spirit upon me, I would embrace it. In this situation I past my time, till I was about thirty-one years of age, when I was struck with a deep conviction of my loss from God, which put an end to all my worldly pursuits and carnal pleasures.

About this time, a great light broke out in the vicinity, attended with a great outpouring of the Spirit, which was evidently the spirit and power of Elias, and might be compared to the work of John the Baptist, to make ready a people prepared for the Lord. Under my conviction, I united with this body of people, who were afterwards called Free-will Baptists, and I endeavored to live to the light manifested in it. My conviction led me to seek salvation from sin, fully believing that the Church of Christ must be a pure Church, and that there could not be a pure head and a corrupt body; and I well knew that Christ was generally acknowledged as the head of his body the Church. It was therefore clearly evident to me, that there had been a falling away from the primitive purity of the gospel; and that the power of the holy people was lost. But having in myself an inward corruption, which was not removed, and which brought me into captivity to the spirit of darkness, I was unable to live up to the light of my conviction; nor was I able to find the cause by the light which I possest, or by that which was in the body to which I was joined. This led me to believe it could not be found short of a new revelation.

My faith led me to believe there must be a travel in the regeneration, but this I could not find. I also believed that a cross was required; but what

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this cross was, or in what it consisted, was still unrevealed: for notwithstanding all my exertions to bear this cross, or to find it, my soul was yet in bondage to sin. While laboring under this distress of soul, I had several visions, in which I saw the pure Church, and received some bright and encouraging manifestations of God, that I should see it establisht in my day. I continued in this situation of mind about four years, laboring and struggling in deep tribulation. And I believe it would have terminated my existence, had I not found deliverance through two messengers of Christ, commissioned by Mother Ann Lee, to preach the gospel of salvation.

These messengers came to Canterbury in the latter part of the year 1782, with the testimony of the everlasting gospel. When I first saw them, I knew them, having a number of times seen them in vision, during the time of my labor and tribulation to find the way out of sin. When they came to open the gospel, in its purity, they showed what the real cross of Christ was;—that the lust of the flesh was the vail that darkened the soul; and that living in the gratification of it, was the reason why we could not travel in the regeneration, nor find the way out of sin. They had spoken but a few words before the prison doors of darkness were set wide open, and I saw and knew that the lust of the flesh was the man of sin. They testified that we must confess our sins, and bring our deeds to the light. Their testimony was accompanied with such convincing evidence, that I was constrained, by my conscience, to confess my sins in the presence of God and before his witnesses. I then set out to forsake them forever, and to bear my daily cross, by which I felt my soul releast from its burden, and brought into a new element of life.

Shortly after this, I went to see Mother and the Elders, who were then at Ashfield; and I found them to be just such a people as I had been seeking after. I saw and felt the evidence that Christ, by his Spirit, had commenced his second appearance in Mother Ann. I afterwards visited them often, and had many opportunities of seeing them, and hearing their testimony, the whole object and tendency of which was, to make an end of sin, to purge out and subdue all its evil propensities, and to bring in everlasting righteousness. I can testify, from long experience, that in obedience to Mother's testimony through the Elders and leaders, I have found an increasing victory over every propensity to evil, and have received the baptism of the "Holy Ghost and fire." —Matt. iii., 2. And in proportion as I have gained victory over the nature of sin, so have I felt my soul rise in the resurrection power of life. And I can bear witness to all mankind, that I have proved the truth of all that I have been taught from the beginning, by those who have stood in Mother Ann's gift, and kept her testimony. And in obedience thereto, I now live in the elements of spiritual life, as sensibly as I ever felt the elements of natural life.

Enfield, N. H.

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THE MANIFESTO.

JANUARY, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N.Y.

November.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1896.	42.67	2.125 in.	4in.
1897.	38.13	7.25 "	8 "

Highest Temp. during this mo. 64 above 0
Lowest " " " " 12 " "
Number of rainy days " " 11
" " snowy " " " 3
" " clear " " " 3
" " cloudy " " " 13

Nov. 1897.

NOVEMBER has been a stormy month. It has spread its gloom over more than the weather and this has been dismal enough for the most somber mind. Yet when it enters our household and strikes the vital fountain with the death of those who are a consolation in our cherisht domain; taking from our ranks such needed ability as Sister Martha J. Anderson in the prime of life, it is enough to make angels weep.

When life has been perfected with fullness of years and crowned with virtue and usefulness, fully ripe for the harvest we can have a joy in seeing them borne by Angel bands to the beautiful mansion of the redeemed as on the 28th day of this month they conducted our noble, angelic mother, Eldress Eliza Ann Taylor. Her funeral was attended by representatives from Watervliet, Enfield, Conn., and Hancock in connection with the Brethren and Sisters at the Mount. It was a season that will be remembered by those who were in attendance.

We are trying to repair the dilapidated places in our possessions. November has brought its modicum of cold and chilliness, requiring artificial heat to enable us to sustain the vital warmth of our physical systems. Among our many temporal failures this year, the failure of our heating apparatus in our dwelling-house is added. We are taking out the old sectional boiler, that is rusted out and shall put in a new tubular boiler, which we trust will give us more heat with less expense for fuel.

The fire fiends are at work again. Soon after this year's section of the state road between Lebanon and Hancock was completed, the barn that had been used for lodging of the hands, was burned to the ground. A few weeks ago the barn (owned by Simmons of Pittsfield,) located in the the valley of New Lebanon, was also burned. In the evening at about 10 o'clock, Nov. 28th the old Shapley barn above the South family was fired. This was evidently the work of an incendiary as the rail fence enclosing the yard in which young stock were herded was opened and the rails were turned and laid straight, which could not have occurred if the cattle had thrown it down. The wicked will do wickedly! Those of us who still remain in time, bid fair to tread the earth a while longer, and feed on tangible food to recuperate our depleted energies.

Calvin G. Reed.

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South Family.

Dec. 1897.

NOVEMBER has been the bearer of tidings glad and sad. On the 19th we were made glad by an interesting visit from our brother, Hamilton DeGraw, a life member of the Sonyea Society. He gave us a pleasing account of his recent return trip to the dear old home, of the markt renovations perfected there since our departure, but we shall ever love best its homelike plainness.

Nov. 21st (to-day) we go to the North family to attend the "Welcome Home Meeting" of our loved Sister Martha J. Anderson, the noted hymnologist of the age, and inspired singer of Mt. Lebanon. Now that she still lives, we trust she will have time to visit us.

Sister Martha was one of God's noble women, possessing in a markt degree, the qualities that constitute the Christian virtues.

Nov. 25th we observed as a special day of thanks-rendering, recounting the many blessings, spiritual and temporal that are ours to enjoy, remembering that in the year 1621 the first Thanksgiving hymn was sung, by the noble band who crost the sea for freedom's land.

Nov. 28th records one of the sad scenes of 1897 a barn containing thirty tons of hay went up in smoke. The structure was an ancient landmark erected during the days when Mother Ann Lee traveled through this section. We pray that a protecting power may surround our Zion homes and "keep them from flood, from flame and famine and in God's goodness may we share, thus we implore thee heavenly Father for thy protecting hand of care."

Dec. 1st we are invited to be present at the memorial services of our angel mother, Eldress Ann Taylor, beautiful and prophetic were the tributes rendered in honor of her long and useful life, her parting blessing "love to all" was given to the assembly, by Sister Ann Maria Graves, to whom she made known her last wish. May this be our motto "Love to all."

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Dec. 1897.

IN seeking for riches, honor and fame we many times have to suffer disappointment; but in attaining the gifts of the spirit there are no false calculations. In that realm, the instruction, "seek and ye shall find," is without variableness or shadow of turning.

We spent a week in the month of November with our gospel kindred of Mt. Lebanon and West Pittsfield, and we found a goodly band of those who have given all they have to the cause; who were of that number who do not worship Baal nor do homage to his image. We enjoyed a beautiful visit with our beloved Mother Eldress Ann Taylor, and tho feeble in body her spirit is full of zeal. She said, "give my love to all of the Brethren and Sisters," and in receiving that beautiful benediction we thought, "these are they who have come up through tribulation and have made their garments white." May we keep in union with those blessed saints so that from out the destruction of our rudimental life may be evolved a glorious destiny.

Our national Thanksgiving was observed and what imprest us in the Elder's address was the reminder of what we owe to the labors of those old pioneers, the Pilgrim Fathers whose efforts on the line of political and religious freedom made it possible for coming generations to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences unmolested.

For every advance made either by nations or individuals towards that goal, the universal brotherhood of man, there has had to be the wormwood and the gall. Some souls have had to suffer, be a fortress behind which the coming time could prepare more advanced conditions of life. Those to-day who are the human representatives of that mighty power which is shaping human destiny for its weal whose thoughts even are as ministering angels pointing to a better way, come from the humbler walks of life.

Hamilton DeGraw.

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Shaker Station, Conn.

Dec. 1897.

North Family.

"I TURN a page whereon to write,
On which in future I must dwell;
I find it spotless, clean and white,
No shades of blight thereon hath fell.
Oh in the light of love serene,
How would my heart this fair page fill;
How would I that no deeds be seen
My soul to blight, my heart to chill.
Oh that the pen of time may stamp
Thereon the beautiful and true;
Ah how in earnestness I plead,
As I these stainless pages view."

The coming New Year! Oh that we may have garnered all that is precious from the days that are past. May the experiences of the faded year teach us to live better for God and humanity.

Brethren and Sisters are still making improvements as fast as time and means will allow. We have succeeded in arranging a chapel in the new building, and the former place of worship will be occupied as a school-room.

Two large heaters in the basement moderate the cold air in the halls to an agreeable temperature. In a short time, our bath-rooms will be completed and we shall once more enjoy the blessings afforded by such facilities.

Edith Shufelt.

Enfield, N. H.

Dec. 1897.

"WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand, eventful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

The truth of this poetical declaration, is realized as we think of the great inventions man has made in the halls of art, music and mechanism.

Life is only sublime, as we live in thoughts and acts that are stampt with the sublimity of the Christ spirit. A spirit that keeps itself unspotted from every defiling element and is devoted to God, of whom, every product of nature, not created by finite powers, and the stars radiant in their golden silence, constantly remind us.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Narrow or sin-diseased must be the mind that can not distinguish right from wrong. No one need to master all isms, sciences and philosophy to work out a sublime immortality, it is only to "cease to do evil and learn to do well."

The doctrine of Christ does not appall or enchant, but instructs to right living, and the life of the Christian, is not a solemn drama, of masquerading of seem-to-be Christianness, but a life as open and as pure as the heavens; full of good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

We had a very profitable Thanksgiving service and entertainment, both of which added comfort to the aged and cheer to the young people.

We lately had the pleasure of entertaining Misses Gould and Davis of Lebanon, N. H. who gave us a recital of their visit to the convention of Christian Endeavor, held at California, also, of listening to an excellent discourse on missionary work among the fallen and poor of New York, by Mr. Fred Partington of Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

For all our blessings, we render thanks to God and associates and hope at the end of the coming year we may be able to report greater advancement in spiritual and material growth.

George H. Baxter.

Narcoossee, Fla.

Dec. 1897.

DEAR EDITOR;—Through your paper, we thank our dear friends in the north, for their kindness extended to us. During the past few weeks we have been the recipients of many excellent letters, especially from our own dear home and from the dear friends at Canterbury. These have been letters, both of joy and sorrow. The death of our gospel sister, Martha Anderson, awakened our sympathy. A noble soul has fallen in the battle of life, while clad in full armor.

The outlook for this state seems more propitious than ever. The orange crop is

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greater than was estimated, and the fruit is commanding fancy prices. The vast herds of cattle that are raised for the market, is also a great source of income to the state. Spain's doubloons are sure to find their way into the pockets of the people. War is a terrible thing, and the follower of the meek and lowly Jesus will never lend an influence for its advancement. But sometimes out of evil come blessings of recompense.

Thousands of cattle are being shipt to Cuba for the Spanish soldiers. We have been selling some of our beef stock to these same parties, and the demand will hold good for months to come.

It has been said that the best poor man's country is Florida. Everything except wheat and coffee can be grown here. Our pinery has grown to double its former size, and is now filled with young plants. In twelve months from this date we may write of results. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Andrew Barrett.

Watervliet, Ohio.

Dec. 1897.

THE summer is past with all its beauty, and the falling leaves remind us that winter is drawing near, and that we must be prepared.

We are trying to carry out the principle of godliness in our home. As cleanliness is next to godliness, we have been putting our home in order. A new coat of paint on our kitchen and dining-rooms will add much to the pleasantness of these places. We have also removed some old buildings that were not in use.

We have been blest with an abundant hay crop and the late rains have brought forward our wheat crop, so that we have great reason to be thankful.

The interest on good roads has given us employment for several weeks and as it was by order of the County, it proved to us a double blessing. The cutting down of some old trees near the buildings has been to the village, a decided improvement.

Spiritually, let us strive to lead a pure and holy life; forgetting the past, let our lives be in peace and harmony. "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not." Have thankfulness for our present home, however small our inheritance on the earth. If faithful we shall realize more than the poet's dream and more than the prophet's expectation. These are my expressions of love and gratitude to God, and may THE MANIFESTO spread the glad tidings of truth, throughout the whole earth.

John Westwood.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Dec. 1897.

"IN duty enduring, in bearing believe,
Forgiving if any my spirit should grieve;
Rememb'ring at all times, as Mother did say,
To set out anew and begin every day."

How anxiously we have desired that a voice from the unseen might speak a few words,—only a few words, that we might believe. It is in the above quotation that we hear the spirit of our worthy Elder Issachar Bates, and even at this date it gives forth no uncertain sound.

It is the voice of the Christ, "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

Accepting this voice of loving inspiration, let us begin the New Year with a clean record.

Abundant cares confront us on every hand. The affairs that pertain to the happiness and prosperity of this life are imperative in their demands, and we must "Provide things honest in the sight of all men," during our pilgrimage on the earth.

Nearly seven hundred cords of firewood must be provided for this Community from year to year. When Br. Andrew sees this statement he will evidently, rejoice in his Florida home. Our potato crop was a failure, but of apples we had a good supply. By and by "seed-time and harvest" will come again, and then we may have reason to rejoice more fully.

Henry C. Blinn.

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Sanitary.

CONDIMENTS.

THE powerful inflaming influence of rich, highly-seasoned foods is well known as a fact of observation. It may be well, however, to consider briefly the physiological facts upon which this influence depends.

The effects of mustard, pepper, and other condiments upon the sexual organs are so well recognized by physicians that they are always prescribed in all cases of acute disease of these organs, as in gonorrhea in men, and they enormously increase the flow of blood to these parts. The reason is very evident. The irritating oils to which the special properties of these condiments are due are eliminated by the kidneys, and hence, being concentrated in the urine, affect particularly the genito-urinary organs. In the case of capsicum, cayenne pepper, mustard, and similar condiments, the indigestable particles which contain the acrid oils are carried along down with the food and deposited in the rectum, where they produce congestion, irritation, and resulting catarrh and hemorrhoids, as well as increast sexual excitability.—*Temple of Health.*

☞IN the political world the last stronghold of prejudices, the rights of women are being recognized. We have to-day a President and Congress elected in part by the votes of women. The constitutions of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho secure to women the full suffrage.—*The Woman's Tribune.*

☞A new commandment by F. S. W. "Employ thy mind and thy body about thine own business and avoid insanity."—*Humanity.*

☞IN Mexico it is the custom to eat a dish of raw ants at the close of the dinner. It is called the honey ant.

A HOLY LIFE.

A HOLY life is made up of a number of small things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not one great heroic act of martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh, go far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Selected.*

Deaths.

Martha J. Anderson, at North family, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. Nov. 19, 1897. Age 53 years and 10 months.

Nov. 19th Sister Martha J. Anderson past beyond our sight and touch, but never beyond our deepest, highest love. She has been in failing health for some time, a nervous trouble which at one time threatened blindness. When our friends go over the Border Land so near, and yet in health and strength seeming so far, their faults are forgotten and their virtues heightened; the very faults of our dear sister leaned to virtue's side, being unjust to herself in her unselfish care for all others. Her sweetness and utter forgetfulness of self made her life among us from eleven to fifty-four years of age, like the golden path thrown by the setting sun, all brightness and beauty, in whose light others might walk and ever grow better and stronger.—*Anna White.*

Eldress Ann Taylor, at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. Nov. 28, 1897. A memorial will be publisht, in which an extended account will be given of the life work of Eldress Ann.

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Books & Papers.

Not a little favorable comment has been made by the press on the special announcement by THE OUTLOOK that its chief feature for the coming year (in the Magazine Numbers) will be a series of papers by Edward Everett Hale on "Lowell and His Friends." The general interest expr'est assures a particularly cordial welcome to this series of articles. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, 13 Astor Place, New York.)

HUMANITY for Oct. and Nov. has a discourse by Dr. J. E. Roberts who is denominated a minister of this world. This article is "Concerning Prayer" and to read it is to be made better. Among the many good things that are said is this "Religion is to live well, to do justice, to love mercy and to be fraternal and kind."

"Is he a Good Man," can be read very profitably several times.

Other nice articles may be found in this same number, which may require a careful study, and a thoughtful consideration.

Publisht at Kansas City, Mo.

The Christmas number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY is brimful of attractive articles and entertaining stories for the festal season. The number opens with a Christmas story by Frank R. Stockton, entitled Old Applejoy's Ghost; which contains a particularly clever idea workt out in Mr. Stockton's well-known pleasing manner. It is illustrated with three full page drawings by George Wright. This is followed by the second paper in the magazine's important series on Andrew Jackson, and his times and compatriots, taking up this month Andrew Jackson as a Military Commander, written by A. Oakey Hall, and containing portraits and views and an excellent picture of Jackson spending Christmas Day, in 1814, by H. M. Eaton. Hunter MacCulloch contributes an entertaining paper on The Music of Christmas time, which is made particularly interesting by the insertion in the text of reproductions of the music of some of the old time songs and carols. Famous Ranchos of the San Gabriel Valley, written by Beatrice Bellido de Luna, has many fine illustrations. Perhaps the most important article in the number is one on The Baptists, in which General T. J. Morgan, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, describes the history, growth and creed of that religious body in this country. It is the first of a series of articles on the Religious Denominations of America. There are other interesting articles; several short stories in addition to the one by Frank R. Stockson, contributed by Amelia E. Barr and Margaret E. Sangster; poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Minna Irving; an attractive department for the boys and girls, etc., etc.—*Frank Leslie's Publishing House, New York.*

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY for Oct. and Nov. contains a large amount of useful information in regard to the treatment of the sick. "A successful system of treating the sick without the use of Drugs," is certainly a great boon to those who are deprived of health.

Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for Dec. is largely the Messenger of sorrow which will reach the homes of a large class of the readers of the Journal. The first mentioned, is the death of Prof. Nelson Sizer, the President of the American Institute of Phrenology. It is said of him "So remarkably tender, subtle and electric were his feelings that he could call forth a tear or a smile in quick succession. He will be missed in all lands by all classes.

The untimely death of Henry George has been the sorrow of thousands of his friends. "Pure in motive, high minded, absolutely devoted to the service of his fellowmen, he has fallen battling against the tyranny and corruption of one-man power."

The great Journalist, Charles A. Dana has also past beyond time. His whole life has been in the interest of humanity and he is said to be "the greatest all around newspaper man America has ever produced."

The duchess of Teck or Princess Mary endeared herself to the hearts of the English people and few have workt so hard so indefatigably and unselfishly as this noble woman has done for years.

An article bearing the name of Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, is also found in this number. These several notices are all illustrated with portraits of the individuals which will make the Journal one of special interest. Much other valuable reading will also be found in the Dec. number.

Fowler & Wells Co. 27 East 21st St. New York.

The Ladies' Home Journal has secured what promises to be the great magazine feature of 1898. It is entitled The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife. In a series of letters written by the wife of a Cabinet member to her sister at home, are detailed her actual experiences in Washington, frankly and freely given. The letters were written without any intention of publication. They give intimate peeps behind the curtain of high official and social life. They are absolutely fearless, they study Washington life under the search-light as it has never been before presented. The President and the highest officials of the land, with the most brilliant men and women of the Capital, are seen in the most familiar way. As these are all actual experiences the name of the writer is withheld. The letters will doubtless excite much shrewd guessing by readers and study of internal evidence to discover the secret. The "Experiences," which will be beautifully illustrated, begin in the December number and will continue for several months.

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The December number of HOW TO GROW FLOWERS is a very attractive one. The leading articles are devoted to "The Parks of Pittsburg" and "Flowers at the Nashville Exposition"—both beautifully illustrated. Other departments and contributions are up to the usual high standard of this publication, and announcements of next year's features foreshadow continued improvement. Five cents a copy at newsdealers or fifty cents a year, with splendid plant premium, of the publisher, Miss Ella V. Baines, the Woman Florist, Springfield, Ohio.

REMARKS ON THE MISTAKES OF MOSES, by H. L. Hastings.- This is an enlarged and beautifully illustrated work and is well worthy of an extended circulation. To say the least, it does not seem to be very kind to be talking of a persons mistakes for three thousand years, especially when it is so hard to find them. Br. Hastings, however, comes forward as an able advocate for the world renowned prophet, and thousands of readers will be interested in this little work.

H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE LORETTO ORDER. By Eleanor M. Parker, IN DONAHOE'S. Self-sacrifice so heroic must necessarily bear abundant fruit, and today throughout the great West the Society counts many noble institutions.

Historic Loretto Academy at Florisant, Mo., which this year celebrated its golden jubilee, has sent forth many distinguisht pupils; likewise the school of the same name in St. Louis.

In the city of Denver is St. Mary's Academy and, crowning Loretto Heights in the suburbs of the same city, is the superb new Loretto Academy, built of red granite. Houses have also been establisht at Las Cruces, Socorro and Bernalillo, N. M.; Pueblo, Col.; El Paso, Texas, and many other points. The school at Bernalillo is a government contract school for the education of Indians. This institution was recently made prominent by Morgan's infamous attack. By impartial judges this school is conceded to have done much toward civilizing the Indians. The most interesting of the Kentucky branches are Bethlehem Academy in Hardin County and Mt. St. Benedict's, Louisville. On the grounds of the latter stands a small building known as the "Bishop's House," in which Archbishop Spalding wrote the greater number of his valuable works.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING IN THE UNITED STATES. A book of two hundred pages, containing a catalogue of about six thousand newspapers, being all that are credited by the American Newspaper Directory (December edition for 1887) with having regular issues of 2 000 copies or more. Also separate State maps of each and every State of the American Union, naming those towns only in which there are issued newspapers having more than 1,000 circulation. This book (issued December 15, 1887) will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of one dollar. Address The Geo. P. Rowell Advertising Co., 10 Spruce St., New York.

For the thirteenth year the COLUMBIA PAD CALENDAR makes its appearance promptly on time for 1888, and while its general style is of the same familiar character, the many bright thoughts it contains, contributed by its friends in many parts of the country, as well as abroad, are new, and will be appreciated by all who take an interest in bicycling, healthful exercise and good roads.

The 1888 COLUMBIA PAD CALENDAR contains a convenient arrangement of dates that will prove useful to busy men, and as plenty of space is reserved for memoranda, the pad may be used as a diary and as a reminder for business appointments and obligations. It is neat in appearance, takes up but little room and is both ornamental and useful for the desk, while its stand is of such character that it may be used either upon the desk or hung upon the wall.

The moon's phases are indicated in the Calendar for the benefit of those who wish to have this information. The Calendar is ready for distribution and all orders for it will be filled upon the day of receipt. It can be obtained by mail pre-paid for five two-cent stamps by addressing the Calendar Department of the Pope Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Conn.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. FEBRUARY, 1898. No. 2.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

THE PROGRESS OF SHAKERISM.
NO. 2.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

IN the forming of the Shaker Communities, ministers, deacons, lawyers, doctors and tradesmen of all kinds were brought together, with their wives and children, and they were quite like those mentioned by the Apostle in Corinthians, Galatians and Ephesians, and like those who are found in every city and village. So soon as the Community was organized a Christian discipline was brought forward, and by multiplied, gradual steps the work has past on through many degrees of religious experience.

The sermon on the Mount now became the subject for contemplation, as preferable to the study of military tactics or to the accumulation of selfish interests. "To live righteously, soberly and godly in this present world," became a theme for practical righteousness, as this new family or church of Christ came out from the relations of the old inheritance, and were baptized into that life which comes from God. These old heroes of the Revolution had now enlisted in the army of the Lord, and were fighting as zealously for the kingdom of God, as they had fought for the success of their national freedom. In the service of their country, and in the service of their God, they became the victorious conquerors and could rightfully say with the Apostle,—"We have fought the good fight, we have finisht our course, we have kept the faith."

It was a wonderful reformatory work that these soldiers of the cross had entered, and in their zeal to fight against the sins of the world, many things

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were past over, that at a later date must be brought to the test of a Christian discipline.

While there may be much neatness and much kindness among Americans, there may also be much love for tobacco and strong drink. The orators want it when they make a speech, and the ministers of an earlier date wanted it when they preacht a sermon. One of the old poets tells us why tobacco was so largely used,—

"Men of sound reason used their pipes,
For colic pains and stomach gripes."

A record of the installment of a Christian minister informs us that two barrels of New England rum were purchased for the company. During the few past years the temperance people and the anti-tobacco society have accomplisht a wonderful work.

It was customary in the earlier part of the century to place before all visiting friends, the glass and decanter. Sometimes it was a glass of common cider, while at other times it was blackberry or strawberry wine, or perhaps a glass of cider brandy. Regular drams of spirit were taken every morning before breakfast, and then more or less cider at each meal.

At the time of establishing the Shaker Community and the accepting of a Christian life or discipline, as leading toward a more spiritual order, all the elements of human nature were brought together. These had existed in the family of man since the day that they entered the garden of Eden. In some communities might be found not less than three hundred people of all ages, of both sexes, and with multiplied religious professions.

In the year 1828 a temperance wave past over the United States, and the several Societies of Believers at that time agreed to discontinue the use of the morning dram and the practice of placing wine or cider before any visitors. No spirit was to be drank except by order of a physician; and from this date a markt reformation began. It had, strange to say, taken some forty years to be able to comprehend the necessity of this advanced step in Christian progression.

Altho the subject of temperance was more earnestly agitated in England than in America, yet neither those in the Christian church, nor many out of the church made any special change for several years.

In 1837 the subject of eating and drinking was agitated and became a matter worthy of consideration by those who had accepted the life of Christ, and were learning how best to accomplish the most good as Christians of the resurrection order. The subject was brought before the people in several Societies, and quite a large number of the Brethren and Sisters abstained from the use of fat and blood and from the grosser kinds of meat that came to the table. Some even abstained from meat of every kind, and no less from the use of tea and coffee. This was in accordance with the spiritual profession of the Shakers and could not otherwise than do a large amount of good.

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Up to this date the majority of good Christian people had given but little or no thought to the subject of dietetics and were quite well satisfied to eat that which was placed before them, asking no questions. A slice from a ground hog was accepted with the same relish as a piece of roast beef, while a "coon" well basted was a tidbit for an epicure.

Believers in the Bible must be interested to know that Abraham has the honor of being the first reformer in this line and that he made a radical change from the customs of his day. Moses followed the example of Abraham and made more advanced regulations in dietetics. A most remarkable success attended the children of Israel, the foundation of which was laid while on their wilderness journey. At the time that Abraham instituted the reformation, the human family ate very much as did the wild beasts, and like them made fat and blood a luxury. The Bible holds on record this remarkable commandment,—"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you," and the race has followed this to the very letter.

Every thing that could be procured, whether on the land or in the water, whether beast, bird or reptile has probably been used more or less for food. Strange as this may seem, the carniverous, and even the omniverous habit still rules the human race and so late as the nineteenth century, the civilized nations find appetizing food in the cooking of reptiles. As food and drink have a ruling influence over the mind for good or ill, no Christian can well afford to allow the subject to pass without a thorough investigation.

(To be continued.)

ENROUTE.

By Aurelia G. Mace.

IT was a lovely morning,—the 22nd of October 1897—when Elders William Dumont and Henry Green, Eldress Elizabeth Haskell and the writer started from Alfred, Maine, for a visit to the Societies of Believers in New Hampshire. Through a clear, crisp atmosphere, the smoking engine hurried us along, over hill and through dale, by pleasant woodlands and cultivated farms to Alton Bay. Then for a number of miles, along the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee, through whose clear, placid waters could be plainly seen the white pebbly bottom of the lake. One view of Mt. Washington, far to the north-west and we are off to Laconia, at which station we are made glad by meeting two Brethren from Canterbury, Elder Benjamin Smith and Brother Arthur Bruce, with carriages to take us to their pleasant village twelve miles distant. We arrive as the shades of evening are falling and are welcomed to one of our most beautiful homes, by our own Brothers and Sisters. All things needed for our comfort are amply supplied by their love and care. The days of our visit come and go, all pleasant days, bringing pleasures and surprises manifold.

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In the Office of THE MANIFESTO, our beloved Elder Henry C. Blinn, explains to us the machinery by which our thoughts are stampt upon paper, and the little pamphlets are made, which carry our ideas to the Societies of Believers and to the outside world; all done under his watchful guidance. He then took us to his museum where are carefully stored many relics of old, so interesting to us in these latter days. We saw the skeleton in the closet, reminding us that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and while these earthly forms are mouldering to dust, the spirit, which is the reality, is marching on in the beautiful life beyond.

We are visiting with those we have long loved, and surrounded by scenes which call to mind historical events of the old times. Not the least of these is the building in which the Sacred Roll was printed in the year 1843. Before us, we seem to see Philemon Stewart in all the glory of his great inspiration. Of our company, only one can remember those days.

The evenings are delightfully enjoyed. One evening we listen to the quartet, to the piano and organ; the next to the orchestra; but the evening in which the pilgrims marcht to the Holy City, was the entertainment which took the palm. We saw the beautiful city with its battlements and towers. We saw the shining ones passing out and in, guiding the pilgrims along their weary way. We saw Doubt and Scorn and all the powers of evil vanquisht. Then the door was opened to receive them, amid the rejoicing of the angels.

At this time there came a scene for which we were wholly unprepared. Elder William Dumont said to Elder Henry Green, "Let us go in, it may be our only chance." So they past in, and "in my dream," I saw them no more.

Under the loving control of Eldress Dorothy A. Durgin, these entertainments are perfected and carried out. The magnetism of her spirit smooths down the roughness, always strengthening the weak and drawing out the good. It is the divine Mother Spirit, in her, personified.

"Beauty reigns all around thy borders,
Where her lovely feet have trod,
Peace and order, love and union,
In the power and gift of God."

As time passes on, the Sabbath comes. This day is marred by no cloud. It is a perfect day. At the appointed hour, the Sanctuary is opened, not only for the Believers, but also for those friends who choose to attend. The singing is in perfect harmony, and most beautiful and inspiring.

In this service we had the privilege of listening to a discourse from Brother T. A. Dwyer, late from the outside churches, and now establisht in the New Jerusalem which hath come down from God, out of heaven. The Word is held forth in perfect language, and as the Testimony of true Shakerism falls from his lips, we can not wonder that the two thousand, who listened to his

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pleading tones in the Universalist church in Laconia, turned to their homes in tears of joy and new resolves for the future. Thus will the old heavens and earth pass away and all things become new. This day came to a close like the others, and it will never be forgotten.

In the course of the coming week, Elder Henry C. Blinn and Eldress Emeline Hart conducted us to their home in Enfield. Places of interest were pointed out to us along the way. We past the birth-place of the immortal Webster, and the Webster Lake, where, in youthful days, he spent hours of recreation in fishing. The journey was made very pleasant for us, and the time past quickly, bringing us to their home in Enfield. Eldress Joanna Kaime met us at the door, and her kind welcome gave us the assurance that we were not among strangers, but with our near and dear relation. Great kindness is shown to us in this home, where Elder Abraham Perkins spent so many years of his devoted life, the home of his heart's deep love.

We remained nearly a week in this beautiful place, visited the North family, which was the home of Elder John Lyon, that great expounder, who kept the sieve full and kept it shaking. Would that he were here now, to continue the work, until the deserted villages were filled with the "Elect," "Sought out and chosen."

The scenery here is magnificent. The Brethren of our company went to a lake, far up the mountain, on the west, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the village, from which the Society is always sure of an abundant supply of water. It seems to be in the crater of an old volcano, and there is no danger that it will ever break away and damage property.

Elder William Wilson very kindly took us around Mascoma Lake, east of the village, pointed out the spot where the first Shaker meeting was held in New Hampshire, where the home of James Jewett, the first convert, was situated and where John Cotton received faith; he being the first one to bring the gospel testimony after the order of our Church, into the state of Maine. That meeting was held the 8th of Sept. 1782.

We stopt a day over our time that we might meet Eldress Rosetta Cumings and Sister Caroline Whitcher and three young Sisters who were absent from home. We enjoyed a lovely visit with them in the afternoon. In the evening had our farewell visit with the Ministry and Elders, only for the present, however; many meetings are to be in the future.

The next day we were taken to the station by Brother George Baxter, and saying farewell to him until our next meeting, we retraced our way to Canterbury. When we arrived in Concord the rain was falling in gentle showers. Elder Henry Green left us at this point for Boston, homeward bound. We were expecting Sister Lucy Ann Shepard and a company of Sisters from Canterbury, who were on their way to Boston. We enjoyed an hour's visit with these loved ones, and then went on to Canterbury with the young Brethren, leaving the Sisters to take the train. When we drove up to the Office,

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many anxious ones were there to meet us; altho the rain was pouring, the quartet was out singing of the "patter, patter of the rain."

One day more in lovely Canterbury, which is to be well improved. We are granted another short visit with our dearly loved Sister, Asenath Stickney, who is suffering from injuries received by a severe fall; also an additional visit with Sister Harriet Hastings whom we have all known to love. Then we enjoy a delightful season with Elder Abraham Perkins and tell him of our visit to his home in Enfield. He bears up remarkably under his ninety years.

By the kindness of our Canterbury friends, Sister Ednah E. Fitts is to accompany us to our home at Sabbathday Lake, stay with us during the winter and teach music. The last morning arrived, and with Sister Ednah we are taken to the station in Laconia. Here we part with Elder Benjamin and Brother Arthur, who have been so kind to us, and we are on our way home. We stop at Alfred over night and go on to Sabbathday Lake the next day. All is well. We again take up the thread of life in the old accustomed way. Our music teacher arranges her classes and commences her labor of love. Music is in the atmosphere and a song of rejoicing in our souls,—a song that can only be learned by the hundred forty and four thousand. The half has not been told.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

PRAISE.

By Annie R. Stephens.

For the rich autumn days, the summer's rare treasures,
That past like a glad spirit's flight;
For the gift of our lives, their unfailing pleasures,
We thank Thee, O Father of Light!

An unending chain of mercies eternal
From life's rosy dawn to its close,
Has filled all our days with blessings supernal,
While joy like a fountain o'erflows.

We'll count the calm hours of sunlight and gladness,
And walk where the hope-light appears,
We'll banish the clouds of sorrow and sadness,
And praise Thee through smiles and through tears.

Then hear, Father, hear our songs of thanksgiving,
Accept our sweet incense of praise;
Our voices shall tell in the courts of the living,
The worth of our fullness of days.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

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FORGIVENESS.

By Eva Larkin.

WHEN an experienced woodsman hews down a tree, he can not only tell the age of the tree by the wood grains exposed by the cutting, but by close observation he can read the history of past seasons. Each has left its impression upon the wood, the dry or rainy, pleasant or dreary periods are plainly discernible.

So with our life. Each year adds to our spiritual growth, each trivial act forming a tiny grain, which in the future will tell what the life has been.

As the tree grows, each year the outer ring is pusht toward the centre, leaving a place for the new growth constantly forming.

So our characters are daily adding new growth. What we now give or receive, our thoughts and words, as truly as deeds, in process of time is pusht into the heart-life becoming a part of our characters.

As good wood is not formed in constant sunshine, neither is the truest life obtained by continual prosperity. Days of wind and rain, of trial and disappointment are necessary to a full development; and temptation firmly resisted, proves the strengthening tissue. But how often when yielded to they make upon the character, a blemish. We may be rude and ask to be excused, or thoughtless and implore forgiveness until the "seventy times seven" have been fulfilled, in a thoughtless half-hearted manner, but such sorrow does not work repentance. If we are sincerely repentant and in humility, pray for strength to atone for the wrong committed, it will be given.

When this spirit prompts a search for forgiveness we own our hatred of wrong, acknowledging before others our standard of right, thus strengthening our purpose to live more perfectly in the future. When again tempted to a like sin, we will think, "I met this evil once and was conquered by it, this time I will be the conqueror, for the seal of true forgiveness is, 'Go and sin no more.'"

In the battle of life we often are wounded; sometimes unknowingly, by those around us, while at the same time we may send a dart at another, wounding those whom we hold dear. So it behooves us often to apply to the needs of others the oil of love and forgiveness, that we may in return merit the same. If we are wounded while fighting for the right, so deeply wounded that we feel we can no longer stand, we need not regret it, for it is only by losing the natural life that we gain the eternal.

The soldier who returns from battle, bearing many scars as test of faithful service, is more honored than he who flees from the dangers and escapes unharmed. So the Christian approaching heaven's gate, when the battle is ended and the final roll is called, will count each scar an honor, while the dangers are forgotten in the joy of the welcome, "Well done."

Shakers, N. Y.

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THE EVERLASTING TRUTH.

By Hamilton DeGraw.

FOR the advancement of the human soul along the lines which are nearing that goal, to reach which has been the hope of the founders of all forms of religious belief, and the desire of reformers in the political world for ages, organizations have been establisht among men for the purpose of solidifying and making the efforts to that end more effective. In reviewing history it is plainly realized that necessity is the parent of the forces that are evolving human destiny. For a larger scope and a broader freedom that will enable life to realize those conditions which are more favorable for its advancement new sects and parties have been establisht; the result of a breaking away from the old lines of thought which formerly controlled. The effort to attain this ideal is not prompted by the desire to win fame, for the percentage of such lives as have been recognized by their contemporaries is so small in comparison to the whole as hardly to be discerned.

When in the course of human events the vestments worn by nations and races, by sects and parties have become outgrown, ragged and moth eaten, there must be a change. It is not merely a question of like or dislike, for from its exalted station the everlasting truth has given the command to advance, and obedience must be rendered. The Reformer who undertakes the beneficent task of educating human thought to a higher standard of duty must be a soul that is in close communion with its divine Parentage and can receive its inspiration unmixt with human follies and wrongs; one who can meet the errors that afflict life with an unflinching look and condemn its infamous reign without cringing. One who has received the everlasting truth in his life and made it his permanent possession.

"What is Truth?" This was the question askt of the divine Teacher and is being repeated by every one who realizes that his life is capable of further unfoldment, and is anxious to come into a more perfect knowledge of that power which is able to clear away the debris of false ideas and customs and illuminate the soul with more perfect light; and as that is attained the answer is given. Human progress is not the result of forces moving in a confused and unorganized manner, but like the student in the rudimentary school who is led up to higher grades by a systematic development of the latent powers, so is the unfoldment of truth in its varied manifestations to the soul who is prepared to receive it. We are astonisht at the operation of laws which are evolving from apparent chaos an orderly condition, and call it the mysterious. That border land loses its claim for recognition in proportion as the truth is made manifest.

No arbitrary lines can establish the boundary with—no further shalt thou go—for being the offspring of the infinite Spirit we can only be satisfied when striving to attain unto our destiny. The advance thought of one generation

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is the conservative of the succeeding; for with the experience gained through the success and failures of life comes the knowledge which enables us to understand that the spirit of truth is the one supreme and Almighty power.

The environments that to the outward sense control the individual life, many times prevent it from realizing that "there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may," even making the wrath of man or his ambition for personal honor redound to the benefit of his fellow-beings. Bonaparte, the central figure in those mighty events which the opening years of the nineteenth century witnessed is the most prominent one of modern times. The scourging that was given to the effete despotisms of Europe that were styled civilized and Christian governments but whose principle object for existing was to live on the plunder extorted from the people regardless of the cries of the opprest and which compelled them to come to the people as supplicants asking for help to resist the invader, granting concessions which the ruling powers have never recovered, proving that life is more than the result of external forces, and that the immortal principle which alone can make free is the directing power in human events.

When all the energy of life is given for the purpose of developing this principle, the question is not askt,—Is it popular? What will the people think? But is it right? The uplifting power of truth is best exemplified in the words of the divine Teacher,—"If I am lifted up I will draw all men unto me." The higher plains of thought and life can offer no compromise, and if we would commune with the dwellers it must be by ascending to their ideal. Garrison when he was contending against the powers of slavery said, "I will not retract one word, and I will be heard." Expediency, thou art a delusion and a snare. The honest man is honest whether material gain or loss is the result. Policy can not sit as an honored guest in the parlor of the soul who is entertaining that Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth which alone can grant absolution from the conditions of servitude from which every progressive soul is longing to be free.

Shakers, N. Y.

A PRAYER.

O HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD take me as Thy disciple: guide me, illuminate me, sanctify me. Bind my hands that they may do no evil; cover my eyes, that they may see it no more; sanctify my heart, that evil may not dwell within me. Be Thou my God; be Thou my guide. Whithersoever Thou leadest me I will go; whatsoever Thou forbiddest me I will renounce; and whatsoever Thou commandest me in Thy strength I will do. Lead me, then into the fullness of Thy truth. Amen.

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THE MANIFESTO.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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HENRY C. BLINN,
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TERMS.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

December.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1896.	24.42	½ in.	8.5in.
1897.	29.97	4. "	2ft. 9¼"

Highest Temp. during this mo. 58 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 8 " "
Number of rainy days " " 4
" " snowy " " " 8
" " clear " " " 6
" " cloudy " " " 13

Dec. 31, 1897.

DECEMBER, with its terminus, passes 1897 into the vortex of by-gone years, laden with two feet of pure white snow for a winding sheet. We willingly bid adieu to the past year with all its pleasantness or unpleasantness.

Altho storms and clouds have been superabundant, yet we share one of life's choicest blessings,—good health. While sickness is very prevalent, yet, our family have escaped its contamination, for which neglect we are truly grateful.

Christmas was a festive day with us. The youth and children did themselves honor and made the day replete with enjoyment by their juvenile manifestations. Our dining-hall was beautifully festooned with woodbine and other ornamentations. While we were seated at the breakfast table, boding no surprise, we were suddenly serenaded by the juvenile company marching into the room, appropriately caparisoned and surrounding an organ they had placed in the room, gave us an unusual musical entertainment both vocal and instrumental. At the conclusion, the band departed as quietly as they had entered.

In the evening we met in the dining-hall and had a season of enjoyment which was made doubly pleasant by the enthusiasm manifested by the young, even to the least. The meeting was interspersed by recitations alternated by vocal and instrumental music. An hour or more was filled by the young people, and the ancients of the mansion were made glad by the inspiration which permeated the meeting. At the close of the sociable we were treated to the bounties provided by those in temporal care. In this the young people were the waiters to carry the viands and drink and confectionary about to the company. As pleasant as the entertainment was, the nobility exhibited by the actors, filled the hearts of we recipients with a love and Christian blessing for them that language is incapable of expressing.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

Jan. 1898.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned cold, clear and breezy. St. Nicholas made his annual visit to our home through the agency of

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Sister, Polly C. Lewis, leaving useful and delicious gifts for each member. St. Nick and St. Polly made Christmas pleasant to all. Sister, Polly has past the eighty-third mile-stone of her earthly pilgrimage. Her life since a child of four years has been spent at the Mt. Lebanon family where she still lives to love and bless all who come within the radius of her benign influence.

Christmas afternoon a party from this place attended a reunion and festival with our friends at Second family. The time was devoted to singing, reading, speaking and recitations; the hours glided away all too quickly; the interlude was an enjoyable repast from the liberal supplies of old Santa Claus, the people's best friend. One of the interesting features of the occasion was the fine violin exhibitions rendered by (brother) "Paul an apostle of Jesus." Each act in the program was perfectly rendered. The family hall was richly decorated with evergreens artistically arranged, reminding us of the Evergreen shores where the Christmas bells will daily chime and friends will meet in that happy clime.

PROGRAM.

Hail all Hail, Song by All.
Introductory Remarks, by the Elders.
Life of Christ, Dialogue. Ida and Susie.
I Would Rather Be a Farmer, Poem.
Violin Solos. Paul.
Love Divine, Song by All.
The Little Heart, Poem. Lena.
Grandfather Snow, Poem. Mabel.
The Household Tragedy, Poem. Lillian.
Carol, Brothers, Carol, Song by All.
I'm Always Well, Poem. Boys.
The Question Answered, Poem. Ida.
Family Financiering, Poem. Lillian.
Bird Song, Poem. Behave Yourself.
One Hundred Years Ago, Song by All.
Christmas Bells, Song. Little girls.
Song of Christmas, Poem. Bessie.
Informal Prayer, Poem. Lena.
Ding Dong, Song by All.
Home, Living Christ, Ida. Susie.
Closing Song, Praise ye the Lord.

The old year 1897 expired in silence and was buried in a snow bank. The New Year 1898 is hard at work finishing what 1897 failed to accomplish of blow and snow and bluster. Sunday morning Sister Louisa Rice the family veteran who has witnessed eighty-five winters went weather exploring and returned with the information that the mercury recorded ten degrees below zero. Only a few were brave enough to encounter the cutting atmosphere. Sister Louisa is the good Samaritan of our family.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Jan. 1898.

THE festive season of Christmas and New Year has come and gone. Its record we hope will be a verdant spot in the memories of those who were the participants. Willing hands placed a beautiful evergreen tree in our chapel, and with its brilliant illumination from the candle lights presented a very cheery aspect. But best of all was the burden of gifts placed thereon by that dear old friend Santa Claus. He must have a splendid memory as no one was forgotten. On Christmas eve we met to receive the gifts that he had to bestow. Hope that every fireside and home in our land was visited.

While we step on the threshold of the New Year and find its page clean and white we question what will be its record at the close? Just what we make it. Only one moment at a time is all we have to carry and the future ceases to be, by becoming the present.

As we read of rumors of war and see the belligerent attitude assumed by the dying monarchies of Europe as a bluff to frighten their enemies; at the same time trembling with fear at the portends of the coming revolution which will be their overthrow, we pray that in our own beloved country the counsels of wisdom may prevail, so that her mission can be to direct the nations of the earth to that condition of life which is founded upon the spirit of love as it is the all conquering power.

May all who love the truth be encouraged. We wish all of our gospel friends a prosperous year, and may the cause that we have given our life to sustain be blest as the result of faithful efforts.

Hamilton DeGraw.

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West Pittsfield, Mass.

Jan. 1898.

We enter the Home Circle for the first call since 98 has been substituted on the record of time, for the familiar 97 of the past year.

That, now, has taken its place in life's history, and the present and future await our writing. May its pages reveal to us the beauty of a life of true consecration, and of Christ-like deeds.

As we took up a paper this morning we noticed these words by Phillips Brooks; "What is going to be our truth for the New Year? Is it not that the love which has never deserted us shall come closer to us, because it finds us readier to receive it,—making us better, stronger, purer, nobler, more manly, more womanly, more fit foi life. Not because God loves us any more, but because we with new openness are more ready to receive him into our lives."

There are beauties in the rocks and stones which we daily see, not noticed, until by careful study we learn of their wonderful formation. The smallest flower possesses a double beauty for us when we analyze each separate part, and realize the use of each in forming the perfect whole; and the dainty flakes of snow, reveal to us history of past miracles, as we investigate the truths of their formation.

All around us are hidden beauties which only eyes opened to see, and a mind prepared to receive can fully appreciate. So with our spiritual natures quickened, we shall see in every phase of life the wisdom, love, and power, of an unseen hand.

We have had some very cold wintry weather. The snow fell, the wind blew, and the cold was so intense that their united forces nearly formed a blizzard. The thermometer stood at ten deg. below zero at one time which was a signal for all water pipes so situated as to be able to hear of it, to refuse to hold the frozen water within them, until coaxt to resume their work once more.

Among the blessings for which we daily are grateful, not the least is the daily addition of strength, which Brother Ira obtains, tho at present not free from suffering, we are glad for all taken from him.

Our little girls were made glad on Christmas eve, by a nicely laden Christmas tree, its variety of fruits were eagerly gathered by them.

May the coming year be one of true blessing to all of our friends, while each day as a step heavenward, leads to perfect happiness the glory of a Christ-like life.

Fidella Estabrook.

Narcoossee, Fla.

Jan. 1898.

The tide of winter travel and business has never set so strong toward Florida as it does to-day, all telling a good record for the future of the State. The leading question of the tourist is this,—"Is the soil of Florida capable of raising enough to sustain the farmer?"

Florida is willing to trust her own unaided charms, even against the false reports that have been made. Let the farmer come and show for himself or go and see what his neighbor has done. The enterprising advertiser of the Pacific coast has caught the men who deal in wheat, and pork and beef, while Florida has done all too little to offset these efforts of the California boomers. Since writing the above we have had another sad experience. Jan. 1, 2, and 3rd. Florida is again visited with an untimely freeze. The mercury fell to 25 deg. below freezing, which killed much of the vegetation that was not protected by fire or shelter.

This may, for the present, retard the tide of emigration which has been so strongly turned this way. Like the other states, Florida has a dark side, and has also a bright side. Three years ago we had a big freeze which cut down most of the fruit trees north of the frost line, and the state has hardly recovered from that sad blow. "A smooth sea never made a skilled mariner." We can hardly learn humility and tenderness, except by suffering.

Andrew Barrett.

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Shaker Station, Conn.

North Family.

Jan. 1898.

How fast time flies! The years speed by before one has scarcely time to realize they have begun. Another month and a year will have expired since the first Canaanites migrated to the beautiful land of Connecticut. How strange, and yet how real!

Once more the holidays have bid us adieu. Christmas was spent in a very pleasant manner. In the a. m. all Enfield attended Service at the Church.

In the p. m. an entertainment was given at the North family in which the three families participated

We have many blessings for which we need be thankful; one we should prize above all others, is the pure relationship we are called to sustain as Brethren and Sisters in Christ, in whose hearts dwell no envy, anger, nor strife, for this must be consumed by the love of God.

Edith Shufelt.

Pleasant Hill, Ky.

Jan. 1898.

So far our winter has been quite pleasant. Only a few days since the mercury fell to 10 degrees above zero. Our first snow fall was about Christmas, of some two inches, but in a few days it was all gone.

During the autumn we had two months of severe drought, but subsequently the rain and sunshine revived and gladened the fields with a lovely carpet of green.

Our apples were almost a failure, but of small fruits and vegetables we had a good crop.

During the past season the West family made some needed repairs on several of the buildings, and after the painting had closed a decided improvement was manifest.

We have many blessings for which we make many expressions of thankfulness.

Nancy L. Rupe.

Enfield, N. H.

Jan. 1898.

"MAN-LIKE it is to fall into sin,
Fiend-like it is to dwell therein,
Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,
God-like it is all sin to leave."

The above quoted rhyme, is a good one to preface the new year's volume of events, to remind us that virtue pays, and the way of the transgressor is hard. If it is written with the life pen of loyalty to faith, home and associates, it will be worthy of divine acceptance when finisht.

To reflect upon the progress and failures made during the past year, will be time well spent, if we reconstruct any wreckage made, strive to make more practical the law of love, that in honor preferreth one another, and endeavor to do what we can to keep pace with the light of our day.

One of the gladsome events of the old year, Christmas, we spent in a manner worthy of our calling. Our dining-room was tastefully decorated with wreathes of evergreen, spruce branches and potted plants. While at breakfast, Eldress Rosetta Cumings, read a Christmas essay, after which, six little girls marcht around the tables singing a merry Christmas song. At ten o'clock, our North family assembled with us, and we devoted an hour to singing hymns, giving testimonials of faith, and the rendering of two pieces written for the occasion, by Sisters, Abbie Appleton and Agnes Parker. In the evening, the Sisters prepared a surprise oyster and cake supper, after which, we spent an hour in social communion, followed by an entertainment, given by our youngest people, and the unlading of a heavily laded Christmas tree, in whose gifts all shared.

With us, the old bell of tradition, tolling out refrains of fear, bigotry and superstition, notes of "sounding brass" denoting ways unprogressive and inconsistent with right living, has been substituted by the one of sweeter cadence, of kindness and deeds that spiritualize and make gladsome home life. Its new strokes,

sound the alarm of danger in remaining in the maze of regarding all things as they are, as well, and not passing into clearer and newer conceptions of duty, that "build as the wise build," a character of stronger virtue and larger usefulness,—thus bettering society.

We wish every reader of THE MANIFESTO a happy new year, and long life to our organ of faith.

George H. Baxter.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE of Dayton, Ohio, is an able advocate of the "United Brethren in Christ." Its editorial care is under the management of I. L. Kephart, D. D. A close application to the teachings found in the TELESCOPE would establish a beautiful church of united Christian Brethren and Sisters.

THE NASHUA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH is publisht in Nashua, N. H. under the direction of the Telegraph Pub. Co. It informs us that it is "A political, Literary and Home Journal."

SENT OF GOD is publisht in Tabor, Iowa, by the "Hepzibah Faith Home Association." All workers connected with it work free, and trust God for their support. It is indeed, a great mission to be sent of God.

THE DIOCESE OF ALBANY is a Magazine of Church Literature and publisht in the interest of the churches of the Albany Diocese.

THE GOOD WAY is publisht by the "Good Way Association" at College Mound, Mo. This paper is "The Advocate of Holiness, Unity and New Testament Church Order.

THE CHURCH ADVOCATE AND HOLINESS BANNER, is publisht by the "Board of Publication of the Church of God," at Fort Scott, Kansas.

THE PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL publisht by L. W. Brewster and Son at Portsmouth, N. H. It is a paper of Literature and Politics and for more than one hundred years has been the weekly visitor to a large class of readers.

☞WE are informed that since the publication of the "Standard Dictionary" by Funk and Wagnalls, that not less than three hundred, including Editors, Publishers, Writers and Speakers, have agreed to adopt Rule 1st in "Simplified Spelling." The change is very slight, and yet a step in advance.

☞ONE account says there was in the Ark, 1794 snakes and 2660 crows.

☞THOMAS PAINE was the friend of Washington, Jefferson and Monroe.—*H. J. Mangerum.*

☞SPIDERS are raised in Philadelphia and sold at $10.00 per hundred. They are used for stocking wine cellars.

☞A MALTESE cat in New York has six toes and from time immemorial these have been regarded as mascots.

☞ST. PETERS in Rome is the largest and handsomest church in the world.

Sanitary.

WHAT THE HINDOOS THINK.

THAT able and learned Hindoo, Mr. Dharmapala, who represented one portion of India in the World's Congress of Religions at Chicago, writing to a friend in Chicago after his return to Calcutta, said: "It is a sign of the times that from the reeking shambles of the most inhuman city on the globe there should come a voice appealing to the tender instincts of man to refrain from destruction of animal life. If I had the means, I would distribute a hundred thousand copies of your brochure in that Butcher City of the West —Chicago. You have a great cause—vegetarianism; and if you could only convert Armour to put a stop to his unparalleled slaughtering of the dumb beasts, you

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would go to immortality. It is a shame that the enlightened portion of the world continues to kill and eat innocent birds and animals "and it is more shameful still that Christians continue to fatten, kill and eat hogs, the very hogs that their Bible commands them not to eat. What vices, what crimes, what sins are Christian nations not guilty of?—*Selected.*

AN ACROSTIC.

By James Carr.

The man who does little things for God with fidelity will be given the power to do great things.
Happy is he that can look up but to be useful we must look down.
Every guide-board pointing toward heaven says, "Start now."
Man is not right in his religion when he makes a wrong use of his money.
All admire pluck but more like to be pluckt.
No man can ask God for much who is not willing to do much.
It is not what we give to God but what we keep from Him that makes us poor.
Faith in God will move mountains, money can only make a tunnel through some of them.
Everybody who tries to make others happy gets paid for it in heaven's coins.
Some people can trust God as long as they have plenty of money, but when the bank breaks their religion goes with it.
Take from love the power to suffer and it could never speak.
One of the most terrible things about sin, is that it makes us dissatisfied with God.

South Union, Ky.

TRUE TO LIFE.

THE editor of the Murfreesborough (Tenn.) *News* thus accounts for hard times: "We let our timber rot and buy fencing. We throw away our ashes and grease and buy soap; we raise dogs and buy hogs; we raise weeds and buy vegetables; we catch five-cent fish with $4 rods; we build school-houses and send our children off to be educated, and, lastly, we send our boys out with a $40 gun and a $10 dog to hunt ten-cent birds.

[Contributed by Eldress Harriet Goodwin.]

HOPE.

By J. V.

OH! do not trail your banners,
But raise them up on high;
Shout! shout the glad hosannas,
Immortals never die.
With God above, who loves you,
Almighty to defend,
Mind not the storms which prove you,
He is your faithful friend.

Tho on life's stream your voyage
May be fierce and wild and long,
Or gentle as a Summer's day
With little seeming wrong;
Still, let us take it as it comes,
Shun lethargy and hate
For "many mansions," many homes,
For those who trust, await.

Seek good and true companions,
Be pure in thought and speech,
And let the light of reason
E'er guide on sea and beach.
This world is but a training school,
We can but go through college;
Up yonder's our post-graduate,
To seek eternal knowledge.—*Selected.*

Deaths.

Indiana Pilkington, at Pleasant Hill, Ky. Dec. 25, 1897. Age 91 years and 7 months.

Sister Indiana has been a member of this Society for twenty-nine years. She was a woman of sterling character and of intelligence. All who knew her, loved her and she was, indeed, a Mother in Israel. Death had no terror, and she gladly obeyed the summons, "Come up higher."

J. W. S.

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Books & Papers.

An important and interesting article on Mexico occupies the leading place in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for January. It is written by Frederick Stone Daniel, and treats in an entertaining manner of the country's history and the character and occupations of the people. There are many illustrations. The third paper of the series on Andrew Jackson is given in this number, and in it Captain John M. Tobin tells about The Military Heroes of Jackson's Time, the text being well sprinkled with good portraits. Then there is an article on The Presbyterians, by Rev. D. J. McMillan, of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. This is the second of a series of illustrated papers on the Religious Denominations of America. In an article entitled Fair Cincinnati, Charles Thomas Logan describes graphically the attractions of the Queen City of the West. Other illustrated papers are Beet-Sugar Culture in California, by Frederick M. Turner; The Lance in the German Army, New Year's Day Festivities, A Probable Giorgione, and The San Carlos Indians. There is an interesting installment of the serial The Catspaw, which appears to be drawing to a close; several short stories, contributed by J. Frederic Thorne, Eleanor C. Scott and others; a number of really good poems, and the always attractive young folks' department.—*Frank Leslie's Publishing House, New York.*

The wife of the President has given special permission to John Philip Sousa, The March King, to dedicate to her his new composition, just finisht, and which will be called The Lady of the White House. Mrs. McKinley forwarded her permission last week to the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which will publish the Sousa composition complete in its next issue. This magazine has also received for the same number a new and large portrait of Mrs. McKinley, taken a few days ago in the White House conservatory. This is the second photograph which the President's wife has allowed to be taken within ten years, the first portrait taken of her since 1887 having also gone to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which publisht it in its last October number, causing the entire edition of that issue to be exhausted.

Several illustrated articles of more than ordinary interest are to be found in the Magazine Number of THE OUTLOOK for January. Among them is the first installment of Edward Everett Hale's James Russell Lowell and His Friends, which has portraits of Lowell, Emerson and Longfellow, of singular beauty, and unknown to the general public. This series of articles by Dr. Hale will be the most prominent feature in THE OUTLOOK for 1898, just as Mr. Justin McCarthy's Story of Gladstone's Life, now exciting so much attention in its book form, was in 1897. The other notable illustrated features are The New York Public Library, by John S. Billings, the Director of the Library: The Picturesque in American Life and Nature, by Charles Dudley Warner, as interviewed by Clifton Johnson; and Sloyd (the Swedish system of manual training,) by W. S. Harwood. With this number begins the publication of Dr. Lyman Abbott's series on The Life and Letters of Paul, first delivered as addresses at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The fiction of the number is supplied by a short story called Billy-Boy, by William Canlon, author of the charming stories in W. V., Her Book, and The Invisible Playmate; while a most amusing sketch called Little Students in Griggsville, by the Rev. Uriah X. Buttles, adds to the entertaining element. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, 13 Astor Place, New York.

Everyone loves flowers, nature's sweetest gift to man, but not every one can grow plants that will thrive and bloom. It is the mission of the magazine, HOW TO GROW FLOWERS to publish, in practical form, such information as will enable even amateurs to have success with flowers. The January number of this publication is an unusually valuable one. Eben E. Rexford, perhaps the highest floral authority in the country, writes clearly and interestingly on "The A. B. C. of Successful Floriculture." Article Mr. Rexford discusses the first principles of flower growing. Other articles and departments are of timely value. Sweet Peas, Carnations, Roses, Spider Lilies and Flowers at the Nashville Exposition are some of the leading subjects. Five cents a copy at newsdealers or fifty cents a year, with elegant plant premium, of the publisher Springfield, Ohio.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN IN THE FIELD OF INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL REFORM by Joshua K. Ingalls.

As the first item of interest was an experience sometime in the year 1821 when the author was an infant of only five years, there has been a long series of years through which to study "The Ways of Man." The closing of this wonderfully interesting story takes place in July 1897. In the experience of more than seventy years the author has walkt and talkt, most familiarly, with many of the leading men of the country, and also become interested in many of the reformatory movements that were agitating Society, so that his book of Reminiscences or the story of his life becomes intensely interesting, especially to those who can bear in memory many of the pleasing incidents which he so graphically narrates.

Publisht by the Gazette Co, of Elmira, N. Y.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for January 1898, has for the first article, A Personal Interview with Hon. Russell Sage, by Jessie A. Fowler. This article is illustrated with two portraits.

Imitation by J. H. Shubert; Phrenotypes No.

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19 by H. S. Drayton M. D. with an illustration of Henry George.

What is Quality by Jules Buchel; Physiognomical Studies of the Ear.

Herman Vezin with illustrations, by D. T. Elliott. The Amateur Phrenological Club by Elsie C. Smith. Science of Health which are truths founded on Fact. Child Culture by Uncle Joseph, and, indeed, Uncle Joseph has his article finely illustrated.

Geographical Studies referring to Calcutta, etc., etc.

Fowler & Wells Co. 27 East 21st St. New York

"HOME, MARRIAGE, AND FAMILY RELATIONS" by James Inglis, and publisht by H. L. Hastings of Boston, Mass. deals as one sees by the title page with subjects of vital importance in the social life of the world to-day. The book shows the need there is for a moral revival, the necessity for quickening the ethical sense of man, and shows parents that the home furnishes better opportunities for instructions in righteousness than either the church or school. This is no new truth but one that can not be too often repeated. The book deserves the attention and patronage of all who are desirous to know the best way to give society not only cultured men and women but men and women of such sterling moral character that they will be able to assume the responsibilities of "HOME, MARRIAGE AND FAMILY RELATIONS" by fighting baseness and dishonor.

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MARCH, 1898.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. MARCH, 1898. No. 3.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

THE PROGRESS OF SHAKERISM.
NO. 3.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

MOSES gave rules, what should and what should not be eaten, and the wisdom of his inspired judgment is an honor to his name and age. Jesus and the Jewish Christians must, no doubt, have maintained these rules with the utmost precision, and they should have been kept in full force by all Christians.

On the introduction, however, of the Gentile Christians, into the Church of Christ, who did not believe in Moses, nor in Mosaic discipline, they retained all their former habits and customs, and these finally became the rule of government for the modern Christian church.

The God-inspired example of Abraham with the laws that Moses had promulgated, and no less, the discipline of Jesus and his disciples, were all thrown to the winds, and the savage and warlike Christians, ate the fat and blood of animals, and used for food nearly every living, creeping thing.

As the Shaker Societies receive all their accessions from the ranks of the world, they must be subjected to many of these varying influences that arise from the generative order, whether through heredity or through broken laws. As the ruling spirit of the age, is generation without law, and appetites and passions without discipline, the order of ascendency into the life of Christ, must be very gradual, if it is made at all. This forces all reformations, whether of the mind or of the body to be more or less spasmodic.

The thought that enters into the life of one person, and induces a growth

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for higher and better qualifications, in everything that makes man more of a man, may pass by the next mind without even causing so much as a ripple of thought on this important subject.

The next general reformatory wave that past over the Shakers, was in 1842, when they decided to abandon the use of swine's flesh as an article of diet. Up to this date pork had been universally used and as one writer says, "Nothing was left of the beast but the bristles, which were sent to the shoemaker. This creature's scrofulous ears, and feet and snout and even his tail were placed upon the table, for good people to pray over, and then to eat with profound thanksgiving."

The presentation of the roasted swine's head (as repellent as it must have been to a sensitive mind) was made the high honor of the feast, at which sat the dignitaries of the so-called Christian Church, and over which they probably uttered a special Christian grace.

Dr. Foote says, "I am firmly convinced that mankind are injured by eating swine's flesh, and I am disposed to believe that the hog, if a healthly animal to-day, would in time become diseased by eating man." "Swine are addicted to filthy habits, and one of the causes of blood impurities is the use of pork." "As an article of diet, pork exerts a most pernicious influence on the blood, overloading it with carbonic acid gas and filling it with scrofula."

It was a god-sent revelation to the Shakers to discontinue the use of swine's flesh as an article of food. In this revelation they had the most implicit faith. Intelligent minds, at once, accepted the advanced step and anticipated the beneficial results that must arise in their favor. The predisposition of so many persons to scrofulous taints, warrants particular care on this subject, as health of body is one of the great blessings of God.

Altho the drinking of drams had been largely discontinued so early as 1828, the universal discontinuance of drinking cider was not brought about till the year 1842. The old time-honored cider mill suddenly became of less value and cider, for vinegar only, was made. As there was no manufacturing of this article, the interest in drinking it became less and less, till the Communities well earned the name of Christian temperance societies.

In the dismissal of cider drinking and pork eating may be included that also of tobacco chewing and smoking. Early in the century it was one of the special customs in nearly every private family, to receive an invitation to smoke a pipe of tobacco. It was to the Americans about the same as was the mug of beer to the Germans. Almost every room you entered, whether in a public or private house, you found the air strongly impregnated with the fumes of the noisome weed and quite often the floor befouled with a quantity of tobacco juice. The pipe became the daily companion of both men and women, and when two or three of these worshipers of the weed were earnestly engaged, it was with difficulty that one could see distinctly across the room.

"Dr. Woodward after presenting a long array of facts, showing the tend-

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ency of tobacco to produce disease—apoplexy, consumption, headache, dyspepsia, cancer and insanity, concludes with the following inquiry;—"Who can doubt that tobacco has destroyed more lives and broken down the health of more useful members of society than have been sufferers from the complaint of bronchitis?"

In many cases tobacco fumes poison the air that we breathe, while the clothes and breath of those who use it befoul the air with a very disagreeable stench.

The foregoing, of course, have been radical measures for the moral and spiritual advancement of the Communities, as well as for the general health of the body. The agitation of these necessary subjects has by no means been useless labor. Like the leaven, so aptly illustrated in the parable, it has changed the lives of a large number of persons, and brought about conditions more congenial and more in harmony with the age in which we live. It has enabled many persons to make a practical application of the advice of the Apostle,—"To live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." It has had a salutary influence on the use of correct language and in the manifestation of care and kindness in the general interest of each other and, indeed, for all humanity.

In the growth of these reformatory movements that have gone through the land, there are many examples of heroic characters who have wrought out their freedom from the slavery of perverted appetites and become the victorious conquerors.

To hold this position for so many years, and with such signal success, is indeed, a great victory. Sometimes the quandary arises;—Shall we be able to maintain this Christian position against the strong influences that are around us?

With the general intelligence and the practical knowledge that is abroad in the world to-day, it does not seem as tho it could be possible to return to those things which we have so wisely abandoned. We are assured that it was for the best good of all concerned, and neither as a matter of personal taste, nor in conformity to the custom of a special class in Society, should we deviate from a matter of right.

"Down to the third and fourth generation of those that hate me," says the word of the Scriptures, and that hate is a departure from knowledge, and from the laws of God for the safe going of man. While all the animal tendencies are born with man, they have their legitimate use, but a perverted appetite and an unbridled passion is quite below that which we designate as animal. With this class there may be neither thought nor desire for any change.

An hundred years have come and gone, and the Shakers have moved carefully along the way, accepting the many lessons that have been proffered for the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the Community.

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It is the mission of the disciple of Christ to become a new creature. To be made anew, and that in the likeness of the anointed, spiritual Teacher. With this newness comes a new language, such as may be spoken in the kingdom of our God.

Well might we live in the prayer, "Leave us not in temptation," as the language and the influences of a low estate surround us. We go abroad in the world, and as a guest we may be invited to drink;—at the table we are served with swine's flesh, and so soon as this is over comes the invitation to smoke. These are the leeks and garlicks of our own land of Egypt, toward which we may be tempted. Under the influence of a weak conscience we find it hard to turn away. Little by little the protective barriers are taken from around us and we find ourselves heavily laden with those very things from which we had covenanted to abstain.

When a point has been gained that can be shown to have accomplisht beneficial results, for the best good of Society, it would be a sad mistake, to neglect, carelessly, our advantages and allow them to pass from us. "Hold fast that which thou hast gained" is the admonition of the Scripture, and for our present and future prosperity we may do well to bear this in mind.

(*The End.*)

MARCH.

By Martha J. Anderson.

THE March winds are soughing and sighing
Like the roar of the murmuring sea,
And the icy-armed kings of the forest
Engage in a harmless melee.
While flashing and dashing, and clashing
Like steeds that are heard from afar;
Loud the trump of the wind god is blowing
The blast of the last wintry war.

Like billows the dark clouds are rising
Far south of the mist-shrouded sun,
Whose halo crowned disk is apprising
That Vulcan's storm reign has begun.

The chains of the frost king are breaking,
And icy gorged river tides swell,
While mighty floods compass the lowlands
Where many in peaceful homes dwell.

As we list to the surging of waters
That rush through the rocky ravine,
And gaze with delight on the frost work
That forms a most beautiful sheen,

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Where the spray molds in stalactite crystals
The stone hedged and turreted glen,
We think not that sorrow is shading
The flood destroyed dwellings of men.

The tempest so fitful and wrathful
That sweeps like a besom of war
O'er woodless expanse of the prairies
That stretch to the westward afar;
Is broken by bulwark of mountains
That circle our hill-side retreat,
And so the strong force of the wind god
Is subject to hopeless defeat.

The weather wise prophets well argued
And true their predictions have proved,
For winter all stern and relentless
Along a strange pathway has moved.
There are snows piled where skies are the warmest,
And blizzards on Britain's fair strand,
While earthquake and tide-wave upheaving
Have past o'er the sea and the land.

There are sleet storms and rain storms with thunder
And lightning's electric display
Then mercury far below zero,
Such changes are markt day by day.
But March, bitter March is now dying,
His requiem gladly we'll sing,
When drops the dark pall o'er his presence
And bright April heralds the spring.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Remarks Made at the Funeral of Sister HANNAH P. SHEPARD.

By Elderess, Joanna J. Kaime.

ONE of the most prominent traits in the life and character of our dear Elderess Hannah was fidelity to principle, especially conspicuous where her religious convictions were involved; so singularly genuine in regard to truth, that many times I have thought that no alloy could be detected in her instructions to the young, while in the exercise of her duties in the Eldership.

Her rebukes were so tempered with a loving sympathy, that no erring one could mistake the kindly feeling from her true Mother's heart, tho no covering from the light, or daubing with untempered mortar was allowed.

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Well has the poet exprest it,—"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow," and we have been conscious for a long time that the grim Destroyer had so aimed the blow, that time, tho freighted with the prayers and earnest entreaties of loving friends, could not stay the poisonous dart.

We humbly pray that those who have shared her beautiful ministrations, may treasure them in clean and honest hearts and from the pure seed so richly sown, we shall reap a bountiful harvest, which will redound to the honor and glory of God.

Methinks, now freed from earth's burdens, that our Sister will exultingly sing,—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, because He lives I shall live also." And when we look for her in her accustomed places in earth-life, the Spirit voice will gently whisper,—"She whom thou seekest, is not here," she has risen to die no more.

East Canterbury, N. H.

A PLEA FOR THE HELPLESS.

By Catherine Allen.

THE Antivivisection Societies of Europe and America represent a movement which can not fail to call forth the blessing of every one of just and humane sentiments, who has knowledge of the terrible facts which make such organizations necessary.

The experience of those who undertake to forward the work proves how very few, even of those who suppose themselves informed on the subject, begin to know to what extent needless cruelties are being practiced on animals in hundreds of colleges and lesser schools, or who would believe for a moment that friendless hospital patients and criminals are in some places being experimented on by merciless operators.

Not long since, the writer was earnestly solicited by an outside friend to use her influence in summoning aid in this work from the several Shaker Societies, and have not earnest workers in the various fragmentary reforms of the world, a right to look for co-operation by a people who are called to embody in practical life the truth and goodness in the many phases toward which they are working? As a part of the great life of humanity, is it not vitally essential to our existence as a people to interest ourselves in every movement which tends toward the general progress of the race? In serving our fellow-creatures we find the greatest privilege of life. The broader our fields of labor the richer will the harvest be, and through such support as it is in our power to give to many worthy movements of our time, may we not find favorable opportunities for spreading a knowledge of those truths which have been committed to our keeping. The Secretary of the Antivivisection Society, after thanking for the "proffer of fraternity from the esteemed Shaker Community," exprest a desire for printed matter concerning us, proving how readily a mutual interest is awakened through co-operative effort.

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The writer has sent to the Secretary the names of a few whom she thought might do some work in the Cause. The signatures of Brethren and Sisters in our Society have been added to the "National Petition" and some financial aid has been given. Could not every family of Believers help in the good work by keeping in our reception rooms some of the literature which will be sent promptly to any who will apply for the same to Mrs. Fairchild Allen, Secretary of the Antivivisection Society, Aurora, Ill. Thus many names might be added to the roll of Petitioners and some financial aid be secured. All have some outside acquaintances. By enclosing leaflets on the subject and urging action on the part of those receiving it many others may be stimulated to help. Ministers and school-teachers have wide influence, they should be remembered. Thus, by united effort may we not accomplish much in the cause for God's helpless suffering creatures?

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Correspondence.

BOSTON, MASS. FEB. 2, 1898.

DEAR BROTHER ALBERT;—It pleases me more than I can tell you to hear that you are becoming more and more a "partaker of the heavenly calling." This is the glorious power of resurrection as experienced by all who enter into the life of Christ. As you advance in spiritual travel you will learn that this resurrection is no far off promise to be experienced after the dissolution of the body. It is a present gift. It is not the offer of a meager hope. It is the joy of Christian posession. It is the power of regeneration.

"Except a man be born again he can not enter the kingdom of heaven." Just as soon as a man is born by the power of God's Spirit, he has already entered into the kingdom of heaven which the dear Jesus opened to us by his glorious life and death. So, my dear brother, as you open your heart more and more to the eternal life that is held out before you, you will begin to have eternal life abiding in you. May God make you very rich in both is my fervent prayer.

Your countryman, Mr. Varley and myself have become fast friends. I am to spend this evening with him and Mrs. Varley. They are staying here at this hotel. I am delighted and pleased with Mr. Varley, both as a man and as a preacher. He has become deeply interested in the Shakers. The churches are packt to hear him.

I am longing for the day to come when I shall turn my face homeward. O, how I think of you all! You are always with me. How could it be otherwise! My heart is in dear Canterbury.

Do not let anything trouble you. Do not let your thoughts dwell a single moment on those things you left behind in old Babylon, but reach out and

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grasp the better things that await you in happy Canaan. Remember you have not a burden, or a temptation that the dear Christ does not share. I beg you to study his life seriously, as recorded so beautifully in the precious New Testament. Let his life fill your life, let it make you brave, hopeful, and wholly unselfish. Let it make you, what every Shaker should be, a man of God, living in His service, rejoicing in His love, and feeling more and more each day, in your obedient soul the power of His everlasting life. What tongue then will be able to define your peace and happiness?

My heart is filled to-night with gratitude for the grand success of my missionary work. Night after night a large host of eager listeners gather around me. It is so easy to make the world trust one, when one can feel that he is trusted and loved by the dear Brothers and Sisters that form his own household. Adieu, dear Brother until I see you in our dear home.

Your true brother,

THOMAS.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

By Ezra J. Stewart,

THERE are probably few who, in the course of their experience, have not often queried as to the true nature of love. Many have been prompted to the most heroic self-sacrifice for what seemed to them the fullest embodiment of love and yet have failed to reach that deep satisfaction which only the attainment of their highest ideal could give. This disappointment awaits us all in whatever efforts we put forth just in proportion as we misconceive and misinterpret this most potent and all-pervading force. The desire to understand more clearly and fully the real nature of love, to learn its true analysis through daily experience will bring to us the opening of a new life wherein each successive step brings a clearer perception and more positive knowledge of the great drawing power of love, the law of all laws—attraction. As we are drawn into a perception of this love we see the good as an omnipresent force, the only vital power in the universe.

Love is life, and all that is necessary to gain more life and a higher grade of vitality is a fuller recognition of the love principle and power which is ever around and about us, only awaiting the opening of individual perception when it shall be ours to possess, to appropriate for personal benefit, and for the uplifting to a higher plane than the merely sensuous all who come within the sphere of our influence.

With love in the intelligence all desirable things become possible and easily accomplisht; while without it, life seems dreary and hopeless; hardships fill the pathway, and failure like a haunting demon casts the dark shadow of discouragement over every effort till we are led to query why above all things men should desire life. But the answer comes—It is because love, the pos-

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itive, self-existent and eternal in our being calleth for its own. More, more, of life, of liberty, essentially of love, has been the cry of humanity through the ages, and to-day we realize our heaven in reaching for and manifesting more and still more of "the greatest thing in the world" as Drummond has so beautifully exprest it.

Paul understood this when he wrote "love suffereth long and is kind." It seems as tho everything of worth was contained in those brief words. Under the baptism of this gift how the heart expands in sympathy and kindliness toward all creatures; how willing are we to suffer, to bear and forbear and patiently wait while working for a greater unfoldment of this divine life in those around us, because we have positive faith in it and in its uplifting, all prevailing power.

In the early history of the race when the human was lifted but a slight degree above the animal, all conquest was attained through the combative and warring qualities innate in those crude conditions. In the primitive ideal of their personal God was found hate, vengeance and wrath, and every warlike attribute. As the race has gradually evolved to a higher state the conception of God has been divested of personality and correspondingly improved, and is now recognized as the spirit of love and peace. Instead of fighting and struggling so much against evil (so-called) we are learning to turn toward the good, to look for the good in others and to nourish it by kindly thoughts and deeds, to improve every opportunity to so strengthen this good that error shall be displaced, overcome by greater truth.

There are those who still struggle and fight like good warriors against what they call the evils of life, not having come to an understanding of the law by which all things work together for good to those who are uplifted from fear and bondage into the liberty of the love realm whence cometh all power. We may be reminded of the old proverb, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," but later we are taught that "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and that "Perfect love casteth out all fear." Love begets self-trust. To have conscious knowledge of the soul's oneness with the All-Good is to be whole or holy. In this oneness we will manifest more and more the divine life latent within, and in that confidence, hope and trust which becomes true men and women, we will find a shield from all harm outwrought through the exercise of the perfect law of love.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

ONLY through spiritualization of thought and feeling do we rise above the base passions and gross inclinations of our lower nature, and feel within our souls the quickening and unfolding of the higher powers of life. This is the true resurrection of which the blessed Master spake.—*M. J. A.*

SIMPLICITY, is the invariable characteristic of truth.

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THE MANIFESTO.

MARCH, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

One copy one year, postage paid. .50

A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

REMITTANCES for subscription by Money Order should be on the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

January.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897.	23.68	.75in.	2 ft.
1898.	25.45	1.25 "	3½ "
Highest Temp. during this mo.			48 above 0.
Lowest " " " "			12 below "
Number of rainy days " "			1
" " snowy " " "			8
" " clear " " "			7
" " cloudy " " "			15

WE are having an old-fashioned winter of blizzards, pelting snow, and sleety rains, putting us in mind of Thompson's reflection from a review of winter:

"'Tis done! Dread winter spreads his latest gloom,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year,
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful!—Ye good distrest
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

When we reflect upon the uncertainty of life for man and beast, by storms and other disasters by land and sea and by human invention, it makes one yearn for that unbounded spring encircling all.

The late catastrophe in Boston caused by the late blizzard sweeping from their fastening the electric wires, causing such terrible destruction, is a strong evidence, that the greatest blessings, under certain conditions, may prove the greatest curse.

Notwithstanding we have some unpleasant weather, yet the blessing of a pleasant home, interested Brethren and Sisters, and a sufficiency of the comforts of life, and united by the bond of peace, love and union, are still ours to possess.

"Thanks to God for every blessing;
Thanks to God for what we've gained,
Thankfulness we are possessing,
Holiness is here obtained."

Our Ministry, having given us their farewell blessing, were taken to West Pittsfield, Feb. 2, enroute for Watervliet, where they will tarry for one month, at least, blessing and being blest.

At present date the business of our family is getting wood to keep us warm and harvesting ice to keep us cool. An electric road is being built from Pittsfield, west, to Tillitston's factories, if not to West Pittsfield. The prospect is that the State road will be built this year to New York state line, if not further. New York state is waking up to improve its highways. After a time this old Earth will be better fitted for a pleasant dwelling-place for Man, and he may be better fitted to dwell upon it.

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

Feb. 1898.

WE are in the midst of a snow-storm whose force, at present, can not seemingly be spent. This reminds us of the beautiful poem, "Snow-Bound."

"The morning broke without a sun;
We lookt upon a world unknown,

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On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow."

With snow above and all around we are literally walled in by banks of snow. The school was not opened on account of the storm.

The large tank for hot water which has been located on the fifth floor of dwelling house for many years, has been lowered to first floor, by the skillful management of Elder Charles Greaves and his core of faithful Brethren. It is now connected with the furnace in the cellar and with less fuel we expect to be abundantly supplied with hot water.

Sisters, with the help of Brethren, are weaving rugs. When finisht there will be many nice ones for sale.

The subject of Vivisection has been pressed upon our attention by workers in the Antivivisection Society. When confined to Medical Colleges, and for the sole purpose of better understanding the human anatomy, even then it is an outrage upon helpless creatures too great for compensation in the benefits professedly derived; but as any evil unchecked leads to greater evil, we have now to work against that feature in public schools which is nourishing in thousands of pupils those sentiments of cruelty which inevitably tend to criminality. We view the cruelties as practiced by many vivisectors as another form of the Inquisition.

Should we not do all in our power to lessen evil and increase good wherever we have opportunity?

Sarah J. Burger.

Shakers, N. Y.

Feb. 1898.

FROM the window of our room where we are domiciled penning these Notes, we can look out upon the garden plat where in a few weeks we shall be engaged preparing the ground for the reception of seed with the hope that it will bring forth many fold of the good things of life in the shape of fruits and vegetables. At present it is a wilderness of snow and ice, and our picture is in the anticipation of an ideal to which we are looking forward for fulfillment.

If it was not for this persistent urging to gain possesion of that which at present we do not have, whether in the spiritual or material phases of life, the main stimulus to exertion would be gone and the energy at present displayed would be fossilized in that of an autonomon which is dependent upon power foreign from itself to move it to action.

While perusing the last editorial upon the advancement made in dietetic reform in our Communities we were made assured that the world does move and no intelligent person would wish to go back to the (good?) old times of hard cider on the dining table, or the social smoke. "Physician heal thyself," could with propriety be said to the advocate of abstinence from strong drink who was suffused with the fumes of tobacco smoke or chewing the filthy weed. That such habits have a derogatory influence upon the physical, intellectual and spiritual organization of the user is well known. To what extent is determined by the resisting power inherent in the individual constitution.

We rejoice in the advancement that has been made, with an earnest hope that the good work will go on to still greater perfection.

Hamilton DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

Feb. 1898,

FEBRUARY came to us on the winds of a blizzard. The snow fell thickly, the wind tost it about in the air and finally piled it in huge drifts in most inconvenient places, in front of doors and across paths; like giant battlements they stood, requiring armed forces to break them down.

For a while it seemed as tho peace could never be produced from such chaos, but lo! in a few hours a change is wrought. The next morning the sun, quietly and without hurry, yet with patient persist-

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ency sends its beams over the earth, subduing the winds until they become a murmur, and then disappear leaving the earth once more to the reign of peace.

Nearly every morning during the last month a procession could be seen starting from our valley and wending its way up the mountain sides, there to lay seige to the fort held by the forest kings. In a short time they descend, bringing their captives taking them to the mill at the base of the mountain, where they received a course of training to fit them for future use. Some are to aid as timbers for a new barn in the place of our west barn.

The ice harvest has been gathered. The huge blocks, fourteen inches thick have been stowed away, for days which we can hardly imagine at present.

With Brother Ira's hand once more at the helm we move steadily onward.

Nearly six weeks of the new year has past and as we daily turn the pages of our calendar should not each day bring us nearer to the fulfillment of our resolves.

Our aim is, progression; our motto, "Excelsior," so tho each succeeding day brings like duties to perform we may improve by each repetition, until like the road which, continually winding around the mountain, with each turn brings the summit nearer, we may find our steps leading farther from the self-life, and nearer to the life divine.

We would gladly reach our hands to our young friends in each Society for a firmer grasp, while we unite in a resolve that our future lives shall be deeper consecration, more earnest endeavor, and greater loyalty to faith;—that from the seeds we now are sowing may grow a harvest to bless the reapers by and by.

Fidelia Estabrook.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Feb. 1898.

MID-WINTER is here. Snow lies in huge banks all about us, and it is often remarked,—"We are having a real old-fashioned winter." Several fierce storms have visited this vicinity lately making prisoners of us for a day or two and weather severely cold at the same time. Now the days are growing longer and we are rejoicing in the thought that winter will not last forever.

The Brethren succeeded in harvesting a quantity of fine ice before the big storm came. At present some are engaged in lumbering. A brother has lately felled an old growth pine, four and a half feet in diameter at the base.

Since last Nov. we have been studying the rules of music. An hour each day for the different classes has been spent under the careful training of Sister Ednah Fitts, to which we gladly respond. We most certainly appreciate the kindness of our brothers and sisters of Canterbury who are so lovingly bestowing upon us from their fund of knowledge.

Elder Wm. Dumont and Br. Wm. Paul are kindly giving their time caring for our aged Father Samuel Kendrick who is still lingering with us,—"Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown."

Ada S. Cummings.

Narcoossee, Fla.

Feb. 1898.

THE incoming year has dawned upon Florida with brighter hopes than was at first expected. Not only has Florida overcome the recent disaster of the freeze but at this early date almost everything denoting a visitation from Jack Frost has been removed and the farm and garden have again been planted.

The crops are looking well. The orange groves which have been the main dependence of income, was not so badly injured as at first reported. In some sections of the town of Narcoossee the groves received no perceptible damage, while others show it in a small degree.

One writer says we can balance our accounts this way,—"From five to seventy-five per cent of the foliage is hurt." This shows that the frost came in waves. It struck some locations heavier than others.

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If the farmer and gardener can not pile up money as fast as he can at the north, he is able to make for himself a good comfortable home. The greatest of all gains made by the people of this state is seen in their temper and in thought. Experience has brought to them the full conviction that they can live for themselves. There will be no such time of general depression as we have experienced Our self-confidence has been restored and without arrogance we stand on our own feet.

We have had at our home for the past three weeks our Br. Francis Pennebaker of Pleasant Hill, Ky. His general health has not been so good as he would wish and he comes to obtain more health. So you see, Florida has some advantages. We hail the New Year! We need only play our part. Florida will do the rest. Please say that the Mercury in time of the freeze indicated seven degrees below freezing.

Andrew Barrett.

Enfield, N. H.

Feb. 1898.

From the heart of the Christian, swells out the anthems of gratitude; each stanza noted with good deeds to be done for the good of humanity.

As a nation we can render tributes of praise to the noble workers in the field of life, for sacrifice given to better human conditions. Thankful that no blotch of cruelty smears our republic life, like that which defiles the Turkish nation, whose fanatical, blood-thirsty spirit, dealt death and misery to thousands of helpless Armenians and Greeks. Thankful that no tyrannical force has been spent upon subjects like unto that which the cruel Spanish executed upon our Cuban neighbors; also thankful that no spirit of covetousness like the greedy European Powers has moved us to grasp the Hawaiian Islands.

Thankful that at the head of the grandest cause of fellow helpfulness to souls struggling in the whirlpool of intemperance, stands a pure, intelligent and active woman, Frances Willard, of whom a nation may well be proud. Thankful that at the head of our government, is one we can look upon with respect, and trust his generalship in matters pertaining to America and her institution's welfare. Thankful that no famine like unto that which has smitten beautiful India, has spread a covering of woe upon our country, and very thankful for the encouraging signs that come from every field of Christian labor, that the past year excels any previous one in work done in the name of Christ and Christian brotherhood.

Thankful for love and good wishes brought by our revered Br. John Cumings from our Enfield, Conn. kindred at whose home he spent a few days. We extend our thanks and grateful feelings for kindness extended to him.

An important and lengthy work, of painting the one hundred and eighty-two windows of our Dwelling House, is being done by Sisters, Ann Cumings, Marinda Keniston and the writer.

George H. Baxter.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Feb. 1898.

If a blizzard can add any beauty to the winter season, then we are having a beautiful season. On the last day of January some ten inches of snow fell somewhere. During the storm of snow came the storm of wind and all day and all night the snow fell and the wind howled. The elements brought about a wonderful work, and in some places the snow was piled into huge drifts, and all of one day but few persons attempted to walk out, and for two days the roads were so blockt with snow that no carriages could be used and consequently we had no mail.

Directly in front of our dwelling we had a beautiful drift of not less than five feet deep, wholly covering the path where the people wisht to walk. Such are the beauties of winter. The ice is being harvested and is reported to be fifteen inches thick.

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1700 cakes 22x22 are expected to be taken from the water.

Eighty-five gallons of milk are reported at the dairy per day. With a separator and a churn most of it is soon converted into butter, and all that can be spared is sent to market.

A few orders for Sweaters demand active work in that department for several days.

We are thankful for all blessings, temporal and spiritual.

Henry C. Blinn.

STAR, ADA CO,. IDAHO.
Jan. 17, 1898.

BELOVED ELDER HENRY;—I presume it would be interesting to some of the readers of THE MANIFESTO to hear from the State of Idaho, especially from one of the household of faith. We have six inches of snow but the mercury has only been down to five of zero, and winter did not commence until the 2nd of Jan.

The winter months seem to be propitious for revivals, which are well attended. Two ministers of Boise City are conducting a revival in the Christian or Campbellite church at Star and I have attended several of their meetings. These blind guides are clamoring for unity of all churches, yet they claim their church advocates the doctrines of Christ and all others should fall in line with them. But the Baptists and several other churches claim they are the true followers of Jesus, yet we are told that,—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

The minister stated last evening that none could claim to be followers of Jesus the Christ unless they "walk even as He walkt and purified themselves even as He was pure." I entertain grave doubts as to whether, one of his vast audience comprehended those sayings, for none can "walk as he walkt" and live the pure life of Jesus and Ann and their followers and yet live in the works of the flesh. I preacht three sermons in the Methodist church a short time since and a few days ago I learned they did not want any doctrine preacht in their church which did not grant them license to live in the flesh and that marriage is a divine institution.

My text—"Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." In the course of my remarks I called the attention of my audience, to what John meant where he said,—"All there is of the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life," stating that these corrupt conditions must be overcome or we could find no place in his kingdom. The good Apostle said truly,—"So then they that are in the flesh can not please God." —Rom. viii., 8. Why, because they have their husbands and wives to please.—I Cor. vii., 32, 33, 34. For this cause alone I am denied the use of the church. Many nonprofessors said they would come and hear me, because I explained passages of Scripture, that other ministers dare not handle but the good Christians have refused to let me occupy their churches.

Now dear Brethren and Sisters I can truly say I am living the virgin life and shall hold out to the end of my faith. Paul said,—"He that preaches the Gospel should live of the gospel." May THE MANIFESTO live long to enlighten this darkened and sin-curst world, is my earnest desire.

Your Brother,
WILLIAM W. BELLMIRE.

OUR EXCHANGES.

CHRISTIAN, is publisht by Dr. T. J. Shelton of Little Rock, Ark. Dr. Shelton is a healing medium, but we will copy his own word. "No one can heal. The Word, the I Am, the Yahveh, is the only healer. There is but one Physician."

THE SOOTHSAYER before us is No. 1 of Vol. I. from the Soothsayer Pub. Co. of New York City. It says,—Our columns will be open to the Spiritist, the Theosophist, the Christian Scientist and the advocates of every form of investigation of the occult phases of human life.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE PEOPLE is the leading Democratic paper of the City of Concord, N. H. It was establisht in 1809 and through this long series of years, it has been the unswerving advocate for Democratic principles. It has recently past under the editorial management of George F. Willey.

THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER a monthly Magazine for progressive people. It is under the Editorial management of Albert Chavannes and is publisht at Knoxville, Tenn.

THE TEMPLE is a monthly magazine devoted to the fuller unfoldment of the Divinity of Humanity and issued by The Temple Pub. Co. of Denver, Col.

FREEDOM is a Journal of Realistic Idealism. Edited and publisht by Helen Wilmans at Sea Breeze, Fla. FREEDOM is publisht in the interest of Mental Science and the Editor makes this statement,—"I can cure those whom the doctors have failed to cure."

YOUNG PEOPLE AT WORK is publisht in the interest of the Young People's Societies of the Churches of Hartford and vicinity. The managing Editor is Albert H. Crosby. The paper is well worthy of universal circulation.

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT is devoted to Zoistic Science, Free Thought, Spiritualism and Harmonical Philosophy. It is publisht by Wm. H. Terry of Melbourne, Aus. and is an able exponent of Spiritualism and Advanced Thought.

☞IN Germany, horses are shod with paper shoes and their durability and lightness are found very satisfactory.

☞THE youngest preacher, known, is L. Lawrence Dennis of Atlanta, Ga. He is four years old and converses readily on subjects in the Old and New Testaments. Some think he is gifted with supernatural powers.

☞THE sickness of the "Ed." has caused the delay in the publication of THE MANIFESTO this month. We hope it may be better next month, that is the health side of the case.

MAKE your most simple act complete; do your most common daily duty from its divinest motive, and what a change will come! Still your life will need days of retirement, when it will shut the gates upon the noisy whirl of action and be alone with God. But it will not be upon them that it will mostly depend for spiritual nourishment. They will be like great exceptional banquets and extraordinary feasts of grace. The daily bread of spiritual life, the ordinary feeding of the soul on God, which really makes its sustenance, will be in the perpetual doing of the works of life for Him. The real sitting down to be fed will be mysteriously identical with the most eager and energetic standing on the feet to do His will.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Deaths.

Melinda Hubbard, at Enfield, N. H. Jan. 23, 1898. Age 78 years 5 mo. and 14 days.

She had been with the Society for sixty years and was widely known and universally loved and respected both by those of her own home and many who had shared her loving ministrations outside the home circle. Such, we know hear the welcome summons, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. R. C.

Hannah P. Shepard, at East Canterbury N. H. Feb. 1, 1898. Age 56 years, 11 mo. and 20 days.

Thomas Noyes, at Sabbathday Lake, Me. Feb. 9, 1898. Age 84 years 2 mo. and 6 days.

Harriet Hastings, at East Canterbury, N. H. Feb. 22, 1898. Age 90 years 9 mo. and 17 days.

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Books & Papers.

What will no doubt prove the most practical and best illustrated magazine article on the Klondike gold regions that has yet been publisht is announced to appear in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for February. It is written by Henry Clay Colver, a well-known resident of Seattle, and treats the subject in a simple yet exhaustive manner. After describing the various expeditions that have set out from Seattle for Dawson City, the author gives some valuable and interesting information to those about to embark for the gold regions, including a list of necessary provisions, utensils, etc., to last a man for a year. This article is supplemented by one giving a general description of Alaska, its resources, people and customs, by R. H. Herron. There will be more than thirty fine half-tone illustrations of scenes and people in the gold regions and parts of the Territory and a handsome map of Alaska, 17x23 inches, showing the location of the places of interest along the Yukon and the Klondike. Those who are preparing to take advantage of the opportunities presented in Alaska, and those who are only indirectly interested in the new El Dorado, should by all means read these articles.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH, for February opens with a character sketch of Charles T. Yerkes by J. A. Fowler. Phrenotypes and Side views, No. 20. by H. S. Drayton, M. D. This article has special reference to the nose, and to make it still more interesting, it has several illustrations.

Character sketch of Rev. Wm. L. Watkin son by D. T. Elliott. A remarkable skull of which three illustrations are given. This skull is said to have been taken from a shell mound in the state of Washington.

An Interview with Mrs. E. J. Bacon, by Jessie A. Fowler. Mrs. Bacon has in possession the renowned stone portrait an illustration of which may be seen in the Journal.

An interview with the Superintendent of Prison Industries, F. H. Mills. The healing Art in the twentieth century, by Susanna W. Dodds, M. D.

Child Culture, by Uncle Joseph is interest ing and prettily illustrated, and then comes the Inquisitive Boy. Many other articles of interest will please the careful reader and furnish him with a fund of information.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY for January is very interesting. Dr. Gifford has an article on the use of salt and contends that its use is not a necessity. He then extends his article and treats of the cause of Dropsy and then of the treatment.

Prof. Bland has an article on A Big Bacteriological Blunder, which has diverted the attention of physiologists from the correct line of investigation. Prof. Allison says, "You rarely find one who believes what he eats has any influence on his character." "Faith," says the Bible, "comes by hearing" and it may come by reading. Read and see.

Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

ISRAEL'S MESSIAH OR WHY THE JEWS REJECT CHRIST, By H. L. Hastings. Mr. Hastings sends forth this little book trusting that it will assure the careful reader that the reason Why, will be made perfectly plain. Any one interested in this subject can easily be assured from the many proofs which the little work contains. It costs only five cents and can be obtained at 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Guessing enigmas is an innocent recreation; but guessing enigmas in order to win a prize and paying a sum of money or purchasing an article, for the privilege, is a "game of hazard, in which small sums are ventured for the chance of obtaining a larger value, either in money or in other articles,"—and this is Worcester's definition of a lottery.

Its motive is "to gain something for nothing," which is the motive for gambling. Its effects upon the mind and character of its victim may be as injurious as the effects of gambling.

Its prizes are given on the same principle by which a gambling house divides the "bank" among the fortunate gamesters. It allures to repeated trials, not only novices but also successful as well as unsuccessful guessers, by the chance it offers of winning coveted amounts and by the certainty of receiving a certain value, as a package of tea or a subscription to a paper, in return for trifling outlays.

The well-baited inducements offered by the papers which have recourse to the enigma lottery, for the double object of notoriety and of increasing their subscription lists, constitute, in fact, lottery, advertisements, and subscriptions to these papers are sold in place of lottery tickets.—*The Contributor.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE REGISTER, which has come to be an indispensible hand-book for business and professional men, has appeared for 1898. The book was never so complete as this year, and we note that it has been increast by over forty pages not counting advertisments. The greater part of this increase represents added names, so that the Directory is as nearly complete as such a book is ever likely to be.

A careful estimate of the added names makes the net increase over 5000 names, Many names of dead men have been dropped so that the Register is up to date this year.

The calendar, pages for daily memoranda, lists of United States and State officials, officers of various State associations and societies and all the other information about New Hampshire which has made the Register such a handy book of reference for so many years will be found brought fully up to date.

The price remains at 25 cents and the book may be procured of local dealers or will be sent, post paid on receipt of price, by Wm. J. Drew, Concord, N. H.

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Last summer THE OUTLOOK made the offer of three prizes—the largest being $100—for the best accounts of vacation experiences, to be illustrated by photographs taken by the authors. The unique feature of this contest was the awarding of the prizes on the combined merits of articles and pictures. The competition was closed on Jan. 15 last. Very nearly two hundred articles and not far from two thousand photographs were received in response to the offer, and the editors feel assured that the result will be extremely gratifying to the readers of THE OUTLOOK'S Recreation Number (publish annually in June,) which will contain the three prize articles and illustrations, together with two or three of the best of those which did not receive prizes. ($3 a year. The Outlook Co., 13 Astor Place, New York.)

The readers of *The Ladies' Home Journal* are about as responsive a clientele as any magazine possesses. About six months ago the Philadelphia magazine started to publish a series of practical architectural plans showing how artistic houses could be built at moderate cost. It employed a special architect, and his work was certainly artistic. Besides the plans it agreed to furnish complete specifications of each house at a minimum cost. Thousands of people liked the plans given and the series has been a great success for the magazine. This spring the building of over five hundred houses, varying in cost from $500 to $7000 each, will be started in different parts of the country by *Journal* readers, in addition to over one hundred other houses which have already been built.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING IN THE UNITED STATES. A book of two hundred pages, containing a catalogue of about six thousand newspapers, being all that are credited by the American Newspaper Directory (December edition for 1897,) with having regular issues of maps of each and every State of the American Union, naming those towns only in which there are issued newspapers having more than one circulation. This book (issued December 15, 1897) will be sent, postage paid, to any address, on receipt of one dollar. Address The Geo. P. Rowell Advertising Co., 10 Spruce St. New York.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. APRIL, 1898. No. 4.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

OUR MISSION—ITS AUTHORITY.

By Jessie Evans.

THE ministry of Jesus, as recorded in the four gospels, is acknowledged universally to be the guide and pattern for the entire Christian world to-day; it has been the stake to the martyrs of old; and we believe that it will ever be the formula, by which all the difficulties which beset humanity may be wisely and peacefully adjusted.

This, then, should be our primary study, as professed disciples of Christ. Much in the memoirs of Jesus impresses us concerning his love, his sympathy, his tenderness for the children, his forgiveness, and his charity; but there are sterner qualities, too, in the character of Jesus, which should not be lightly passed over by the student of Christian biology.

Let us pause for a moment, and with careful scrutiny mark the bearing of our Savior, when surrounded by the haughty Scribes and Pharisees. He has just left the presence of the feeble, the halt, the leper, the blind; at his bidding the deaf ears catch the music of his loving voice, and at his gentle touch the unclean spirit, reminded of its legitimate place, instantly seeks it. In the hearts of the proud Pharisees rises the thought: "Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren * * * and his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?"

The stilled tempest, the resurrected Lazarus, the liberated ones who were but lately so grievously afflicted, are not accounted for on these lines. Nay, the spiritual mission of the Christ is as distinct from the personality of Jesus

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as is heaven from earth; yet how perfectly the heavenly manipulated the earthly in his case! Ah, herein lies the secret of success! "If a house be divided against itself, that house can not stand," he said to his followers. With the majority of so-called Christians to-day, the trouble comes from this division. Conscience demands what the physical refuses to express—hence the discords, the failures, the sufferings, so world-wide.

The ties of consanguinity should lay no bias upon the soul. He who preached that eloquent sermon on the Mount was not the "carpenter's son." Long years after the carpenter first claimed him as son, came the voice of the Divine, which said, "This is *my* beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." After this spiritual relationship was established, Jesus ignored the plane of nature, not as an evil, but as a stage from which he had risen, as a bud forgotten in the full blossom, as the home nest to the bird that has plumed its wings and taken its flight into the broad heavens of God's watchful provident care. He had been "born again." Henceforth his parentage was in God; his brotherhood, man; and this admitted no circumscribed ministrations. "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."

They who judged from nature's stand-point reiterated the inquiry: "Is not this the carpenter's son? From whence hath this man these things? And what wisdom is this which is given unto him?"

Enumerating the physical relatives of the messenger, however, far from answering the questions, only added doubt to doubt concerning the spiritual message, with which the soul of Jesus was burdened; but they who were spiritually awakened, when asked by the Savior who he was, replied, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God," and divine commendation sealed the truth.

All through the career of Jesus the line is distinctly drawn by him, disassociating the workman from the work. When the tribute money was discussed, how wise was the reply: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." The human, in obedience to human law, must yield its own, but the spirit—"against such there is no law." "Though ye believe not me (the workman) believe the works."

Among the sayings of Jesus, little may be traced to merely human origin; when the physical gave utterance, how instantly were the words modified by the superior! Even in the fearful agony of Gethsemane, when the human pleaded: "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me," unhesitatingly followed the spirit voice, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

In contemplation of this sublime phase of the Christ character, the questioning arises, Are not we, as avowed disciples of the Savior, oftentimes satisfied to see as "through a glass darkly?" Do we not, as Believers in this Christian authority, too often confound the human with the spiritual? As

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the Christ matured, Jesus as a physical existence became less and less prominent, as the "carpenter's son" was lost to view in the multitudes which flocked to hear, how distinctly rose the Christ tones in that sermon of sermons upon the Mount!

The sacred Covenant which we have subscribed, is something more than a legal compact. The Virgin Church is not a Shaker village, however perfectly the material environments may be adjusted. However low and mean we, as workmen, may be when compared with the "carpenter's son"—the fruit of obedience to nature's law—our faith, our covenant, our call from the resurrection heavens, bind us to the self-same *spiritual* mission, which actuated the life forces of Him, who said, "I and my Father are one."

The walls of our material homes will crumble as dust to dust, but what of the mission entrusted to us? Any individual or community, whose life currents move in parallel lines with the example and testimony of our Savior, is successful in every sense of the word and at every bend of the way. The individual may be boycotted by his associates, but it is "for my sake and the gospel's" and bitter becomes sweet in the assurance. The community may be reduced in physical membership—is gold of less value because it loses bulk by the subtraction of the dross? Is wheat the worse for the removal of the chaff?

Our persecutions as a people have done us good—they have taught us and brought us precious humility. Our seeming enemies, in passing from our midst, have proved friends in disguise. Their vituperations have revealed pungent truths, perhaps unwelcome truths, which our several Communities have been wise enough and brave enough, thank God, to embrace. In the time of Jesus, the "love of many waxed cold," but the Christian truth gathered followers enough to perpetuate the testimony, which will live despite persecution and obstacles of every name and nature.

There are no dying qualities in the essence of the Savior's mission, there are no short-lived phrases in the testimony of eternal truth. We are bound, by our Covenant, as assignees of our suffering founders, to be the "salt of the earth;" we hold in the grasp of our consecrated wills "the pearl of great price." With the unobtrusive yet unflinching authority of the Christ, may we hold our rightful place among the churches of this land! The silver lining of divine goodness gleams through the ebon cloud; God's workings are deep, his designs for us are as yet unfulfilled. Our holy faith, as perfect as God is perfect, will yet be coupled with works, which will attract and convince the whole world of our sincerity; then though they believe not in us, yet the purity of our work shall lead them to glorify God. This is our mission; who will be the missionaries?

East Canterbury, N. H.

DUTY faithfully performed opens the mind to truth.

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SAVIORS.

By Alonzo G. Hollister.

"*Saviors shall come upon Mount Zion to judge the Mount of Esau, and the kingdom shall be the Lord's.*"

"I AM, I'm your Savior, your friend and protector,
I guard o'er my chosen with peculiar care;
So fear not, beloved, I'll guide you from danger
And thou of my blessing may most freely share.
When deep tribulation like a flood is descending,
And sorrow like waves of the ocean doth roll,
In the depth of affliction rely on my power,
And I will preserve you safe from all harm."

Who is the Savior that thus promises safety and consolation, and who is the party addressed? Doubtless it was first given to an individual sufferer for Christ's sake, but it stands equally good for every true disciple of the lowly Nazarene. The party speaking is evidently some one thoroughly identified with the Spirit of Truth, which is the real Savior. Nothing but the Spirit of Truth can induce free rational beings to sacrifice their own lives and individual interests in a straightforward, persistent, unselfish effort to save and benefit others.

It is true that individuals impelled by natural impulse, or sympathy, or love of glory, have sacrificed their physical lives, for a friend, for their country, for honor, ambition, affection or hate, but when such motives are traced to their origin, we believe they will be found in part or wholly selfish. But the spirit which puts by its own will and pleasure to serve not a narrow circle of related individuals, but many, regardless of flesh and blood ties, in a life-long devotion to their highest good, is of divine origin, and is divine.

We have the first and chief example of this in Jesus of Nazareth, who rejected the will of his natural, inferior self, that he might make it his pleasure to do the will of his Father in this respect. The Father loveth me, he says, because I lay down my life for the sheep. His giving his life a ransom for many, did not consist in his death on Calvary—but was given all along in serving, and in the daily cross which he bore for his disciples' sake. Since his time, he has had many imitators, imbued with the same spirit, and making the same sacrifices of self to carry on the good work by him begun. He said, He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father. What does the term, *greater works*, here signify? It means the growth and increase of the work, which in him was only in embryo, to its mature, fruit-bearing culmination in organized communities of consecrated individuals.

There were twelve Apostles, concerning whom, we have the fullest record, by Paul. It is a record which shows him to be a worthy disciple of him who said, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Paul gave his life for the

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sheep, in the same manner as did Jesus, altho he received his gospel by revelation, after Jesus had entered the Eternal World. If Paul, or any other disciple did greater works than Jesus did, either they were not recorded, or they were not of the kind commonly supposed to be miraculous.

If Jesus was the truth, his Apostles were the truth. For he, or the spirit in him, was the vine, and they, or the spirit in them, was the branches all of one substance and mutual supports to each other and so the branches continued to grow one upon another in regular succession, so long as he had any followers by the daily cross of self-denial.

After this cross ceast to be borne among those claiming Christ's name and authority, then came the night which Jesus foretold. Walk while the light is with you, for the night cometh, wherein no man can work, the works of God as he had taught them. This period is known in history as the dark ages, because mankind in those parts of the world which claimed the greatest enlightenment, were so ignorant, so barbarous, savage, lawless and corrupt, contentious and vile, as to distinguish the period between five hundred and one thousand five hundred after Christ, in the eyes even of natural men, from the ages before and since, for its unparalleled brutishness and depravity of conduct.

At the close of this distressful period, the Spirit of Life from God, descended again to mortals, (Rev. xi., 11) and the character and title of Savior was revived in Mother Ann, into whom the Spirit of Truth entered to abide. That living Branch of Righteousness which was raised up in her, has put forth other branches that have borne fruit and the succession of branches has been maintained through Apostles to the present time. The life of the Savior is still given, inasmuch as they manifest his spirit of self-sacrifice for the welfare of the body, to all the members who are walking in his steps.

We know we have this power, because by it we have been raised from the death of nature and nature's darkness, to life and light and victory over the world. And this is the time we read of in the Prophets,—"Behold the days come saith the Lord, that I will perform the good word which I have spoken concerning the house of Israel and the house of Judah. In those days and at that time, will I cause a Branch of Righteousness to grow up unto David, and he shall execute Judgment and Righteousness in the land. In those days shall Judah be saved and Jerusalem shall dwell safely. And this is the name whereby she shall be called the Lord our Righteousness."—Jer. xxxiii. And so it is. David means beloved; Judah means praise. This Branch grows up to the Lord's beloved ones, and He is their Savior, operating through mortal instruments, who have dedicated themselves to praise Him in this service.

In Christ's first appearing, this Branch was raised up only in the male order, as proved by the male officered church, which claims to be the continuation, and sole heir of the inheritance left by the Primitive Christians. Woman

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has been entirely excluded from having any voice in her councils and assemblies for worship, hence the miserable plaint that follows the Prophets description of the Branch of which it is said,—"He shall be called The Lord Our Righteousness."—Jer. xxiii. This plaint of the Prophet, applies to the church of Antichrist, which ruled after the apostacy from the primitive faith and the cross of Christ, till the time of Christ's second appearing, or for about one thousand three hundred years.

After this, the Lord again caused a Branch of Righteousness to grow up unto David and to execute judgment and righteousness in the land. As the only fit sequel and support to the first, this Branch came forth to visibility through Woman,—"For this is the name wherewith SHE shall be called, the Lord our Righteousness."—Jer. xxxiii., 15, 16.

This Branch being now establisht alike in both parts of manhood, the counsel of peace is between them, and there is no longer any complaint of dereliction from duty, nor of deviation from righteous rectitude and equity and brotherly and sisterly love, but an affirmation of Jehovah, strong as the ordinances of heaven and earth and the covenant between day and night, that the seed of this union plant shall be multiplied as the host of heaven and as the sand on the seashore for multitude, and prosperity shall attend them forever.

If Judah was saved and Jerusalem dwelt safely in the time of Christ's first appearing, it must have been chiefly in a spiritual sense. Literal Judah and Jerusalem, were both under the dominion of foreigners. The nation was torn by factions who were saved from shedding each other's blood, by the iron rule of Herod the Edomite, their hereditary enemy.

The Jerusalem alluded to, must be the "Jerusalem above, which is the Mother of us all," and which is descending out of heaven, from God, for Mother's children to inhabit, in the Dispensation of the Bride—the Dispensation especially of woman clothed with the Sun of divine righteousness and revelation; shedding abroad that light which makes the New Day perpetual wherever she abides. Compassing man, both masculine and feminine, with light and knowledge of eternal things. Undoubtedly, literal Judah and Jerusalem, what remains of them, when the justice and righteousness of the New Era shall become so expanded in operation as to recover their ancient heritage, will share in the general and mighty renovation.

But where on the inhabited earth, after one hundred and twenty years of prosperous growth of this Branch of Righteousness, can the praise of God, rising from hearts that are saved, that worship Him in the Spirit of Truth, and the Holy Jerusalem inhabited by gentle, peace-loving souls, dwell safely, but in this liberty-loving land of America, where freedom of conscience is guaranteed by the organic law of the Nation, and maintained by the power of God operating through enlightened public opinion? Can we see the hand of God in this, to fulfill the word spoken by the mouth of His Prophets, twen-

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ty-five centuries ago. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see their God. The eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopt when they turn with their whole heart, to seek and to serve the Lord. "For in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance as the Lord has said and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."—Joel ii., 32.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

REMARKS MADE AT THE FUNERAL OF OUR SISTER, HARRIET HASTINGS.

By Elder Abraham Perkins.

MY acquaintance with our departed Sister has been that of many years. I learned of her life, her character and her principles, during my associations with her in the Ministerial Order. Whatever the circumstances and conditions which existed in our several Societies, requiring the counsel or judgment of the Ministry, I always found her seeking wisdom to enable her to do duty honorable to herself and as became a Christian leader and minister of our Church; that in a case coming before the Ministry for judgment, or before her as a member thereof, in a demand for a verdict, she might do justice and give no cause for suffering through selfishness, partiality or error on her part; that in results there should be no cause for accusation of injustice, and that Zion should not be dishonored by the weakness and acts of its officers.

The motto of her life was truth, justice and honesty,—loyalty to her Christian faith, to her Communal Covenant and covenantal relations, and just and honest dealings with all people, whether friends or foes.

The words of the Psalmist well apply to her life and character, truly demonstrating her trust, her readiness and willingness to be known and judged in the divine order of God, as portrayed in the Twenty-sixth Psalm,—

"In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. Prove me, and judge me. Thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes. I have walked in thy truth. In innocency I washed my hands, so would I compass thine altar. I have loved the habitations of thine house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth. My foot stood in an even place. In the congregations, I bless the Lord." Thus may it be truthfully said of our departed Sister.

For many years she has been confined to her room under suffering. Disabled by infirmity of body, she was unfitted for active service, and deprived of many blessings pertaining to the social and spiritual relations of our Church, all of which she has borne with saintly patience. Realizing, as she did, that physical restoration was impossible, she had long desired a passport to that realm and haven for which she faithfully and unremittingly toiled for a fit

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preparation, trusting to the welcome and embrace of friends who in this life had been with her as Christian laborers and co-workers.

With her I rejoice that her releasement has come,—that her reward is with her, and is such as we might all covet.

East Canterbury, N. H.

IN THOUGHT OF MARCH.

From Mary to Fannie.

By Mary Whitcher.

AND who can help welcoming
Spring with its cheer?
The thought of a spring month,
Brings gladness more near.
And tho the rough winter
Holds light in its grasp
Every spring like appearance,
We see 'neath the mask
A beauty unfolding—
'Twill be ours in its day.
Its breath may be March,
But 'tis spring, same as May.
O how we love beauty,
And pleasure and joy,
Then why not let duty
Grasp all in employ?
It need not be March,
Or April or June,
But just as well winter,
December as soon.
If spring hath a place
In the heart and the mind,
The months need not vary—
Our spring life to find.
We'll ever keep youthful
And pleasant and gay,
For nothing that's truthful
Has blight or decay.
'Tis roses in winter,
All sunshine and noon,
For nothing can hinder
Uprightness to bloom.

East Canterbury, N. H.

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Remarks Made in Church Service, March 6, 1898.

By Eliza A. Stratton.

WE read in the good Book,—"Make melody in your heart to the Lord." How to do this is the precious thought of the morning, that has come with its brightness and freshness. Outward scenes indeed bring to our lips psalms of thankfulness and gratitude, but the Sabbath of Sabbaths which Believers may every day enjoy should, and does, draw forth unceasingly, melody which wells up in the soul, and will increase as all the keys of our being are touched by a sacred purpose that brings with its touch no discord.

The tones which make the purest and richest of melody are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. Would not these sounding through our thoughts, our actions and our words make beautiful melody unto the Lord, and perfect harmony with all of his children? Oh! a life of good service is the richest of melody!

East Canterbury, N. H.

"THANK YOU."

IT is a lamentable fact that the word of hearty thanks is exprest by so few people. How often is it that we show some one a courtesy, do some friend a favor, only to find it past unnoticed. The intention of the recipient to say "thank you" may be of the best, but the fact remains that it is not said. An intention is a very laudable thing, but when it remains an intention, and nothing more, it becomes the reverse of being laudable.

Too many intentions die with their conception. We mean well enough, no doubt. We say to ourselves, "I must thank So-and-So," and our resolution is undoubtedly good. Then something transpires, the "thank you" is delayed, and what is the result? It is never said—or, if it is said, it is said so long after the time when it should have been that the saying has lost all its flavor and acceptance. And yet these delayed "thank you"s, these unexprest thanks, this acceptance of courtesies, as our right, is fast becoming a fixt habit.

It was only a few days since that a physician was askt by a friend to grant him a favor. The favor was granted, and the next day came a note of thanks. "There," said the physician to me, "that is the first time in thirty years of practice that I have ever received a note of thanks from a man to whom I have shown a favor. And yet in those thirty years I have given free advice, have lent my time and my services without pay to hundreds of people."

"Odd, isn't it, how people take as their due what they really have not the remotest right to ask or expect?" Exceptional experience? No, not at all. On the contrary, it is a most common one.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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THE MANIFESTO.

APRIL, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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TERMS.

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A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

February.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897.	26.5	¼in.	15.75 in.
1898.	29.5	½ "	23 "

Highest Temp. during this mo. 50 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 8 below "
Number of rainy days " " 2
" " snowy " " " 7
" " clear " " " 8
" " cloudy " " " 11

March, 1898.

Lo! The winter is past with its cold chilling blast,
With its storm bursts and blizzards distressing
We hail the young Spring, for we're sure it will bring
The musical birds, and to earth vernal dressing.

At the close of the day, February 28, 1898, we gave winter an obituary farewell. Its obsequies were performed with unalloyed pleasure. It is the only death that has taken place worthy of note, for more than three months

Health, a prime blessing, has been a boon companion attending us in the varied duties of life, through the past winter. It would be a unique innovation of the common methods of humanity, if there should not be any disturbance in the biliary secretions that would produce a complaint.

We strive to keep a watch over our spirits, that they do not become incurably diseased with malaria of indifference or any maleficence, so as to lose the divine protection of kind guardian spirits. It is the strife to keep alive our gospel faith; "The faults of all others to freely forgive, but never make peace with our own faults." The Church and North family hold meetings together on the Sabbath whenever the weather will permit. We know that our union is a bond of blessing.

Monday morning, Feb. 14, Elder Joseph Holden, Elderess Harriet Bullard, and Sister Emma Jane Neal started for Florida to visit Olive Branch to judge of its future prospects. They reserve their opinions until they return. They have commenct their homeward journey, and will stop in Georgia to view a part of the 46 square miles that the Union Village Community have purchast there.

"So we go, to and fro;
While we tarry here below,
But by and by we shall hie
To a dwelling up on high."
Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

March, 1898.

WE'RE always looking forward
For something that's to be
But the greatest yet to happen
Is the Great Eternity.
To-day we're looking forward
For spring which is to come,
When trees will be in blossom
House-cleaning well begun.
With gardens renovated
To "blossom like the rose,"

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And orchards pruned with neatness
Where finest fruitage grows,
When sidewalks will be minus
Of banks of ice and snow
When no more danger there will be
Of tumbling down, you know.
Our ice was nicely gathered
They say twelve inches thick,
Some was thirteen and a half
All solid as a a brick.
It is the sixth of March to-day
And very much like spring,
Roads are good for sleighing yet
For sleigh-bells daily ring.
But birds outvie them with their songs,
We daily hear them sing.
We're glad to learn our editor
Still dwells upon this side
Of that mysterious river which
Is called the "Great Divide."
'Tis said no sickness there can come
If so it grand must be
To dwell apart from all that's ill
In that Eternity.
Now, kind editor, we hope
Some time you'll come this way,
And spend a few weeks at our home
When summer comes to stay.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

March, 1898.

We fully endorse the hope that our beloved editor may not long remain under the bonds of physical affliction, and that the blessed angel that cometh with healing in his wings will be a constant attendant; for there are none to spare, especially in the editorial line, for those who are able to compile a magazine so replete with good things, beneficial to the soul life of earth's pilgrims toiling on their upward journey as was the March number of The Manifesto, must be sustained. This is not mere sentiment, but we believe the voicing of the honest feelings of its readers.

One more royal soul has joined the triumphant band. The name of Frances E. Willard rests like a blessed benediction over the lives of those who are struggling to burst the fetters of that demoniac power,—the liquor traffic. As President of the International Temperance Union she won immortal laurels. May the mantle of her zeal and consecration rest upon those who are left to continue the battle she so nobly led!

March has commenct its record with a quiet demeanor that is not generally ascribed to its character. Hope it may continue, as we are ready to welcome the beautiful spring with its birds and flowers. Hot-beds are being prepared and the sowing of seed and its care will be the business to occupy the mind of your correspondent and his co-laborers.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Enfield, N. H.

March, 1898.

For all to whose home the hearse of transition called and bore from its shelter a loved one, we send a wreath of loving remembrance and fellow-sympathy. When we heard of the higher call of Frances Willard, we grieved, for we could not say it was well, as she had not reacht the halting place of inability to benefit humanity.

Is not her life one of the best testimonials in favor of the Christ work of human elevation and the Christ-like spirit of purity and intelligence that graces our Nation's history of illustrious Christians? She is of those who knew that they must pursue the way in which they would lead others, and school themselves would they teach others how to devastate the wilderness of sin and gloom, and transform it into fruitful fields of active goodness and virtue.

As nature contains no useless forces, communities to be garlanded with the vine of success, can not. So we catch the echoes from nature's vast domain,—"Toil thou for the future; Tho hidden may be the structure you build by devotion and care, *but* if founded in virtue its worth will appear."

As we turn the telescope of mental sight upon the earth's surface, we see and hear

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of "wars and rumors of wars," which remind us of our duty to do what we can to quell the storms of evil about us. As we poise it higher, we see the glorious sun and dome of white and blue, which teach us that the elements of heaven are life-giving; and as we put on a spiritual lens we perceive a glorified host of the redeemed, who sing,—"Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God."

Having lost the work of putting together the Corn Planters, an industry for many years carried on in this place, yet we lose not all profit, as through the successful manipulation of the trade machine operated by Brother John Cummings, we will supply the new company with the necessary lumber for their annual need.

It is a general verdict that this winter has been the worst experienced for ten years. The severity of the weather has not resulted in sickness among us, yet we rejoice that soon a carpet of green will have replact the present one of white, and hoes and pruning knives will take the place of shovels and plumbing tools.

George H. Baxter.

Narcoossee, Fla.

March, 1898.

AMONG the things which are of special value to the Southern states may be mentioned the Japan persimmon, of which we have several trees that will come into bearing this year. When ripe the fruit is of a scarlet red color and extremely luscious. It can be depended on as an every year crop, fully equal in bearing to any of our Northern apple trees.

In the way of diversity we think the fig comes next in value. This is a little more sensitive to the change of weather when young, but when fully matured it will stand the temperature below freezing. We have quite a number growing on our place.

With these we can number six grape fruit, twelve orange, six pear, six apricot, with three hundred peach trees. This with two thousand pine-apple plants sums up the number of fruit-growing trees on our place.

Sweet potatoes all through the South have become the poor man's as well as the rich man's luxury, while Irish potatoes are as yet somewhat of a rarity and but very little grown on account of the small yield to the acre.

We have on our place ninety-two head of cattle both old and young stock of our own. One hundred and ninety-six head of our neighbors, which we take to pasture. For over a week past we have enjoyed the presence of the Lebanon Ministry accompanied by Sister Emma J. Neal; also Brother Francis Pennybaker, of Pleasant Hill, Ky. They have been like angel visits to us. Tho far away our friends still remember us, and we them.

Andrew Barrett.

East Canterbury, N. H.

March, 1898.

SEASON follows season, and we have only blessings to record. Home in heaven, and heaven in the home makes burdens light and yokes easy. Even in the illness of our beloved Editor, the "silver lining" turns our way, and we are permitted at this date to bridge the chasm lightly and send kind greetings across in behalf of all the readers of THE MANIFESTO from whom we have many anxious words in this connection.

The buzz of the saw is making music near by and busy hands and feet are moving in quest of the necessaries of life, which we find indeed a standing necessity.

Winter term of school will come to a close on the 17th inst. and while the children chatter about it, the birds chime in from their nature studies in the tree-tops.

Beloved Elder Freeman White, of our North family valiantly made way through the drifts some days ago with brothers' help to the Sugar Camp, and is already collecting the sweets of his labor. How like the noble old monarchs of the forest seem such

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loyal ones in Zion, always yielding profit and sweetness! May God's blessing be upon us and upon "the whole, whole world!"

Jessie Evans.

IS THE OLD YEAR DEAD?

By Nancy L. Rupe.

The old year is dead, is re-echoed around,
Out of the calendar, out of the sound
Of clamorous voices, of present events,
Fulfilled the mission for which he was sent.
Gone, ever gone? Nay, his influence still
Doth live in the present, and, live ever will;
Not one of those years since the great birth of time,
But live in some record which they've left behind.
O! man hast thou erred in an unguarded hour?
Abused and dishonored thy God-given power,
Made home desolate, crusht paternal hearts,
And trifled with time, as her days did depart?
Then none need to tell thee the old year still lives,
Nor can his successor, with all that he gives,
Erase from thy soul the dark deeds of the past,
Or vanish from memory the lives thou didst blast!
Or hast thou been swift with a slanderous tongue?
The fame to deface of the aged or young?
Or filled up thy coffers by cheating the poor,
Then none need to tell thee the old year's no more!
It haunteth thy pillow, it stingeth thy heart,
Thou may'st argue its absence, or bid it depart!
It will laugh at thy anguish, and mock at thy sorrow,
Will tell thee it liveth to-day and to-morrow.
If imprisoned, some poor fallen mortal doth groan,
Thou mightest have rescued by act, word or tone,
The cup of intemperance to others did'st give,
Then none need tell thee the old year doth live.
Hast thou smoothed the rough pathway of some fallen one,
A boon of compassion on others bestown?
In sickness or sorrow a kind act or word,
With grateful emotions thy heart's pulse been stirred?
Of thy great abundance did'st bountifully give?
Then thy heart respondeth, the old year doth live.
Thus live the past years, in the depth of the soul,
Thus writing their record as vast ages roll;
And each living soul will its own record keep.
In glory or shame, all will sow what they reap,
Then sigh not and say not the old year is dead,
Tho' its date from our calendar ever hath sped,
Thus thousands have ended, and millions will come,
Frail man but an atom, his race is soon run.

Pleasant Hill, Ky.

[Contributed by Eldress Anna E. Charles.]

RECEIPT FOR A LADY'S DRESS.

In looking over some old papers I found in a copy of the "Weekly Register," publisht Wednesday, July 31, 1816 a receipt for a lady's dress, and thinking the fashion would be just as charming to-day as eighty years ago, I venture to send it to your very interesting pamphlet.

"Let your earrings be attention, encircled by the pearls of refinement, the diamonds of your necklace be truth, and the chain Christianity; your breastpin charity, ornamented with the pearls of gentleness;

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your finger rings be affection, surrounded with diamonds of industry; your girdle be simplicity, with tassels of good humor; let your thickest garb be virtue, and your drapery politeness; let your shoes be wisdom, secured by the buckles of perseverance."

It seems such a dainty conceit that I thought the readers of your pages might enjoy it too.—*Selected.*

IF WE KNEW.

COULD we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working,
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good.
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

HE commands enough who obeys a wise man.

TWINE.

FEW persons have an idea of the enormous consumption of twine in this country. One of the greatest demands for the article comes from the farmers, who consume thirty-five thousand tons annually upon the self-binding harvesters. Allowing five pounds to the mile, this would be equal to a string long enough to go more than six times round the earth. It takes a length of about three feet of twine to tie a bundle of straw. The farmer sits on his machine, drives alone through his grain field, and without any assistance cuts, bundles, and ties twelve acres of wheat grain per day.

The twine used on the self-binder is generally made either of Sisal or Manila hemp. The Sisal is the cheaper material, but it is not so strong or durable as the Manila. In some twines a mixture of the two is employed. For binder purposes, the twine should have sixteen turns to the foot, and a length of three feet would have a breaking strength of not less than seventy pounds. The twine must be carefully made, free from swells or knots, or it will not run smoothly through the knotting device of the binder. The average consumption of twine on a binder harvester is two pounds per acre. About twelve hundred feet of twine per acre are required. It costs the farmer about twenty-five cents an acre for his twine.

The Manila hemp makes much the better twine, being stronger, smoother, and more durable. The raw material costs more, and its twine sells for more than Sisal hemp, but the Manila twine goes further, and is actually cheaper in use for the farmer; but this fact, however, is not appreciated by him; and he sticks to the Sisal twine because offered a little less per pound than the better article of Manila. Then, again, the Sisal twine breaks much oftener while running through the binder than the Manila. At every break the farmer must stop his machine, and spend ten or fifteen minutes to fix up. He never thinks of charging his lost time

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aga nst his poor twine. As long as he gets it for a cent or two less than the better article, he is perfectly satisfied, no matter if it does bother him.—*Scientific American.*

[Contributed by Mary Johnston.]

FRIENDSHIP.

If there's one thing more than others
That emotion always sends
To a tired and weary wanderer,
'Tis the memory of his friends.
Time may drift him seaward ever,
Tide may waft his bark away,
Homeward turns his better nature,
To his friends he longs to say,
Words that burn within his bosom,
Thoughts that daily, hourly come
Of life,s friendship oft remembered
In the sacred ties of home.
Genius may give power and plenty,
Fit us for important ends,
But the drive-wheel of promotion
Is the recommend of friends.
As the magnet of the compass
Turns the needle to the pole,
So the heart of friendship ever
Nerves the impulse of the soul;
Sends the warmest, richest feeling
Through the heart, tho sad or gay,
Wakens in our inmost nature
Thoughts that live beyond to-day.
What are riches, power and plenty,
If to gain them all depends
On the risk of health or honor
Ever absent from our friends?
Often tender words have fallen
On a heart all worn and weak,
Driving back the tide of sorrow,
Waking thoughts that none can speak.
And our thoughts will span the prairie,
Or e'en fly beyond the sea,
Touching tender chords of friendship,
Keeping silent company.
Then be brave and own your friendship,
Press the hand of friends you see.
One good word or act of kindness
Vibrates through eternity.

Harbinger of Light.

CARELESSNESS—FORGETFULNESS.

The usual excuse of a child for neglect of duty is "I forgot." This may be true, and yet not be an adeqnate excuse, for it is a part of one's duty not to forget to do it. Carelessness and forgetfulness are grave faults in children, which ought to be corrected lest they grow into habits. They are grave faults because they represent a selfish disposition, heedless of the wishes of those who have a right to direct, and one so absorbed in selfish thoughts and aims that all other things are forgotten. The child forgets to perform some allotted task because he is at play and his mind is concentrated upon his pleasures. He is careless about his manner of doing work because he is thinking of something else and anxious only to be releast. His faults in this respect, tho they may be trivial in themselves, have within them the seeds of a character dominated by self. The child whose selfishness renders him careless or indifferent acquires a bad reputation. It is in the interest of the child to prevent the formation of such habits which may be regarded as, at first, alternately the results of selfishness and a potent force for the development of selfishness. Discipline of some kind should be employed to admonish the child that he must remember what he has been told to do and must do his work well, as otherwise he will be thinking all the time of his own plans of enjoyment, and grow up not only careless and forgetful, but selfish.
—*Selected.*

Deaths.

Ann Maria Angus at West Pittsfield, Mass. Jan. 31, 1898. Age 68 years 7 mo. 12 days.

Sister Maria came to this Society when eight years of age, and is the last representative of the Angus family, that were so numerous here forty years ago. I. R. L.

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Books & Papers.

All will be interested to read THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for March. Several character sketches ranging from the devotional mind and benevolent bearing of Rev. Geo. Hanson to the suggestive phrenotypes of some of our unfortunate criminal brothers—lead the minds of intelligent readers into channels of profitable thought.

The bicyclist is informed "that as long as he can breathe freely with the mouth closed, he is safe, at least so far as heart strain is concerned." Read all about the children, concerning whom much excellent advice is given.

In fact, there is something for every age and class in this well freighted magazine.

Fowler & Wells Co. 27 East 21st St. New York.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY always has something educational for the public. The Feb. No. is by no means an exception. The Science of Life, by Dr. Gifford; directs attention to rheumatism, so widely prevalent these days. The Influence of Food upon Character, by T. R. Allison, shouldbe read by vegetarians and particularly by all others. Parents and instructors of the young will find pertinent suggestions in the excellent article by E. C. Smith entitled Shall our Children become Drunkards? Only 10 cts. a copy.

Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

The wide range of the circulations of American magazines and the manner in which they penetrate the farthest points of the earth found new evidence last week, when a single list of five hundred subscriptions to *The Ladies' Home Journal* was received by that magazine from Bulgaria, the list being headed by the name of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Maria Louise. George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, said that he found this magazine in homes in the steppes of Siberia, while Peary met with it in Greenland. It is an interesting fact that *The Ladies' Home Journal* has subscriptions in fifty-nine of the sixty-five generally accepted civilized nations of the earth. During the single month of December last, for instance, it received subscriptions from Syria, Japan, Uruguay, Turkey, Congo Free State, Transvaal, Liberia, Natal, Sierra Leone, Zululand, Bavaria, Bahamas, Burmah, Brazil, Bohemia, Canary Islands, Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Chili, China, Egypt, Cuba, Fiji Islands, Germany, Hawaii, Madras Presidency, Hungary, Korea, Java, Straits Settlements, Malaysia, Siam, Samoa, Palestine, Peru, Portugal, Tasmania, and the Danish West Indies.

The American Boys' League is a new organization, combining the good features of the Chautauqua Circles with those of the Young People's Societies, besides a philanthropic department intended to aid neglected, homeless and wandering boys. Its work, except in the philanthropic department, is confined to boys between the ages of 12 and 21 years. These may become members by signing the following pledge:

BOYS' LEAGUE PLEDGE.

Believing that the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks and indulgence in profanity, gambling in any form, and licentiousness (including all impure acts, thoughts and language) are all hinderances to my success in life, as well as sins against my Creator, I do of my own free-will, declare that I will constantly try to keep entirely free from all these habits. And, further, it shall be my constant effort to secure a better education, to save a part of my earnings, to keep entirely free from debt, to preserve my health and strength to be always manly and honorable, to maintain our county's honor and integrity, to uplift the lowly and to teach others these principles.

And fully believing that whatever my surroundings may be, I may still, by my own efforts, improve my condition, I take for my constant and life-long inspiration the motto, "Self-Help."

The School is heartily endorsed by the Ministerial Alliance of Denver. Ralph Field, its founder and present Superintendent, is the General Superintendent of the League. The official organ for this great work is a handsomely printed weekly, called BRIGHTSIDE, publisht at Denver. It is bright, crisp and handsomely illustrated with half-tone engravings of pupils of the School, and is issued for $1.00 a year.

Among the many attractive features of The OUTLOOK's Magazine Number for March may be mentioned An elaborately illustrated article on "The Background of Wordsworth's Poetry," by Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, with ten fine illustrations; another installment of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," which grows in interest monthly, and this month has some unusually interesting, heretofore unpublisht anecdotes and chat about Boston in the "forties," and Lowell's social relations while he was at Harvard—the whole illustrated by many portraits and other pictures; an article by James R. Sheffield, ex-President of the New York Board of Fire Commissioners, on the New York Fireman, with illustrations especially drawn by Mr. Chas. T. Hill; a thoroughly readable paper by Madame Blanc (Th. Bentson) on "French Girls in Domestic Life," with a portrait and short sketch of the author; a short story by Mary Tracy Earle; another of Dr. Lyman Abbott's series of articles on Paul, which are being widely commented upon; and a personal sketch of the late Frances E. Willard, by Lady Henry Somerset, illustrated. ($3 a year. The Outlook Co., 287 Fourth Ave., New York.)

Bicyclists everywhere will be interested in the article on the League of American Wheelmen which appears in the April number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. It is a well-written account of this great organization from its beginning in 1880, told by A. Cressy Morrison, who, until the recent election, was the first vice-president of the League. There are more than twenty very good illustrations, including portraits and

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groups of wheelmen. In the same number Senator James H. Kyle has an article on "The Statesmen of Jackson's Period," being the sixth paper in this magazine's series on Andrew Jackson. This also is profusely illustrated. The Island of Martinique is interestingly described by Julius G. Tucker, U. S. Consul at that place.

William Stevens Perry, Bishop of Iowa, contributes an elaborately illustrated article on the Episcopal Church in this country. The great interest displayed in the Alaska gold fields makes particularly timely and attractive the paper on Gold Mining in British Columbia, which treats the subject from a geological as well as practical standpoint. Other interesting articles are The Coastguard of England, At the Foot of the Pyrenees, by Mary de Morgan, and April Fool's Day. There are some excellent short stories, a striking installment of the new serial, Marie Tremaine, an illustrated Easter poem, some fiction for the young people, and a talk about new books.—*Frank Leslie's Pub. House, New York.*

THE ANTI-TOBACCO CRUSADER, by H. L. Hastings, is a vigorous factor, aiming at the destruction of a wily enemy. The writer has the sympathy and hearty good-will of all interested in moral and physical reform. Every paragraph in the Apr. No. is a sermon in itself. Secure a copy and see if you do not agree with us. Single copy, 10 cts.; per. doz. 75 cts.; per. 100, $3.00; per. 500, $10.00. 50 cts. a year. 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

The Feb. issue of HUMANITY presents A New Version of the Story of the Golden Calf, then follow Harmony; A Word about Charity, and others—no doubt just what will interest the reader. Price 50 cts. a year.
David B. Page, Ed. Kansas City, Mo.

FAIRY GOLD is the title of a new novel by Christian Reid, publisht by THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana. It is an admirable story and ought to be of special interest to young people. It has a lesson of much value which it will be sure to carry to all its readers, and will bring a truer outlook over the great things of social life, which are apt to be regarded as small and trifling by thoughtless youth. Certainly it is a very real story. The book is neatly bound and in every way very attractive. Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana. Price $1.00.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. MAY, 1898. No. 5.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

TRUE LIFE.

By Jessie Evans.

"THAT was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual," says the Apostle. We can but marvel at the beauties of the natural world. At this season, particularly, there is much to interest the observant eye and reflective mind. The frigid earth warms under the mild sunshine, the tiny shoots spring up like trumpets to herald the approach of blossom with promise of fruit, the buds swell into bursting life upon the tender branch, the brooks laugh at their happy releasement and "the time of the singing of birds is come."

How profound is the economy of Mother Earth! Not one atom too much, not one particle idle, the law of change, ceaseless change, is written upon her broad surface. Nature is, indeed, a mysterious volume, into whose hidden wealth, according to their own affirmation, our most noted scientists even have but glanced. The celebrated Sir Isaac Newton said of his noble researches and those of his compeers and predecessors, We are but as children upon the seashore, playing with pebbles, while the eternal ocean of God's wonders lies undiscovered and unexplored before us.

So the world, doubtless, will go on changing and interchanging—affording countless themes for the philosopher, abstruse problems for the mathematician, charms for the naturalist and geologist, and beauties for all.

Our Savior illustrated many of his spiritual teachings by object lessons from nature. "Consider the lilies how they grow" opened the way for the deeper call to implicit faith in God. The lovely figure of the sowing of seed

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was employed to show God's work in the minds of men. One of the deepest spiritual parables on record expanded itself from the simple words: "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." The life of nature is response to natural law, the life of the spirit is response to spiritual law.

We see no confusion in the mineral or the vegetable world. Rising higher in the scale, animal transcends vegetable; of the former, however, mankind was "made a little lower than the angels," it is said; yet, as we contemplate the conditions which exist in the human family, we can but exclaim with the Psalmist, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

The divine Hand that moulded the lily cup and assigned its modest sphere, gave to man—his last creation—much in common with the beasts that perish; but God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over * * * all the earth." From time immemorial, the fruits of human life have been upon the earth. Splendid specimens of physical vigor, of moral excellence, and of intellectual culture have enriched generation after generation; and history will, doubtless, repeat itself. But the physical is not the real, the seen is not the ultimate. Morality has often proved but a veneering when the *true* is sought.

Etiquette may give the hypocrite a placid face and suavity of manner for the moment; but deceit can not always deceive, "God is not mocked," reaping follows sowing, and the seed brings forth after its kind. Longfellow beautifully affirms, "It is the heart and not the brain That to the highest doth attain." The physical has its limitations; the soul, like its Author, is "from everlasting to everlasting." The physical dies, the spirit may expand from one degree of life to another. The Apostle Paul says of the seekers after earthly pleasure that they are dead while they live. The young man turned away sorrowful when the Christ opened to him the conditions under which he might be born unto the *perfect*, the *true life*. He had already nobly fulfilled the obligations pertaining to the earth life, and St. Mark says that "Jesus beholding him loved him" for his faithfulness—loved him as one well fitted to embrace the "one thing" lacking, viz. the opportunity to enter the *perfect life*. But, alas, the richer the prize, the higher the price; and when the whole is not given, God's inexorable justice holds the treasure, and mercy pleads in vain.

Is not this why only a minority among so-called Christians are conscious that the TRUE LIFE has dawned to them? The conditions of spiritual birth are not fulfilled, the narrow way that "leadeth unto life" is shunned, and the weary enquirer after true happiness turns from the very elements which alone ensure rest and satisfaction to the soul, to mingle again with the maddening crowd that hasten after that which can never come to the carnally-minded.

When the lawyer, tempting Jesus by his enquiry into the higher life, put the question: "And who is my neighbor?" the beautiful lesson of the Good

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Samaritan was given by the divine Teacher, who closed with these significant words; "This do and thou shalt LIVE."

Had not the man lived before? Not according to the Savior's acceptance of the term. He referred to the full life, to the generous, universal divine love which he had represented to the world as the commission from God—the TRUE LIFE which dawns only when the sun sets upon all selfish preferences, and when the personal will is consecrated to divine service. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

What we need to-day is practical righteousness, not theory alone; personal consecration, not creed lore. A perfect CHRISTIAN is the only man who really lives. Christ said distinctly of himself: "I am the way, the truth, and the *life*." The old life of pleasure-seeking, with its attendant unrest and soul hunger, has failed to satisfy; earth has never yet given solace to a troubled conscience—her fruits afford no spiritual sustenance. The true life, the Christlike life, on the contrary, has never disappointed any soul.

The heart that embraces it has a comfort through tribulation, a feast amid famine, a covert from every storm of earth!

East Canterbury, N. H.

Extracts From a Testimony Delivered by Isabella Russell, in Religious Service at Enfield, N. H.

AS I have never had occasion to regret my early choice to live the true Christian life, I do not hesitate to advocate the truths which have made my soul free from the bondage of sin. If I did, I should justly merit the appellation of a moral coward; if I did, I could not hope to meet justifiably, the loyal Pioneers and faithful companions, who have past beyond mortal vision in whose presence I have so often pledged myself to be loyal to the principles of this Church. These sacred vows of consecration loom up before me at this hour with added responsibility, reminding me that "One more testimony to the many given; one more proof that I am still bound for heaven" is in order, and may be a ray of light to brighten the pathway of some toiling fellow-traveler.

I recall those earlier days of my experience, when our seasons for worship were largely devoted to the "breaking away" from forms and ceremonies which only tend to check the circulation of the genuine freedom which the gospel gives, and substitute in its stead, a lifeless condition; or an opposition, which would seal the life, and silence the voice which would presume to proclaim that testimony which is like a consuming fire to every worldly lust and selfish ambition. The question arises, Where should the testimony of

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truth abound, and whose lips should utter it, if not those who professedly are living the virgin life, as preacht by the founders of this Church?

I fear sometimes we do not make a proper distinction between the real *principles* of Shakerism, and the *peculiar characteristics of individuals* hence the remark, that "If such an individual having been in the Shaker Church a long term of years, is a specimen of the teachings of the Shaker doctrine, then I prefer to spend my life elsewhere." But is this an intelligent conclusion, when we reflect that it is not the name, the profession, or the position of individuals of this Society, or any other that constitutes the true Christian character. It is far better for us to face these facts in the light of common sense and reason, and govern our life accordingly, than to excuse ourselves from doing right, because some other one is doing wrong. Individual errors, mistakes and persistency in individual peculiarities is not what Shakerism has done, but what it has failed to do in the moulding of life and character of the individual, and the idea of putting any other construction upon it is belittling and degrading to every progressive mind.

I am aware that I voice the true sentiment of every loyal member of our Church, when I affirm that we can not evade our responsibility of keeping alive the testimony of truth and purity under the false impression, that there are those appointed to care for the spiritual interest and welfare of the young and inexperienced members of our Church, and we have nothing to do but stand idly by; or work in the vineyard where we are appointed; we shall have them for our associates in future years and they will be the representatives of our Order, with all their crudeness and ignorance, undisciplined in those essential qualities which mark the character of the genuine Christian man or woman, and if they leave our Society, upon us falls the disgrace of sending such material into the world as the result of the training and education of our Church.

Again I say this responsibility can not rest upon two or three individuals, but upon every member who has placed his name to the Church Covenant, and is devoting his time and talents for the interests of our home, wh ch has long been known as a place consecrated to God, and designed to be a refuge and protection from the snares and temptations of a worldly life. I am deeply interested in its growth, its honor, and its prosperity. When I become lost to its interests, I am lost unto the mission appointed me and to the salvation of my soul.

Enfield, N. H.

LIFE A SONG.

By Fidella Estabrook.

LIFE has well been compared to a song,—God the composer, we the performers, given the power of producing beautiful, inspiring music or passive, lifeless sounds.

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God places in our hands the book containing the song of life. In it we find the long sad notes of sorrow, the shrill notes of trial and anguish, the bitter strains of disappointment, perhaps; but there also are the light bright notes of joy, the soft sweet cadences of love, the firm measures of courage and truth as they mark the time of our march. All the parts which united will form a perfect harmony are placed before us.

How careful we should be in the reading; how watchful in the performing, striving to place upon it our best efforts thrill it with life, enthuse it with a power beyond the mere harmony of tone! A beautiful piece may be so rendered as to become even disagreeable to the ear, its tones inharmonious, entirely devoid of music. But place the same piece before one who is capable of bringing out its best tones, of softening its sweet measures, of thrilling its joyful ones, of throwing power into its grand strains, of gliding from its changes with ease and grace, and the music is transformed. What before was discordant sound, now becomes a living breath filling our whole being with its power, carrying our thoughts from the present with its care, to the future, where it is changed to glory.

So our lives by true living may become living powers of good. The sorrows if rightly borne will make the sweetest strains; the trials and disappointments—the chords of strength, like the minor keys change to most sacred blessings; the thwarted hopes and ambitions are tuned to notes of praise and thanksgiving, while the passages of joy, peace and love resound with rapture at the mercy and power of our Heavenly Father.

Often we omit the notes of praise, or hardly touch the chords of thanksgiving, while if we but accentuated them, often voluntarily adding trills of love, and "grace notes" of joy, our music would be richer and sweeter. We each have our especial part given us to perform. If we fail to render each measure correctly the mistake will be readily detected. God requires of each the best music, the whole of our being the entire surrender of self that it may be used for the maintenance and glory of the right.

Our lives must be so attuned that each action and thought may become a part of this living song. Let us take this life as given us, with its modulations, its opportunities of awakening high aspirations, its power of drawing down heavenly inspiration; take its portions of joy or pain, its sorrows and care, from the hand of a wise Father and Teacher; take it and cause it to be a power for good, a song of "glory to God."

But how, we ask, can this be done? How can we produce the perfect music. It is only by daily practice; by close study of the outline, by faithful following of rules and measures that perfect rendering can be attained; it is only by daily acts and thoughts rightly centered, the eager search for the knowledge of the truth and closely following of it that the life may be brought into harmony with the Author and Finisher of our faith. As a student vainly trying to imitate the master asks,—"Why does not the music

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possess the power which it does under your touch? I play every note correctly, I have filled each measure with perfect time and yet the perfect music is not there, the rich, living notes will not sound to my touch." "You must yourself feel the music if you would interpret the soul of the Composer," is the reply. Ah! that is it. We can not give to our lives the full power, the richest, grandest music, unless the spirit of Christ dwells in us, unless we feel the life, the truth pulsating our whole being, entering our life, encircling, ennobling and uplifting every desire.

Let us by drawing constantly from the everlasting Strength; by honest, earnest endeavor fill each measure of life to completeness, making it a rich, grand harmony. Then shall we be prepared to join the chorus of angels, the "hundred four and forty thousand" of the redeemed, singing of the love, mercy and goodness, that have crowned our days.

We shall then see that all these long years of practice were needed to train our voices and fit our hearts for our Master's use.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

CENTER OF BEING.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

THERE is a center of Being, a divine solitude, a sublime refuge in each of us, our Savior called the Kingdom of Heaven within us. If we will accustom ourselves to retire, at certain periods to a solitary place, and concentate our entire thought upon this point, we shall be able to reach this inmost center of our being, and enjoy great peace therein. This Center, is pure SPIRIT. It is an emanation direct from the Father and Mother of us all. It is what the Quakers call the Christ within. It is that Word which in the beginning was with God and was God.

In this Kingdom, a heavenly communion of those Beatitudes named by our Savior in his sermon on the Mount, rest in perfection. They are not vitiated by any taint of sensualism or rudimental imperfection. They shine in the glory and beauty of Christ himself. No jealousy, no hatred nor unforgiveness, no anger nor impatience ever intrude in that retreat of Peace and rest. Here Conscience quietly rules and directs everything. No rebellion against the Lord's visible Order and government, here on the Earth in his true Church can ever arise to disturb her peace and quiet. All is righteousness and joy in the holy spirit. The more frequently we visit, and the longer we remain in this holy Center of our being the more obedient and satisfied we become. No joy is equal to that of this divine Inmost. We have all experienced it at times and therefore know it. We have past through many scenes of tribulation, disappointment and sorrow in search of this place of rest.

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We have met many scenes of trial and self-abnegation, and at times, conditions which seemed almost to savor of injustice on the part of the Divine Disposer of events; but have been able by the goodness of God to reconcile all vicissitudes, with the Divine Wisdom, and to fully justify the ways of God to man. We have more than once experienced the unutterable abandonment to despair, which seemingly caused our blessed Savior to utter the exclamation, "Eloi Eloi lama Sabacthani." But now we see that even these devious ways were necessary to our soul growth. This rudimental life has none too much felicity in it at best and it is good and wise to select all that shall contribute to a permanent good and reject all that will not. Whether we suffer or rejoice it is good to have faith in the overruling hand of a Divine Providence which will surely conduct all his plans to a happy culmination.

When this faith is once thoroughly fixt we shall find it much easier to meet and become reconciled with every mutation of life, and especially to patiently endure in the hour of adversity. Under the afflatus of this subduing faith, many things will appear to be good which otherwise would be set down to the account of evil. In this holy faith and accompanying discipline one finally learns that—

"God's Providence is over all this boundless Universe
And even the wormwood and the gall, the blighting and the curse
Are but the blessing in disguise, the turning of his hand,
From which salvation will arise at His Divine command."

Union Village, Ohio.

A Tribute to Sister FRANCES GILLEPIE.

By Marion Johnson.

THERE is no death to the true Christian,
His sun goes down to rise upon a fairer shore,
Bright in the kingdom of our Heavenly Father
He lives, where earthly sorrows come no more.

There is no death to the true Christian,
What we call death is but the dawn of life,—
Immortal life, in bliss expanding ever,
Beyond these scenes of conflict, toil and strife.

There is no death to the true Christian,
He only passes from our mortal sight;
Love's golden chain, death has no power to sever
When called from earth, to dwell in endless light.

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There is no death to the true Christian,
'Our Sister has been called to draw aside
The veil which hides from us the bright forever,
And pass within, safe to the other side.
East Canterbury, N. H.

FROM THE "SOCIAL GOSPEL."

THE Christian Commonwealth that has been organized in the state of Georgia, is another effort made in the right direction, and whether it is of short or long duration, it has an educational influence in the line of Communism. We should wish the dear friends the best of success in this new enterprise and shall hope that they may be able to meet in full, the spirit of their Constitution, which has this note;—"The recognized unalterable organic law of the Christian Commonwealth shall be;—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself.' "

If this rule can be made a part of the life work of the little society then we might say of them in the words of Jesus;—"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God," The Commonwealth has 931 acres of land. One orchard of 35 acres has peaches, plums, pears, apples, cherries and other fruits. Other acres are used for farming and gardening.

Preachers, professors and poets have worked side by side. They have sermons on Sunday and talks and Bible studies and prayer meetings. The dear friends are learning even so soon, that a Society of men and women, must have a system of discipline, or there will be but little practical righteousness. They say,—"We have also learned that some need Christian correction and moral restraint, the individual conscience needing to be stirred up and educated by the more enlightened and by expressions of the general conscience."

This first step in advance, toward the Brotherhood of man is a lesson that may prove profitable, not only to the class directly interested in the movement, but also to others who have a silent inthrest in a corresponding "Social Gospel," for the much needed advancement of the human family.

ALL FAITHS REPRESENTED.

THOSE pious people who, in the awful visitation under which India is groaning, see the hand of divine Providence seeking to call the attention of the world to the fact that men are mortal and should think of deeper things than those which absorb most of their attention will find great satisfaction in the fact that from the heart of the country where the bubonic plague is raging there has gone forth a call for a great Congress of Religions, in which every nation of the earth shall be repre-

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sented. This is to meet at Delhi in 1898, and discuss the question of the true way of salvation according to the teachings of wise men of every race.

The call emanates from a Hindee of illustrious descent, bearing the title of Maulana Syed Nusrat Ali Saheb, son of Imam-i-Manazira Sayad Nasir-ud-din Mohommed Abul Mansur. Nusrat Ali is the editor and proprietor of the Moslem Chronicle, (The Nusrat) a Delhi paper that is printed in both native and foreign languages and has a wide circulation in India. The call for the great Religious Congress has been printed in various languages and scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. It has gone to the innermost recesses of China in those mysterious characters that only the Chinese understand, and disciples of Confucius are invited by it to come and explain on what ground they base their belief that the way to heaven is through the worship of the gods of the Celestial empire.

In Persian characters the theologians of the land of the Shah are called to come and speak for their prophet, and the Sultan's most learned expositors have been invited, in Turkish, to do likewise. The Egyptians have been summoned from the shadow of the pyramids to defend their beliefs against the attacks of the pious people of England and elsewhere who preach that salvation can only be found by way of the cross, and that Mohammed is a false prophet. In the purest Hebrew, the Jews have been invited to present the claims of a religion that denies the divinity of Christ, admonishing them to come and tell the anxious seekers from every clime the one true path to heaven according to their creed.

Nor have the distant heathen been forgotten. The Islanders of the southern seas who bow down to wood and stone, will receive messages in their native language setting forth the object of the Congress, and telling them that even the worshiper of idols will be welcomed to the great gathering and his views listened to with respect. Hawaiians, both Christian and Heathen, will be there; Salvationists, filled with the deepest religious enthusiasm, will rub elbows with the medicine man from Africa who carries his god beneath his robe and believes he can influence the very elements by its aid. Imams from the mosque will compare notes with Methodists from missionary stations in the jungle. Enthusiasts from Hindoo temples will reveal the mysteries of their teachings to the sympathetic Theosophist.

All will be upon one common level, and the Congress will be inspired by one thought,—a fervent seeking after the knowledge that will aid men to find their way to the gates of heaven.

No personal criticism will be allowed. Everything is to be done with a view to separating from religion the hopelessly entangled part which consists only of dark tradition or observances beyond human solution and carrying to the outside world the more fundamental doctrine that will be the marrow of all sensible religious teachings. It will surely be a great gathering and will do much toward harmonizing the discords of the religious world and bringing all races to recognize one common creed based on spiritual facts, with all fictions eliminated.—*The Dallas Morning News.*

WHO walks in a garden of roses
Of thorns must be ever aware,
Where pleasure a bright charm discloses
Lurks ever temptation's blind snare.—*M. J. A.*

THE will that is not resigned to God, is always impatient, because it knows no law above itself.—*Moore.*

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THE MANIFESTO.

MAY, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

One copy one year, postage paid. .50

A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

REMITTANCES for subscription by Money Order should be on the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

March.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897.	33.	2 in.	8.25 in.
1898.	40.5	1⅜ "	2 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.			62 above 0.
Lowest " " " "			14 below "
Number of rainy days " "			5
" " snowy " " "			4
" " clear " " "			13
" " cloudy " " "			9

March, 1898.

TAKING the month of March in review, it gives us, as a whole, many kindly feelings for the usual characteristics of the old storm month. In reflecting on the mild atmosphere it has assumed the present year it casts a rhythmical halo around our mental vision, thus;

March again has past away;
March has blest us many a day,
March has cleared the fields of snow,
March has made the rivers flow.
March has drawn the frost from earth,
March gives spring a renewed birth,
March has filled the month with cheer,
March has graced the present year.
March of eighteen ninety-eight!
March! We oft shall quote this date;
Marches are but seldom found,
March the centuries up and down,
March will seldom grace a year
With such welcome pleasant cheer.

Home life and incidents move in such a usual round; there is but little occurring of historical importance that would interest readers of THE MANIFESTO. Our boys conceived the idea to revive, for a novelty, an ancient industry. They went to the old sap bush and drew from the sturdy maples the saccharine juice which the Sisters reduced to syrup, and spread on pancakes. This gave them a dainty morsel for the stomach.

The month of March favored us to get our wood sawed and sheltered. It gives exquisite pleasure to learn that the Editor of THE MANIFESTO has folded his angel wings and concluded to tarry yet a while with we earth-bound pilgrims. Hope for many years to come he will keep a sharp keen eye on old Father Time and avoid the dire edge of his sharp scythe. We have a longing desire to have him again in our midst, that we may view his silvered locks and the earthly tabernacle in which his sainted spirit dwells. Come and dwell with us once more, and as soon as possible. Many desire to see you.

I find it noble to correct errors of importance, no matter how they may occur. In my last Home Note I made a statement intimating that the Union Village Community had purchast forty-six square miles of land in Georgia. I made the estimate on thirty thousand acres which I was told they had bought. Now it is said it is eight thousand acres, which brings it to twelve and one half square miles. This they took in exchange for a vineyard at Cleveland, Ohio.

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"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

March, 1898.

SPRING and winter interblend like lights and shades of an evening sky. The cool breezes after the warm days, have chilled the little birds and their early song has ceased to vibrate upon the morning air. We hope soon again to hear Nature's music blend in universal harmony.

The maple trees in front of our house, which a few days ago were called bean poles, have been tapt for the first time; the boys, quite interested to see the sap evaporated into syrup, were kept busy between school hours in gathering the sap and bringing fuel.

Eldress Anna White has planted some tomatoes and red and white strawberry seeds. Tomatoes are coming up nicely. A friend from Windsor, N. Y.,—C. M. Comstock,—with Brethrens' help is making carpet whips: completed over five hundred in one day. Have also made a few rug whips.

"Life is only another word for activity." With spring comes the activity of the season; all life bursts forth to show growth in plant and shrub. Sisters who try to keep pace with the elements are improving the dwelling within by clearing away the accumulation of dust that has gathered through the winter months, while Brethren plant and clear up the outward premises; thus we are striving to make our home beautiful within and without, a dwelling place for all who are seeking the higher life.

Sarah J. Burger.

Shakers, N. Y.

April, 1898.

THE leading article in the April MANIFESTO has our unqualified indorsement. The latter half of the essay where it directly deals with conditions in our communal homes is strong but wholesome diet. It can not but do good if accepted in a right spirit and should be read and reread and well digested that the full benefit may be realized. Hope there will be more presented, dealing with the same subject, and in conjunction with it we are reminded of the remarks made by one who was considered a leader among the legal fraternity of the West; he said, "The danger with you is internal; keep your covenant and no external power can break it."

While our earnest prayer is that the arbitrament of war may not be resorted to in the settlement of the misunderstandings that have arisen among the nations, yet if they as well as individual entities must reap what they have sown, how can that nation which has had its soil soakt in the blood of martyrs, and has caused in this enlightened (?) age the last decade of the nineteenth century over three hundred thousand suffering colonists to perish by starvation, whose only crime is struggling for the rights of man, evade the hand of the avenging angel when directed by the law of stern justice? As Believers in the divine law of peace and good-will toward all we can hope that the right may prevail, but also must recognize the fact that there are conditions existing in human society that at present will not be settled right because of the selfishness of man which is a barrier to the operation of the law of love. The result of these mighty conflicts the coming of which is inevitable will be the cleansing of life's temple and preparing it for entertaining a higher order of life than is now admissible. We will gather into the Lord's pavilion till the storm passes by.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Enfield, N. H.

April, 1898.

THE large number of magazines and papers we take, combined with the cheapness of good literature, afford us ample means for useful knowledge, and no one

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can justifiably remain ignorant in regard to the events of the day, or tarry behind the van of religious, scientific, or humanitarian progression. Literature,—the best of all company.

Telling each one to act nobly life's part,
Having the law of full truth in the heart;
Wisdom that teaches to give unto all,
The brave, the timid and those who may fall
The staff of knowledge, the true light of life,
Sweet fulcrum of rest to all in the strife,
For self-culture unquestionable worth,
Aiding the soul to arise from the earth,
To beware of the false, shun the impure,
Cleave to the good which will ever endure.

Next comes pleasant, profitable entertainments, of which our Society enjoyed one on the 17th of March, two hours in length. Thirty-two members took part. Among our invited friends was Mrs. Fred. Fogg, of Enfield, one of New Hampshire's celebrated pianists, who favored us with an excellent piano solo.

Already the foliage is stirring to new life. Through the season, storms will destroy and the sun and rain will strengthen and heal.

What of us as a people possessing qualities capable to build or wreck? Surely as we exercise our best faculties, we will gather in all beneficial inspirations from whatever source originating, thus working with the good forces of life. Should we see a broken reed, a life not encircled with a band of moral growth, or one faltering before engrossing temptations, then it is the duty of the physicians who have healed themselves of the plague spots of evil, to strengthen the drooping soul in His name, who said,—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The only safety for ourselves, is to turn our backs resolutely against every demoralizing pleasure and appetite.

"The good need feel no law,
It is his safety and the bad man's awe."

George H. Baxter.

East Canterbury, N. H.

April, 1898.

INTO the arena of our ever busy home life, spring comes with added tasks for hand and heart.

The supply of wood, to counteract the effect of next winter's bleak winds, has been sawed into convenient lengths, and awaits storage in well rooft sheds. The farmers have opened their spring campaign, and like the celebrated sower of old, "went forth to sow" a few days ago. Eighteen rows of green peas are planted and rhubarb stood two inches high on the 8th, but the latter soon shrank away from the frosty air that breathed upon it, and we look for a more permanent attempt by-and-by. As the seed is sown, we find ourselves almost unconsciously humming: "What shall the harvest be?" A bountiful supply of all things conducive to our material well-being, we trust, for 1897 gave grudgingly, and the effects upon a large family make us anxious that the present year may deal "with a free and liberal hand" toward the inhabitants of the sterile Granite State.

Sisters are in the midst of the inevitable "house-cleaning" seeking to rejuvenate the noble old structures of a century's standing; and as hands keep time to the ever present needs of our dear earthly home, the hearts of the faithful ceaselessly pulsate toward the fullfilment of the prophet's message of old: "Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts."

Jessie Evans.

Narcoossee, Fla.

April, 1898.

ON our first coming to Florida, the old Settlers or Crackers as they are called, had a very meager system of farming, especially in preparing the land for crops. It was the old Egyptian method of shallow or surface plowing. It was claimed that from two to three inches deep was sufficient for any crop; and so it was for the crops that were raised; from ten to fifteen bushels of corn to the acre was the average through the state and a poor quality at that. Other crops were at the same ratio. But since the northern element has so flooded Florida within the

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last three years it has given a new system to agriculture as well as everything else. They have come into the state bringing their own ideas of farming and one among the most essential is deep plowing, holding to their same old belief that plowing year after year to a depth of a few inches leaves a hardpan which is rendered harder than it was in a state of nature by the tramping of the team and pressure of the plow, and the roots of plants can not penetrate this hardpan and the deep waters of the earth can not rise up through. Hence eventually comes exhaustion of soil through this skimming process, and the lack of water which is the universal solvent, and the feeding medium for plants. The argument in a nutshell is that deep plowing renders the under strata of soil like a sponge capable of holding water and permitting it to ascend to the roots when needed whereas hardpan sheds the water and retains no reserve in time of need.

So to-day we hear and read of the farmer raising from twenty-five to forty bushels of good corn to the acre, and the drouths are not half so troublesome. Now what has made this change but good common sense farming ideas? Florida has greater advantages than any state north of Mason and Dixon's line as to raising farm and garden crops, and when it gets filled enough with the right material to crush out old staid ideas and systems inaugurated by slavery it will be one of the gardens of the world.

We have planted about one and a half acres of corn. Part of it sweet for home consumption and part for cattle feeding. This we have given the best of northern treatment as to plowing and fertilizing; the result we will know later on. We have over an acre of velvet beans which it is said will give more green fertilizer to the land than any other crop, also an acre of rice and two acres of sweet potatoes, with an intersperse of garden vegetables sufficient, I hope, to make the little family comfortable.

We have three additional members to the household,—good, bright, intelligent people, so the good work has commenced in Florida.

Andrew Barrett.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

April, 1898.

It is the joyous Easter day, and we thought to enjoy a few of its moments in a pleasant chat with the friends of the Home Corner.

When this shall appear to our friends the time for extending Easter greetings will have past, and yet we can not refrain from extending the wish, that a joyous, happy Easter be found in each home.

Can we not create a daily Easter, a constant resurrection, an ascension from the earthly, to the heavenly, or rather, by the temporal reaching the spiritual, for the poet truly said, "If you want to grow higher dig deeper.

As I look from my window every thing in nature greets me with its varied form of life. The buds on the trees are swelling, while their light tinted stems denote the awakening of life within. The grasses are changing their dead brown for bright, living green, and somewhere, I know, are nestling sweet blossoms of the Trailing Arbutus, for representatives of their family are at present on the table before me, exhaling their sweet perfume. Sweet emblems are they of love and faith perfected, for under the cold snows and storms of winter, not long since rested these bright little blossoms. Can we not read the message they bring? Under the darkest trial often the sweetest blessing is growing.

It is the repetition of an old story to note the return of the birds; yet it is new every year. Their beauty and cheer always receive a fresh welcome. Indeed, it seems that never before were the robins so plump, bright and happy. The swallows hold confidential conversations underneath the eaves, and the sparrows twitter merrily among the grasses. But

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the shy blue-birds,—so choice of their beauty,—seem to have dropt to us from the sky above, with pieces of the blue ether upon their backs, and fragments of the white clouds tipping their wings.

There is life, there is hope, there is glory in the afterward. The present is but the corridor, leading to the palace.

Our voluntary choice is to follow the life of Christ, tho it bring us to the cross, the deepest testings of faith, the most bitter suffering. After the cross cometh the crown, after the testing, strength and purity, and only by crucifying self-life do we obtain the Christ life, becoming "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

Spring work with us is commencing its general routine, foremost in the list of which are ploughing and house-cleaning. This week the building of the new barn is to commence.

We were very much pleased to read of the recovery of our beloved Editor; may the days be long and many, yea we would wish that they extend indefinitely, before illness again visits him. To him and his helpers in the printing department; to the whole Family; indeed to every family, from the north of Maine to the south of Florida, we extend the true Christian love of those in the Berkshire Hills.

Fidella Estabrook.

Sanitary.

HAWTHORNE evidently believed that what a man ate, had more or less influence upon his character. In his experience at his new home he tells how he lived in "Blithdale" by the side of old Silas—who rinsed his fingers and his face in a little tin pan of water and then teased his hair with a wooden pocket comb.

Hawthorne was fearful of a personal change that would not be congenial. "The physical man," said he, "will be transmuted into salt beef and fried pork at the rate of half a pound or more a day, and your pastime will be to smoke some very vile tobacco in the stump of an old, black pipe."

THERE is a wonderful sympathy between the stomach and all other parts of the body, but that between the stomach and the brain is so active and perfect that the most skilled physician is often greatly puzzled in trying to decide when one is ill whether the brain or stomach is really to blame.

Nothing is more common than to meet a long-standing case of dyspepsia in which the prominent and almost the only symptom is a dull and fretting headache. Persons have suffered for many years from what they believed to be a grave organic disease of the stomach, and were themselves fully convinced that cancer at least, was the cause of their suffering, but it turned out upon a post-mortem examination that a healthier stomach than the average was found, but there were evidences of long-standing and serious disease of the brain,—in fact, sick headache is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. In the majority of cases its cause lies in the fact that the food last taken is so rich in quality or so excessive in quantity that the stomach can not digest it.

A simple diet of grains and ripe fruit, with sufficient exercise in the open air to keep up a gentle perspiration would speedily effect a cure. With some persons this headache comes on at regular intervals and is the stomach's signal of distress at having been imposed upon. To take two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in a glass half full of water will sometimes give relief; or a teaspoonful of lemon juice fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same at bedtime.—*New York Ledger.*

How not to write for the Press, by H. L. Hastings in "Family Circle."—Do not say, "I write in a hurry, please correct all mistakes." You have ten times the opportunity to do this that the editor has. He will be likely to correct your errors by

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fire, and then they will never trouble any one any more. You must do your own work if you want it done. It is said that Newton wrote his chronology over fifteen times before he was satisfied with it, and Gibbon wrote out his memoir nine times before sending it to the press. No beginners ought to expect better success or less labor than such learned men.

Do not write poetry. Most who try do not know what poetry is, and they can not be told till they have learned a great deal more than they know now. Ninety-nine one hundredths of the rhyme written is good for three things.

1st—To give to friends who prize it for the giver's sake:—

2nd—It makes passable kindlings.

3rd—It will bring a few cents a pound at the paper-mill, to work up with old rags.

Write prose;—poetic prose is far better than prosaic poetry.

Do not write long articles, or long sentences. Write as you would a telegram, where each word costs a dime, or an advertisement, which costs a dollar a line.

Do not ask an editor to return your manuscript. Keep a copy. With scores of letters to read daily, he has something to do besides hunting up last year's manuscripts, received, rejected, and buried or burned up long ago.

Do not get angry because your first article is rejected. Quite likely if it is printed, you will live to wish it had been burned up, or sent to the paper-mill. The first pair of shoes a cobbler makes are not likely to sell very readily and it takes more skill, and longer practice to write good articles than to make good shoes.—*Publisht by H. L. Hastings.*

PREST FLOWERS AND GRASSES.

By Cora C. Vinneo.

MEMENTOS of a season true,
Well stored with every gift divine,
You mind me of the summer dew
And bright sunshine.

From out the wind-storm's noisy speech,
Through you I hear the songs of spring
Faintly as distant bells, that each
Intoning ring.

I hear the copious falls of rain,
That sang the weary brain to sleep;
Hear the wind sighing through the grain,
So soft and deep.

These songs are old, but when the year
Moves to the resurrection time,
New life will come to flower and spear
Like thought to rhyme.

The new will gild the tarnisht old,
And turn life's bitter wine to sweet,
While God's great blessings manifold
Our joys complete.

The hope that rules the tides which rise
As moonbeams rule the mighty sea,
And bring through purposes grown wise
Tranquility.

And as we walk life's grassy meads,
Where sunbeams lay the shadows low,
May lasting flowers from precious seeds
Around us grow,

That when the close of life draws near,
And cold and weary seem the hours,
May we all keep for latest cheer
Grasses and flowers.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Deaths.

Frances Gillespie, at East Canterbury, N. H. April 2, 1898. Age 77 years 8 mo. and 21 days.

Eldress Sophia Copley at Enfield, Conn. April 14, 1898. Age 51 years 8 mo. and 17 days.

She was born in England and entered the Community in May 1852. Her departure so early, in the midst of a life of usefulness is deeply lamented. She was truly a valiant soldier of the cross of Christ, and altogether a very capable person. In all things ready, faithful and willing. G. W.

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Books & Papers.

Dr. Gifford gives some interesting suggestions, facts and theories to the public in the March number of the JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY. "Truth is stranger than fiction," they say and L. H. Piehu, President of the Anti-Vaccination Society of America speaks freely and with the strength of conviction, upon his official work. The Salt-Eating Habit, is a very interesting article. The serial, The Science of Life, by the Editor, affords practical truth worthy of speedy adoption. The entire paper is good. Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

Rich in good things is the April issue of The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH. The Newman Brothers, is an exceedingly interesting sketch: All who have natural teeth will be eager to learn how character is read from them, hence will read Dentology, or Character Reading from the Teeth, as presented by R. D. Stocher. The momentous condition of international affairs gives additional welcome to the leading article by J. A. Fowler upon Consul-General Fitz-Hugh Lee. Sing Sing State Prison has need to be proud of its humanitarian warden, O. V. Sage, and he in turn may well be proud of the grand work progressing under his hand and heart for the elevation of the unfortunate inmates of the institution. Read the magazine, it is well worth a little expenditure of time and money. Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East 21st St. New York, N. Y.

The April Magazine Number of THE OUTLOOK has a special decorative Easter cover designed by Miss Grace Norton. It contains several illustrated features of particular interest and of special timeliness. In "The Naval Defenses of the Nation," by Elbert F. Baldwin, a survey is made of the present condition of the U. S. Navy, of the additions which are now being made to it, and its effective force. Many pictures accompany the article, including several photographs of ships and naval scenes, by Mr. G. E. Stonebridge and two spirited naval scenes by the famous marine artist Mr. Zogbaum. "Getting About New York," by Ernest Ingersoll, is the second in a group of articles through which THE OUTLOOK is describing, in a popular way, some of the activities of the newly consolidated city of New York. It was preceded by an article in the March Magazine Number on "The American Fireman," by Ex-Commissioner Sheffield, and will be followed by articles on "The Park System," by ex-Superintendent Parsons, on "The Police Department," by Jacob A. Riis, and on "The Post-Office and the People," by Mr. A. E. Palmer. A very striking double-page drawing of a typical scene at a ferry—with hurrying crowds, bicyclists, elevated road, etc.,—has been drawn by Mr Dan Beard for this article. It has also several other pictures from photographs, showing in a picturesque way the various modern methods of New York travel. The installment for the month of Dr. Heale's articles on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" is even more readable than its predecessors. It takes up Lowell's early life as a man of letters, his associations and first achievements, and is throughout full of anecdote and pleasant reminiscence. The illustration includes a remarkable portrait of Hawthorne from an early crayon drawing by Eastman Johnson, and many other portraits, facsimiles, scenes, etc. The Easter season is recognized in the April Magazine Number by an article on "Easters and Easters," by the Countess von Krockow; by a strong and entertaining story written by Sophie Swett, and by the usual editorial Easter talk; while the religious feeling of the season may also be said to have relation to a full-page reproduction of a very beautiful "Mother and Child" picture, by a Venetian artist, Roberto Ferruzzi. In addition to articles already named there are in this number; A paper by Miss Anna N. Benjamin on "The Innuit of Alaska," with special relation to the introduction of reindeer into Alaska, and educational progress there, illustrated in part by curious drawings of native scenes made by the native children in the mission school; an illustrated article by the well-known artistic photographer Mr. Clifton Johnson, on "Child Life in Great Britain;" a pleasant travel article by Mr. Poultney Bigelow; another installment of Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Life and Letters of Paul;" besides the usual departments reviews, history of the week, and other editorial departments. ($3 a year. The Outlook Co., 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.)

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE, otherwise known as WILL THE OLD BOOK STAND?—a most widely circulated work; being in its third million, and having consumed over seventy tons of paper in its production. It has been translated into nearly twenty languages. The late Lord Shaftesbury declared it to be "One of the most valuable essays of modern times," and D. L. Moody has been the means of circulating large quantities. Pub. by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

To make *The Ladies' Home Journal* for 1898 "the best of all the years; the most cheerful and helpful magazine that a woman can possibly have in her home," is the purpose of its editors, as disclosed by a prospectus outlining a few of the projected features for the coming year. While the *Journal* will be more useful and practical than ever before, it is made apparent that its literary features will be strengthened, and that pictorially it will be more attractive and artistic than ever. A notable feature, "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife," a series of letters from the wife of a Cabinet member to her sister, will, it is said, reveal some startling and graphic pen pictures of Washington social and official life. They are so realistic that the letters will be publisht anonymously and are likely to attract National attention. The bi-

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ographies of President McKinley, Mrs. Cleveland, Mark Twain, Thomas A. Edison and Joseph Jefferson will be presented in a novel way by a series of anecdotes, giving the vital characteristics of each. Rev. John Watson, D. D. ("Ian Maclaren") will contribute a series of articles on matters close to the interest of every man and woman; Edward W. Bok will have a special page for young men, in addition to his usual editorial discussions; Lillian Bell will continue her bright, crisp letters from European capitals; Mrs. Burton Harrison will describe society at the beginning of the century, and ex-President Harrison is to write on "The Flag in the Home." Two fiction issues, in all over thirty short stories, are promised during the year. The stories will be by Mark Twain, F. Marion Crawford, Hamlin Garland, Mary E. Wilkins, Julia Magruder, Clara Morris, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney and other well-known authors. The musical announcements for next year include Sousa's newest composition, "The Lady of the White House," dedicated by special permission to Mrs. McKinley; sacred songs and hymns by Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer: Ira D. Sankey, and others quite as prominent in their respective fields. "Inside of a Hundred Homes" will be continued and supplemented by other articles upon fitting, furnishing and beautifying the home; and in addition to the *Journal's* "Moderate-Cost Houses," churches, schools, farm buildings, etc,, will be given—with detailed plans and specifications. Mrs. S. T. Rorer, it is announced, will continue to write exclusively for the *Journal*. In addition to her "Cooking Lessons" she will write of foods, their value and their healthfulness. Special articles for children—young and middle grown—on needle work, fashions, home entertainments, church work, etc., are all promised. This is but a passing glance at the 1898 *Ladies' Home Journal* which is aimed to meet the literary and practical needs of the household. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 10 cents per copy; $1.00 per year.

Makes $150 Per Month.

Agents can easily make $5,00 to $10,00 per day selling my Latest Improved Lightning Fire Kindler which starts fires without the use of other kindling. Lasts for years and sells for a small price. J. E. Warren, Lafayette, Ind. writes that he made $17.00 in one day selling them. J. C. R. Neeland, Vineland, Minn., writes that he made at the rate of $2 per hour. J. R. Hudson, Dickson, Tenn., writes that he is making $150 per month. Ladies or gentlemen either can sell them. One good agent wanted in every town. Write to-day for particulars.

D. F. WALLACE, Smithville, Tenn.

A PRIVATE SCHOOL

For Girls will be opened at

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Oct. 1, 1897.

Address *Eldress Anna White,*

Mt. Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Instructions in English and the Industrial Branches, board, etc., two hundred dollars a year, consisting of two terms of twenty weeks each. Fifty dollars to be paid at beginning and fifty dollars at close of each term.

Competent and experienced instructors at head of each department.

Location among the beautiful Berkshire Hills.

Hygienic condition perfect, and all healthful recreation encouraged.

Careful attentoin given to moral as well as mental and physical development.

Here are taught hand and machine sewing, plain and fancy knitting. With help of instructors each girl will learn to keep her wardrobe in repair. Younger girls will assist in dining-room, duties about the house, and light ironing: larger ones in general house-work; strength and adaptability being duly considered.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. JUNE, 1898. No. 6.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

THE OFFERING.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

THERE may be many of these incidents found in the "Good Book," that have for years awakened thought and possibly may have led some to step forward into a better life.

Jesus was not a man to sit in the chimney corner and write homilies for little sinners. He was an active worker. He was interested in doing good as well as being good. He was acquainted with the rich as well as with the poor, and by this peculiar instance which we now have in mind, we may well understand that he had some insight into the subtlety of the human heart.

While on one of his errands of mercy he made a visit to the temple. Possibly his little company made a slight contribution to the fund that was for the support of that sacred place.

We have learned from the Scriptures that Jesus and the disciples readily paid their taxes, and we also remember how curiously he obtained the money, at one time, for this purpose.

The little company all took seats near the treasury, to observe the people as they cast in their money. All classes were moving along, having this one object first in mind, and to be approbated by the priests, for their generosity. Jesus evidently knew some of the rich Jews as readily as we know the wealthy people of our state or nation.

But the special feature in this case, that made the lesson so valuable for the disciples, was that they might see the offerings made by the poor Jews. It was the Lord's treasury and every person was expected to contribute the

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amount of their tithe, so that those who had but little of this world's goods could give only their due proportion.

Following closely in the rear of those who were drest in "purple and fine linen," was a poor widow. As she past the sacred treasury there fell from her feeble but generous hand, only two mites. It was a mere pittance. Possibly in value, one mill of United States money.

As we think of those dominant priests who watched with eager eyes the gifts that were contributed, it becomes questionable if they would have thankt her for the offering. Some persons at the present day, think it is decidedly mean to pass one cent only, into the contribution box, and say that it ought to be refused. It may be that such churches have no poor widows, who visit them for prayers or for consolation, and on that account an offering from the poor is ruled out.

When we learn that some twenty-four thousand priests lived in Jerusalem, and were supported by the offerings made at the temple, we do not wonder at their anxiety for the money that was contributed.

Jesus, however, was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and he could not let the favorable opportunity pass without a special notice. His disciples must have the benefit of this remarkable act. "And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said, of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all; for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God: but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had."

What do we learn from this lesson? Was it written for our instruction in righteousness? As the disciples had progrest but a short distance from the selfishness of the world, they were not over anxious to make sacrifices either for God or for the temple. No more anxious than we should be.

Professing as we do a more exalted religious call, having a clearer understanding of the duties that are incumbent upon those who live in the light, does our faithfulness excel or even equal that of the disciples of two thousand years ago?

To them it was said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." This left but little room for a selfish interest. Live for God and for humanity is the duty of man. All this discipline was necessary to establish a kingdom of God on the earth, and the whole history of the Jews was only a preliminary work to one that was greater,—a work of self-denial and the cross.

The spirit and testimony of Jesus Christ was long anticipated. One of the prophets had said that it would be in its purifying process, like unto a refiner's fire and for making people neat and clean, soul and body, it would have an effect quite like that of fuller's soap upon a soiled garment.

It was to be a new day, and men were to worship a new and living God.

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Idol gods of wood and stone were to be cast away. To the multitudes of deities that presided over the affairs of this world, every thing, good and bad had been offered. Men treated their gods as they treated each other. If the gods acceded to all their wishes, they were feasted, but if they failed to do this, they were scourged or pulled down from their sacred places.

Jesus taught a better lesson, Render to Cæsar, said he, that which belongs to Cæsar, and then offer that sacrifice to God which is in the interest of your spiritual lives. Jesus taught his disciples the necessity of giving their whole life to God,—"All that a man hath," said he, "yea, and his own life also."

Modern Christianity however, has seen fit to bring in a bill of betterments. That old way of two thousand years ago was well enough for those stiff-necked Jews and even for the apostles. People did not know so much in that age, and were filled with superstitious notions.

But there can be only this one way. To follow Christ, we must do as he did, live as he lived. Be crucified to the elements of the world. Selfishness in the present is the same as selfishness in the past, and to make Christ the author of our selfish, religious views which may cover any amount of uncleanness, is placing the religion of to-day, far below that which was preacht in the desert of Arabia some three thousand years ago.

East Canterbury, N. H.

ANGEL VISITATION.

By Elder George W. Clark.

FROM the land of the Leal they come, the silent visitors, more often unseen than seen, unfelt than felt, tho occasionally the vail is lifted and we see behind it, and we catch a glimpse of this wonderful land and its inhabitants. It was so at the time of which we speak.

The labors of the day having been faithfully performed we had retired to our couch, and as usual directed our thoughts to the Invisible Source of all sources, and to spirit agencies to whom we are indebted for spiritual gifts and sustenance.

We began to query in our mind after this manner,—are material objects at all times visible to spirits, or must they first become endowed with sight to see them, the same as certain organisms here are given sight to see things behind the vail which others not so endowed can not see. Whether walls or closed doors are obstacles in the way of their ingress or egress; and whether they really see as one person would see another.

Suddenly, while thus ruminating, a spirit form appeared but a few feet distant, revealing distinctly the head and face of a Shaker sister. The figure wore one of our ordinary Shaker bonnets. We eagerly scanned the features to ascertain if it were some one whom we had known in earth life but not being able to recognize her, we askt, What was her mission? Instantly she

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raised her arms and pointed upward to a beautiful star, and in a clear impressive tone said "Come up higher." We had not noticed the star until she spoke. It was almost directly overhead and seemed to be quite a distance from us. It resembled one of our brightest constellations tho it was not; for the position we occupied afforded a limited view of the sky. In order to see the heavenly bodies overhead we must resort to the window.

A striking peculiarity of the vision was, that while looking directly at the figure in front of us we could see the star at the same time as plainly as tho we regarded that and nothing else, and yet it was directly overhead while the form was in front, so that the lines of vision were at right angles to each other. The figure was visible for a moment or more and then disappeared.

The relation of spirit to matter is yet an unsolved question, but one thing is as clear and bright to our mind as was that beautiful star and the angelic spirit to our vision,—That there is in the invisible realms of the Eternal, a heavenly home for all who earnestly seek to find it and who cheerfully make sacrifices here to obtain a glorious reward hereafter. True, our work is before us, and our reward is with us in this stage of existence, but as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

While the vision tarried, there came a wave of inspiration, which thrilled our whole being and gave rise to the following lines:—

There's a higher more glorious life to obtain
Than e'er can be found upon earth's broad domain,
Where angels with joy their voices upraise,
In ravishing, soul-thrilling pæans of praise.

Oh would that their chorus might sound far and near,
It would help lift the burden, give comfort and cheer,
Dispel the vague fancies that oft come and go
Like the tides of the sea as they ebb to and fro.

Come higher, up higher, away from the world,
Let purity's banner be widely unfurled,
Arise from the vain, fleeting pleasures of time,
Tread firmly the narrow way mortals must climb.

A highway is cast up—'tis beautifully clean—
Made sacred and pure by love's holy sheen,
Where the feet of the conqueror often hath trod
As he wended his way up this mountain of God.

The thorns and the briars may oft wound and pierce,
And beasts of the forest all eager and fierce
Attack on the way; but the balsam is there,
And purity, peace, are shielded by prayer.

Oh come, come away, again we repeat,
The immortal life is worth more than meat.
Yea, upward we'll soar with you, spirit friend,
And ever prove faithful and true to the end.

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BETHESDA.

By Cora C. Vinneo.

WITHOUT the Holy City's ponderous gate,
Lay bright Bethesda's sweet refreshing pool,
Whose waters gusht from hidden fountains cool.
Beside its banks lay stricken ones whom fate
Had made to suffer, there to watch and wait
Till God's good Angel came, as was its rule,
To bring the gift unknown to man or school,
That would restore the sick and desolate.
We all have sin and weakness and distress,
That need the healing of the cleansing wave;
That need the power of the Angel's touch.
We all must pray for comfort and redress,
Must seek the help that mighty is to save,—
We can not serve our Savior overmuch.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

[*Notes from the Diary of William Deming, of Hancock, Mass. who with Brother Eliab Harlow of New Lebanon, N. Y. visited the Believers at Union Village, Ohio, Pleasant Hill and South Union, Ky.*]

ON the 21st of May 1810, William Deming and Eliab Harlow, were sent by the Society at New Lebanon, to visit the Believers in Ohio and Kentucky. The distance from New Lebanon, N. Y. to Union Village, Ohio, was seven hundred and fifty-five miles. This journey was to be made on horseback, as much of the way no roads had been made for carriages at that early date. They were enabled, however, to reach some public or private house every night, where they could secure good food and a comfortable resting place. Their zigzag journey becomes interesting as it is so different from what it would be at the present date, 1898.

At night, on the first day, they put up at Stocking's tavern in Hudson, a distance of twenty-eight miles from New Lebanon. Then crost the North River at Catskill and reacht the village of Kingston. The third night they were in Montgomery. On the 24th of May they past the Goshen Court House and reacht Brooktown. On the 25th, they left the state of New York and entered New Jersey, and at night were in the town of Hardwick.

From New Jersey they past into the state of Pennsylvania and stopt at Easton Hotel. For the first time, during the journey, they now mention the crossing of a toll-bridge.

They next past through a Moravian town and at night stopt at the village of Kutestown. The next day they reacht Mayorstown and on the 29th of

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May they were in Harrisburg, and were pleased to note that the house kept by Jeremiah Rees was "a place of good entertainment." They now crost the Susquehanna river and reacht the village of Shippingsburg. The journey took them over the Blue Ridge Mountains and over Sideling and Race Hills, to the tavern kept at the foot of Dry Ridge. After riding some thirty-seven miles farther they rested for the night.

While passing over Mount Pleasant a large rattlesnake lay coiled by the side of the road. Providing a safe place for the horses, the Brethren obtained some weapons from an old fence, and soon put the venomous reptile where it could do no harm. This night they rested in South Huntington. After crossing Monongahela river, and getting their clothes very wet and muddy, they rode on till they reacht the village in Washington.

On June 5th they entered the state of Virginia and crost the Ohio river, at the ferry, and remained at that place during the night. Their next stop was at Morristown. Leaving this place they past through Cambridge and over another toll-bridge and rested for the night in Union township. They next crost the Muskingum river and stopt at Redding. The next day they past through Lancaster and rested at night in Pickaway. Then crost the Scioto river, and at night rested in Fairfield.

Altho they were nearly at their journey's end and had traveled some twenty miles they made this special note,—"It was by the worst road that ever any man would desire to see." When they reacht the village of Vernon and made preparations to rest for the night, it must have been with thankful hearts for the protecting care of a kind Providence.

On the 12th of June which was the last day of the journey and was to be about twenty miles, they crost the little Miami river and then past through the village of Lebanon, which was only a few miles from Believers. A kind and hearty welcome was extended to the Brethren on reaching the family where Elder David Darrow lived. There was great cause of gratitude for the safe arrival of the Brethren, after making such an extended journey of seven hundred and fifty-five miles.

These Brethren, altho so far from home were not wholly among strangers, as several Brethren and Sisters had been sent to Union Village, as early as 1805, from the Society of New Lebanon.

June 13. As this diary was written by Brother William Deming there is but little said about Brother Eliab Harlow altho he was evidently in the company most of the time. It is a curious fact that the first building which the Brethren visited for inspection was the Meeting House. The early Shakers manifested a very commendable zeal in providing a place for public worship, as a building of the first importance in the interests of the Society. They next visited the saw-mill and learned that the Shakers hauled and sawed their own lumber for the several buildings which they were proposing to build. A visit to the tannery also assured them that they manufactured their own

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leather and were also able to sell to those not of the Community. William entered at once into the duties of the place and became an interested and profitable visitor. One day he accompanied the Brethren to the woods, to obtain a load of butternut bark and the next day he was at work in the saw-mill. He assisted them in laying the sills to the new dwelling and then in the drawing of stones for building purposes.

As Brother Eliab was a very skillful physician, he was evidently more or less occupied in the duties of his special office.

The visit at Turtle Creek, as Union Village was then called, lasted till the 11th of July. A Public Service was held on each Sabbath. The preachers were Elder Benjamin S. Youngs and Richard McNemar.

Two Brethren from Busro were at Union Village on a visit, Robert Gill and John Stoven. John had been taken prisoner by the Indians, several times and through them suffered much abuse. It was fear of these Indian raids that caused the Believers to leave their settlement in Busro.

On the 11th of July the Brethren from New Lebanon left Union Village for Pleasant Hill, Ky. in company with Joseph Allen. It was a journey of four days. "The land on which the Believers have settled is very excellent, but rather uneven, stony in some places and everywhere a solid body of rock underneath. On the 21st of July, I accompanied eight Brethren to Salt River, on a fishing excursion. We waded in the water for six hours and caught forty-eight little fishes. They were bull-heads, perch and flat-sides."

"With Brother Joseph we visited the Deer Park of Col. Thomson. He had five elk and forty deer."

"The Meeting House was not finisht and I assisted Samuel Hooser, who was at work on the building, during one day. We visited several families of Believers who had not yet moved to the Community and enjoyed a very profitable time." The settlement at Pleasant Hill, at that date was called Shawnee Run.

July 30. The Brethren left for South Union or Jasper and reacht that place on the evening of the third day. On this trip they forded the Rolling Fork, Green River, Little Barren River and Big Barren River. They visited two caves and went in about ten rods and pronounced them beautiful sights. A visit was made to the families of Elisha Thomas, John Rankin and Samuel Edes.

"We entered one cave that was forty feet deep. At the bottom of this cave was a swift rushing stream. It was a river in the earth." "On the Sabbath we attended the Public Service, but some of the spectators behaved very rudely."

On the 7th of August the Brethren left Jasper and directed their course homeward. They past by a mound that had recently been uncovered. It proved to be very interesting. Trees were growing on it that measured some thirty inches in diameter. The mound was thirty feet high and forty rods in

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circumference near the ground. On the 9th of August they again reacht Shawnee Run or Pleasant Hill and remained there till the 21st, when they moved on to Union Village where they arrived at evening on the 23rd. The distance traveled since leaving Ohio was five hundred and fifty-eight miles, and the expenses $7.48

The Brethren remained at Union Village till the 13th of September when they left that place for home, returning by the same route that was taken on their journey west. Two Sisters who had been visiting at Union Village returned with them to New Lebanon, where they all arrived in safety at noon on the 3rd of October. They had traveled during their journey two thousand two hundred and eighty-seven miles, and their expenses were $65.43

[*Written for Brother Samuel Kendrick.*]

SAFELY ANCHORED.

By Ada S. Cummings.

ALL was quiet in the Harbor,
Evening shades were close at hand,
Where the ever restless waters
Beat upon the silv'ry sand.
And the sun was slowly sinking
'Neath the cloud's resplendent rim,
When a barque from life's long journey
To the port, came sailing in.

Now throw out the anchoring hawser
And make fast the sturdy barque,
Which has stood through storm and danger,
Out upon life's ocean, dark!
For unto the port of Heaven
Comes the craft, all safe at last;
Oh how grandly o'er the billows
Has it rode thro' tempest's blast!

Thus, within the twilight's gloaming,
Many ships come sailing in;
Sailing in from storm and danger,
There a place of rest to win
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are set free.
Safe, within the golden harbor,
Where the many mansions be.

There, beneath the glimmering shadows
Of the sunset's borderland,

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Where the ever murmuring waters
Beat upon the shining strand;
There, our barques will some time anchor
To the moorings on the shore,
Where the beacon from the Lighthouse
Sheds its rays forevermore.

There the weary sailors gather
When their sun sinks in the West,
And the Captain,—Christ, our Father,
Gives to them their well-earned rest.
There they dwell beside the river,
Safe within the port of Love,
Firmly anchored to the Haven,
In their happy home above.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

By Virgie Breedlove.

EVEN tho there should exist in every Community, one or more of that very unpleasant class known as mischief-makers, our duty to Society becomes more imperative, as we walk among them to see that we are not brought under the same influence.

As we would avoid a scorpion through fear of its deadly poison, so we would avoid the influence of an habitual mischief-maker, who destroys the happiness of Society

Some have compared these unpleasant busybodies, to the "Stormy Petrels" of the ocean, as their presence is quite certain of a forth-coming storm.

But while the little bird is innocent of doing any harm, the man or woman who engenders strife by exaggeration, or by false representations is a sad affliction to any society.

By some eminent minds this is clast as a disease, and sanitary means should be used to bring about the return of a better state. Sometimes their very presence is an indication of trouble. Their word is not reliable, they twist and contort the simplest remark, till it becomes entirely changed.

Sometimes these persons are known to misrepresent even their best friends, and in this way not only injure others, but bring great harm upon themselves. Truly "the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," especially if it becomes the medium of the social mischief-maker.

South Union, Ky.

NOTHING great, nothing curious, nothing marvelous, nor even miraculous in creatures, tends in the least to effect the work of regeneration. This is wrought by daily self-denial, mortification and suffering: by quietly and patiently doing and suffering the will of God, and rejecting our own.—*R. W. P.*

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THE MANIFESTO.

JUNE, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

April.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897.	45.77	3.5 in.	4 in.
1898.	42.	3.125 "	8 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.		66 above 0.	
Lowest " " " "		18 " "	
Number of rainy days " "		10	
" " snowy " " "		4	
" " clear " " "		9	
" " cloudy " " "		7	

May, 1898.

THE spring has put on its vernal attire. The green fields are decked with yellow and white floral tints, and violets open their petals to variegate the sombre green. The trees are opening their blossoms to afford labor for the busy bees to gather honey all the day from every opening flower. The husbandmen are busy turning the greensward and putting in the seed for the future harvest of cereals and vegetables, the life sustaining products of man and beast. The planting and sowing is risky business this spring, we are having so much rainy weather, but with all the hinderances we are making progress. We have started a new strawberry bed of between two thousand and three thousand plants which chiefly are the Bubach No. 5 with an admixture of Lovett as fertilizers.

The medicine business is our chief source of revenue in the Brethren's line of industries. The Sisters have a variety of fancy work which furnishes them with needful cash. The Brethren and Sisters work harmoniously in bearing the burdens of life, in this they are the light of the world. They stand on a plane of equality in things spiritual and temporal.

At present, the available help of both Brethren and Sisters is employed in divesting two hundred coon skins of fur and hair. This tries the texture of the skin on the hands of the workmen; but as the Irishman said; "Sure for the money it must be done." This fur-pulling uses up the best part of three weeks.

With all the burdens to keep the mortal temples in uprightness we endeavor to keep our spiritual sanctums fitted for the entrance into the home eternal in the Heavens, so that we may be made welcome by the denizens of the Christ sphere, the realm of supernal glory. At present we have living ministers among us who keep the gospel furnace flaming hot for the consuming of sin of every name and nature.

The health of the family is evidently good as all attend to taking their daily rations, and are ready and willing to use their strength where it is felt they can do the most good. Blessed are they that can love and bless both with heart and hands for they shall be crowned with life eternal.

Calvin G. Reed.

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South Family.

May, 1898.

LIVE, love, laugh and joyous be
Grand truths in nature quickly see
Learn the music in the air
Which is floating every where.
Note the beauty of each plant
Know that God to each does grant
Special care all of his own
To each rock and tiny stone.

On Tuesday evening April 12th, in the Hall of the Church family, Dr. Peebles lectured on his circuit around the world. Many went to hear him tell of scenes and people he had seen. It was strangely charming to hear about his foreign travels, first to far Australia's shores and their ways and peculiar style of living, as the Bushmen apart from culture and civilization. Of the heathen and their life, of India, that land of wondrous fame; of the Brahmans and Buddhists. He witnessed many scenes of the Brahmans wondrous skill; the power they have to move material things by their will. Some books, he said, were laid upon a table in a room where sat a wise old Brahman who beckoned to them to move across the floor to him saying, "come, come," when instantly the table rockt and the books moved along the floor and stopt just where the Doctor stood. He took them up, examined them, and found they were real books.

At the close of the lecture the congregation sang that grand old melody, "God is infinitely able to sustain the weak and feeble."

On April 13, we held a meeting and Dr. Peebles spoke again, which made the people glad. Singing and speaking was in order, and not a few spirits of departed friends were present. We marcht the good inspiring march and sung the old songs;—the same sweet songs we used to sing when we were young. That meeting we will not soon forget.

Among the fine entertainments of the season we record the Arbor Day exhibition by the public school. The dialogs and recitations were of the very best; all original,—the work of Sister Ada Brown the Principal of the school. Each part was perfectly executed, the singing was commendable. Sister Rosetta Stevens presided at the organ. A pretty piece was sung entitled "You Know Where the Violets Grow" words and music by Sister Rosetta, assistant teacher.

At the close of the exercises the National air was sung by the school and the scholars marcht away a merry band. Representatives from all the families were present to participate in the loyal spirit of the day.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shaker Station, Conn.

North Family.

May, 1898.

MARK our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Tho the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop sweet flowers.

Again the earth has donned her emerald robe, and seems to have quite forgotten the pure mantle she so recently wore. Cherry-trees are white with bloom, and peach-trees promise a harvest. The orchards are much improved by the skillful use of the pruning-knife. Fruit trees past their days of bloom, and others unserviceable have been hewn down, and in their stead have set out one hundred and ten cherry and plum trees. We have also set out a large bed of asparagus.

Our Sister Florence Staples who was so successful in the cultivation of currants in Canaan, has already commenced her favorite employment with five-hundred slips.

Future prospects are bright. "We fear not the coming time," but while we are progressing and prospering in temporal affairs, we earnestly pray that we may not slight the spiritual; as it is for the growth

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of the spirit, and for the attainment of all virtue, that we have banded ourselves together and we serve the Lord with gladness.

Edith Shufelt.

Shakers, N. Y.

May, 1898.

THE effort that is being made to bring the different religious beliefs into a closer communion is a commendable one. The World's Congress of Religions, held in 1893 was an educator on the line of progressive thought, and the one to be held in India, the present year, will be a continuation of the work which is removing the angularities and overreaching the boundaries of that exclusiveness which for so many centuries has been the cause of the contentions that have arisen among the various beliefs. That the call should come from one representing a belief that antedates our own by many centuries is evidence that "the world moves onward and the light grows stronger." Certainly good must come by a comparison of ideas which will help remove the rust and mould that have collected through ages of exclusiveness.

The workers on the farm and garden are renewing their activity and sowing the good seed. At present we are having a superabundance of rain which is retarding the progress of spring work; but before the close of the season we may be calling for rain, so we will accept what comes and be thankful.

We enjoy the perusal of the home circle notes; it seems like a personal communion with our friends, and the thoughts exprest by those who are striving to sustain the publication of our Monthly are accepted with pleasure.

Hamilton De Graw.

Enfield, N. H.

May, 1898.

EASTER-DAY will long remain indelible on memory's page. Our chapel was well decorated with evergreens, vines, plants and flowers, while the varied exercises given, afforded invited friends and ourselves, a feast of good things. Making Easter,

A day bright with music, emblematic of tho't,
Sacred mementos of Christ, whose life bro't
The glad tidings of love, purity and sweet peace,
Fruits of a kingdom that e'er will increase
In that sphere where truth rules and blest justice bears sway,
Where night is eclipst with brightness of day;
Where the ensign of freedom e'er floats o'er the land,
Where service to God, means service to man,
Thus resurrecting from the darkened tombs of sin,
Souls bright with hope, all glorious within,
Christ's mission on earth as his teachings portray,
Was to raise a standard and pave a way,
Whereby to resurrect from error's dark night,
A gospel of love, liberty and light,
Of industry, equality, justice and truth,
Heaven's high estate for aged and youth.

Our maple harvest fell below last year's record, yielding but one hundred and ninety gallons of syrup. While in operation companies of three to thirty of our young people, spent a few hours at the camp, indulging in the much prized "chop-sticks," (maple candy cooled on snow) swinging and having a good time.

As I write the word camp, thought contrasts the peaceful significance of ours to the turbulent ones of the brave, liberty aspiring Cubans and our own American army. There opens to my vision the horrors on sea and land and already occurred and must happen before the red, white and blue with one star can float in freedom.

I turn from our dark National war scene and cast upon the banner of Society news, the bright picture revealing the appointment of Elder William Briggs to our ministerial order and whose Enfield kindred give the salute,—It is well and could not be bettered.

Elder Henry whose long period of service to East Canterbury and Enfield, should be untaxt with extra Society weight as he enamels the closing records of his earth life with the gold of eternal

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faithfulness. Unnecessary taxation of one's mental and physical structure when nearing the immortal sphere is not conducive to a cheery entrance where joy and sweet rest are as luxuriant in growth as seeds in peculiarly rich soil.

George H. Baxter.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

May, 1898.

THIS is a beautiful morning but the bleak, cold wind seems unwilling to go and is roaring wildly among the branches of the trees. April has been very cold and rainy and we farmers and gardeners are much disappointed in the tarry occasioned by the cold weather, after such a warm and delightful March, but we now hope for better days.

In the meantime, we have been busy,—Sisters on the fancy work for sale and both Brethren and Sisters in the greenhouse, days at a time, transplanting celery, cabbage and flower seedlings and over eight hundred dozen tomato plants have been transplanted twice. This is pleasant work when blest with plenty of sunshine but the dull days that we have been having the past month have almost given us "the blues."

During the past week the Sisters have set out a thousand strawberry plants and sown part of the sweet peas. The Brethren have set a row of maple trees on the west side of the road through our village which adds much to the beauty of the place.

Our good aged father Samuel Kendrick has left us for his home in "Mansions of Light" and while we miss him very much no doubt his influence for good will still remain.

Ada S. Cummings.

Narcoossee, Fla.

May, 1898.

IT may not be too much to say that difficulty assists in the strengthening and conserving of human power, altho it may seem to the individual like passing over a rocky mountain to find a pleasant valley. It is quite true that the force which is used to break down the opposition, becomes in the future so changed that it enables us to face new difficulties with much greater power. Through this we are beginning to find what may be required of us to form a home in a new country.

Could we have shared the experience we now have, when we moved to Florida, we might, at this date, be able to sing the Victor's song. To-day the clouds have a more beautiful silver lining than ever before. Knowledge has been gained by our failures and our difficulties.

If there is to be any more Florida or Georgia movements we should suggest, that we look well to our laurels, and move slowly. We should obtain correct information in regard to the people, and then of the land we are to cultivate.

During the past three months we have experienced a severe drought. The lakes have less water and we are able to plough nearly two acres of muck land, and shall plant it with northern potatoes. Our table is now supplied with sweet potatoes, beans, cabbage and lettuce, direct from our garden, and on April 22, Brother Benjamin brought in the first ear of corn.

At times we hear rumors of war, but it does not mar our peace. We are able to hold our meetings and to follow the voice of conscience. We are Believers in our quiet and humble life, and are not moved by the sound of war, altho it has come so near. We are studying diligently the spirit of true heroism, where the burdens of life are cheerfully borne and sacrifices willingly made.

Andrew Barrett.

THE TURNKEY.

No. 1

By Elder H. C. Blinn.

AND now I am wondering if you ever saw a "Turnkey." It is a curious, little surgical instrument formerly used by the Dentists. It may be some six inches long

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and weighs not over an ounce or two. The shaft of the instrument is bent at right angles with the handle and opposite to the fulcrum.

The instrument received this name from the manner in which it was used. One turn of the hand was the only motion made in extracting a tooth,—hence the name. Forceps were not generally used till about 1830, and even then the Dentists held tenacicusly to the key, by saying that all the teeth could not be extracted with the forceps.

Persons sometimes love to tell marvelous stories of the wonderful instruments of torture which they have seen in some foreign country, and yet we have one in our own home that has won a markt distinction through a long series of years.

Who invented the Turnkey? History is fortunate in that it leaves us to conjecture. Some say the credit or discredit should be awarded to Garengeot, who lived in Europe, but as the "Dental Canthook" is also said to have been invented in Europe, the whole matter of inventions may be open to doubt.

If the writer of the book of Genesis had inserted so much as one paragraph about aching teeth we should have believed at once, that some son of Cain, as they were all cunning workmen, made this wonderful instrument. And yet, neither Jabal nor Jubal nor Tubal may have ever seen a Turnkey.

Possibly it may have been invented at the time when men were studying for forms of exquisite torture, to make other men deny their faith in a just God. It would no doubt, have been a valuable acquisition to the set of tools used for that purpose.

History is positive in reference to the use of pincers for pulling out the finger nails and toe nails of the condemned, and like their notable descendant, Snyder, they may have used these same tools in the extraction of teeth.

We may, after all, be obliged to credit a more modern page of history, and look among the peaceable yeomen of the old country for this now discarded instrument.

Dr. Fitch thinks that an interest must have been taken in the care, in the usefulness and beauty, as well as in the general appearance of the teeth from the earliest age of man. That even then some means were provided to correct deformities and to extract broken or decayed teeth.

In his Dental Surgery, page 7 he says:—"That the Natural History of the teeth, so far as regarded their development, and their Anatomy as far as concerned their form, external appearance and insertion in the jaws, must necessarily have been known to the earliest races of men."

With the Brahmans, the care of cleaning their teeth is coeval with the date of their religion. The early Greeks had a class whom they spoke of as Physicians or Surgeon Dentists. They have also spoken of artificial teeth as a common occurrence. Martial, a Greek poet, says;—"Are you not ashamed to purchase [artificial] teeth and hair, but what will you do for an eye, as there are none to sell."

In the "Dark Ages" came a night of ignorance, and much of science and art was hid from sight. On the return of learning at a later date, with other things came the better knowledge of the teeth, and in 1563 Eustachius publisht his first work on Dentistry.

Other works followed this, and by 1771 a long list could be named that treated more or less fully upon the Anatomy and use and abuse of natural and artificial teeth.

One of these dark age physicians was consulted in regard to a swelling of the cheek, and decided it was a tumor. The tumor however, proved to be an accumulation of tartar. He then procured a hammer and chisel and went to work. The tooth and tartar were soon dislodged, and the specimen was sent to the Academy of Surgery in 1789 where it can be seen, as well as the error of the surgeon.

We have still another line for investigation, and it seems to be quite favorable. If we could establish the date of the in-

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vention of the "Canthook," I think there would be no doubt about the "Turnkey." They evidently were brought out, on the same day. One would almost think that they were invented by a man who hauled logs or workt in a saw-mill, as they bear so close a resemblance to one of the tools which these men use.

In the rolling of logs, levers of different patterns are used, but the most efficient instrument in this work is the Canthook. When it is fastened to a log it does not easily quit its hold, and with its long handle it affords a powerful leverage.

(To be continued.)

MY HOME.

By William Bird.

TAKE me home to the place
Where I first saw the light,
To my dear Shaker friends take me home,
Where they sing with delight,
And praise God, day and night,
To my loved Shaker friends take me home.

In that good Shaker Home
Where they learn to serve the Lord,
Where they do his holy will
And praise in one accord.
Here they live as Sister—Brother
And serve the Lord together
Rejoicing in his work all the day.

East Canterbury, N. H.

BEGINNING THE DAY.

OUR early hours tune all the rest of the day. Broken, discordant, or disfigured days are possible largely because we have not learned to protect their beginnings. We trust to chance to get through the day. Against such dangers a devotional habit is the surest and most natural protection. An appeal to our own experience reveals that only as we have made it a rule to pray have we prayed effectively. To respect this rule rather than our moods is the only guarantee of secure and steady living. We may say as little as we please about our devotional habits, but a Christian life which can rely upon itself is sure to have them. There is a sustained power in the life which carefully observes its devotions, and nowhere do we need them more than at the beginning of each mysterious new day, with all its unknown dangers and blessings.—*S. S. Times.*

THE CHILD'S VOICE.

By Arthur E. Massey.

THE voice of a child
In a wilderness wild
Came floating on dew laden air,
It rivaled all sound,
And made my heart bound,
Till all things lookt wondrously fair.

The heavens seemed brighter,
My steps grew much lighter,
I breathed a soul prayer void of speech;
'Twas the voice of Great AUM
Spake through that child form,
A sweet lesson my sad soul to teach.

It said; "Be a child,
Pure, humble and mild,
Consider the lilies of earth,
Bid all care depart,
That Christ in thy heart
May now seal thy Spiritual birth"

Narcoossee, Fla.

THE confession of sin to God, is one of the foundation principles of the Shaker Church. It is taught from Genesis to Revelation and in Christ's church must be a ruling feature. An unconfest Christian would be quite like the description of old Babylon, as given by the Revelator,—"The habitation of demons, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

☞IN the days of Slavery, Canaan New Hampshire Academy was broken up for the unpardonable sin of admitting a few colored pupils on equal terms with the white, by vote of the people in legal town meeting assembled. The edifice was lifted from its foundations, and by three hundred men and a hundred yoke of oxen was hauled out of town.—*Acts of Anti-Slavery Apostles.*

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OUR EXCHANGES.

THE LIVING EPISTLE is an Evangelical Monthly Magazine devoted to Biblical Knowledge, Scriptural Holiness and Pure Literature. J. C. Hornberger, Editor.

THE TEACHERS' JOURNAL is publisht by the Rev. P. Anstadt & Sons, at York, Penn. It contains the International Sunday School Lessons, with extended explanatory notes, also blackboard illustrations.

THE TRIBES is a Journal devoted to the exposition of the prophesies, concerning the Twelve Tribes of Israel, in the light of sacred and secular history. E. Harrington, Editor. Denver, Col.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH is an official paper of the World's Universal Congress of Angels. Edited by Thomas Cook, as the medium who shall not speak for himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak. Publisht at Hot Springs, Ark.

Deaths.

Samuel Kendrick, at Sabbathday Lake, Me. April 22, 1898. Age 86 years 6 mo. and 1 day.

Having been faithful to the end, we know a crown awaits him. W. D.

Sophia Gregory, at Pleasant Hill, Ky. April 27, 1898. Age 88 years and 9 mo.

Sister Sophia entered the Society when a small child. Her parents were among the pioneers. She was faithful in all her duties, and devoted to the cause of right. J. W. S.

Irena George, at Enfield, N. H. May 22, 1898. Age 91 years 1 mo. and 13 days.

She had been with the Society from a child and had given all the years of active life, to the interests of the consecrated Home, and to the maintenance of those principles which are its foundation. She is gathered home, as a sheaf fully ripe for the Harvester. R. C.

Books & Papers.

THE LAW OF VIBRATIONS in I AM SCIENCE, by T. J. Shelton. In this little work of nearly a hundred pages, the author has given a full illustration of the work of healing in which he is engaged. To understand it fully, one must carefully study what is written. Publisht at Little Rock, Ark. Price 25 cts.

SMALL FAMILIES by H. L. Hastings. In this little work of less than thirty pages there is a fund of information collected from the Bible especially, which may prove a safe and sure guide to the interested reader. Brother Hastings is an able advocate for the cause he has espoused, and if he can persuade those who have either large or small families, to bring up their children "in the admonition of the Lord," he will do a wonderful work on the earth. H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY. The Science of Life; The Preparation of Food; The Slaughter of the Birds; Law and Medicine; The Science of Phrenology. Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

The May Magazine Number of THE OUTLOOK has on its cover a fine portrait of Commodore Dewey, and nearly twenty pages are devoted to a historical account of the war and to editorial comment thereon. The article on "The Parks and the People," by Samuel Parsons, Jr. ex-Superintendent of the New York Parks, is accompanied by numerous charming pictures now first printed, of scenes in Central Park, Prospect Park, and Morningside Park. The fiction for the number is also distinctively of a seasonable character; the author is Maria Louise Pool, and the title is "In Sappin' Time." It may also be specially noted that the month's installment of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" contains some beautiful photographs made for THE OUTLOOK, of Elmwood in the early spring. Other features of this Magazine Number are; An article on "Mr. Stedman as a poet," with a full-page portrait; an article by Clifton Johnson on "English Inns," illustrated by photographs taken by the author; an article on "The New Polychrome Bible," by Professor Francis Brown, of Union Seminary; an article on "Municipal Water-Works," by Mr. M. N. Baker, of "The Engineering News;" a readable paper by Mr. Charles M. Skinner on "Animal Life;" and several other light sketches, poems and articles, besides the usual reviews, news departments, and editorials. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.)

A stirring poem on Cuba, by Joaquin Miller, opens the May number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. If there are any Americans who do not wish the freedom of the Cu-

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bans, a reading of this poem will quickly bring them into line. This magazine contains much of great timely interest. "Naval Warfare of To-day" is an elaborate article, giving the most complete and best illustrated description of this much-talked-of topic that has yet appeared. It is written by Frederick Stone Daniel, and is accompanied by more than twenty-five half-tone cuts of all the leading warships in our navy, including a beautiful water-color frontisplece of the battleship *Maine*, recently destroyed in Havana harbor. Another timely paper is one on "The National Congress of Mothers," the most important of the so called "women's movements," and which is to hold its second annual gathering next month. It also is well illustrated. The article on Andrew Jackson this month is by Francis Worcester Doughty, and treats of the "Medallic History" of Old Hickory, describing the medals, coins and store-cards that were struck to commemorate some important acts of the General and President. The illustrations include reproductions of these medals and coins and some unfamiliar portraits. There is an interesting description of the Reformed Church in America, by David James Burrell, D. D., the sixth in the series on the religious denominations in this country; Bacon's Rebellion, which markt the beginning of liberty in Virginia, forms the subject of a graphic paper by Dr. Lewis R. Harley; Galveston, the "Island City" of Texas, comes in for an exhaustive and profusely illustrated article by Charles Thomas Logan; and the United States Consul at Martinique describes the city of St. Pierre. There are several very clever short stories, a department for boys and girls, and other features.—*Frank Leslie's Publishing House, N. Y.*

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for May begins with a character sketch of Dr. Charles A. Berry, of England. He is the pastor of one of the largest Congregational churches in England. Phrenotypes No. 23, by H. S. Drayton, M. D. This has a portrait of M. Diamandi as an illustration of numbers. "He was asked, how many seconds there are in eighty-seven centuries, taking leap years into account. He answers almost at once and without writing a single figure."

Phrenology and its Utility by Thomas Timson. What is Quality by Jules Buchel; A Short Lesson on Hope by E. Terry. In the Public Eye, by J. A. Fowler. The portraits of Mrs. C. S. Robinson and Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D. accompany this article. The Amateur Phrenological Club, by Elsie C. Smith; The Healing Art, by Susanna W. Dodds, M. D. Child Culture, by Uncle Joseph. This is beautifully illustrated; Honest Jimmie, etc. etc. Fowler & Wells Co. 27 East 21st St. New York.

The authorship of the much-discussed "Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife," printed in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, will be revealed in the June issue of that magazine, when the name of Anna Farquhar will appear as the author. It is surmised that the domestic experiences described in these letters were those of Mrs. W. H. H. Miller, wife of the Attorney-General in President Harrison's Cabinet,—since Miss Farquhar is known to be a personal friend of the Miller family, and to have spent considerable time with them in Washington during their official residence there. The author of these letters was born and raised in Indianapolis, in neighborly relations with the Harrison and Miller families, but for ten years past she has lived a studious professional life in New York, London and Boston. She is now connected with the editorial staff of *The Boston Transcript*. In addition to her "Cabinet Members Wife" letters she has published one novel—"A Singer's Heart"—and another one is about to be issued. She is a young woman, exceedingly clever, and only her closest friends have known her connection with the Washington letters which have attracted such wide attention.

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Books & Papers.

Mr. George Kennan, whose book, Siberia and the Exile System, created such an impression in this country a few years ago and resulted in very considerably modifying the rigors of Russia's treatment of Siberian prisoners, is now writing a Story of the War, which appears in weekly installments in THE OUTLOOK. Mr. Kennan is First Vice-President of the Red Cross Society, and is especially interested in the humanitarian side of the war, but almost equally so in its picturesque incidents, and in the underlying social conditions which have produced the war. So far his letters have been written from Key West, to which place he went as the special correspondent of THE OUTLOOK. It is understood that Mr. Kennan will enter Cuba at the very first opportunity, and will continue from that island the letters which are attracting such wide attention. They appear exclusively in THE OUTLOOK. ($3 a year. The Outlook Co., 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.)

"Inside figures" are always interesting, and the following are certainly some striking ones about *The Ladies' Home Journal*. During 1897, 8,183,113 copies of this magazine were printed and so thoroughly sold that the latter year issues are entirely out of print. It consumes 3,434,362 pounds of paper in a year, and absorbs 30,902 pounds of ink. It runs 28 presses. The advertising columns contained $498,325 worth of advertising during the last year. The editors received 9290 manuscripts and less than one per cent were accepted. The magazine employs 22 staff editors. 24,648 letters have been received and answered in the year by the editors of the correspondence columns. The *Journal* has over 15,000 active, working agents on the road getting subscriptions. It has educated 442 girls free of charge under its free educational plan. In a single day it has received as high as 18,000 subscriptions. 300,000 copies of the *Journal* are sold each month on the news stand alone—425,000 people subscribe for it by the year.

"Torpedoes and Torpedo Boats" is the subject of the leading paper in the June number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY. B. B. Croffut tells the history and progress of these little engines of destruction, and describes their manufacture, cost and manipulation. The article would be interesting at any time, and is particularly so just now. It is liberally illustrated with views of short and long torpedoes, the principal torpedo boats of this and other countries, and interiors of a torpedo factory. Another timely article is one on The Naval Militia, by Charles Sydney Clark, which describes the work and duties of this excellent auxiliary arm of our navy. The illustrations include portraits and groups, and views of some of the vessels manned by the naval militia. The Working of a Modern Mine, by James Harold Thompson, tells of the life of the miners at work, and is well illustrated. The article on Andrew Jackson this month is by Old Hickory's grandson, Colonel Andrew Jackson, and gives some recollections of the general's home life. A pretty piece of music is contributed by John Philip Sousa, the March King, the words to which were written by Hunter MacCulloch. The Disciples of Christ are described by Rev. S. T. Willis, with many good pictures. Henry Clay Colver has an interesting account of the resources of Seattle, Wash., which is illustrated with views of the principal buildings and points of interest. A new pen is apparently devoted to the department known as "The Leslie Portfolio," for the matter is much more attractive than before. There are numerous other good things, including several short stories, the department for boys and girls, etc.

The Anti-Infidel Library, edited by H. L. Hastings now sends us MORE BRICKS FROM THE BABEL OF THE HIGHER CRITICS. All Christians and would-be Christians most heartily commend the work, which is a strong tide heaven ward. 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

We extend our congratulations to the *Scientific American* on having brought out in its Special Navy Supplement a work which was sorely needed by the general public. We have already learned to associate our contemporary with naval matters and its illustrations of our new ships as they have appeared from time to time have always been handsome and the descriptive matter reliable and complete. The Special Navy Supplement is an extremely handsome edition, carefully and clearly written, richly illustrated, and well calculated to make the people of America thoroughly acquainted with the country's first line of defence. We think one of the best features of the work is the table which is printed beneath the illustration of each ship, giving the chief details of her size, speed, guns and armor. If fuller information is desired, it is found on the same or the adjoining page. It seems to us that in handling an extensive subject like this the object should be to give the essential information and avoid useless and confusing elaboration. This the *Scientific American* has succeeded in doing with very marked success, and the instant popularity which the Navy Supplement has achieved is not surprising. The number opens with a very readable historical sketch of the upbuilding of the New Navy, which is followed with an article explaining by the aid of diagrams the difference between the various types of warships. At least one, and in some cases several, of each type of warship is illustrated, so that, when the number has been read through, the reader will have a very complete knowledge of the strength and numbers of our new Navy. The illustrations are particularly fine—wood engravings predominating—and the last page contains complete tables of the ships, auxiliary cruisers, torpedo boats and guns. Special mention should be made of the very artistic

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

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THE SPIRITUAL HIGHWAY.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

ON our journey through this life, beset as it is with so many allurements, it is well to bear in mind that there is a highway in which the Lord's people may walk,—a state of righteousness into which they may enter, and a Kingdom of God in which they can own an inheritance. In some things we may claim to be in advance of those who have gone on before us, but we may feel amply compensated if by watchfulness and prayer we may attain to the gospel interest that was so fully set forth by the apostle who prayed that he might be able "to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

With what zeal he toiled, day and night, to impart a knowledge of the testimony of the Christ. Hear what he says of the persecutions that he suffered while preaching the Christian faith,—"Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the sea. In perils by robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils in the wilderness and in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings, in hunger and in thirst."—2 Cor. xi., 25.

In this we have the record of a minister of the Christ, who dared to do the work to which he was called, and to become crucified to the world. May the people of God in this day, be no less faithful and no less zealous to work for the cause of righteousness. The Apostle had no confusion in his mind when he informed the church that he would like to present every one perfect in Christ. He had been acquainted with the history of mankind for several thousands of years. He had learned that in the beginning God had made

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man upright;—had made him after his own image and likeness, and had bestowed on him a fulness of divine gifts. He had learned that God had walked and talked with man, face to face, as one friend converseth with another.

He was now learning that man had neglected to keep the laws of God, and had put righteousness far from his soul, and in some cases had become desperately wicked. Some of the best witnesses thought that the evil spirit was in the ascendency and in their confessions had said,—"There is none that doeth good, no, not one." It must have been a low state of society when men could defraud each other, could rob and even destroy the lives of their fellow-men and then reach the place in history, where by doing these things, they could believe they were engaged in God's service.

But the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and this day of wars and slaughter must come to an end. The God of Love and Peace would rule the earth. The Prophets began to assure the people of a better day when nations should learn war no more; when the knowledge of God should cover the land as the waters cover the sea. That a day should come when the testimony of truth should burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea and all that do wickedly should be consumed as stubble.

The Apostle had lived to see that day and had heard the testimony of the Christ, to repent and make strait paths for himself and for the Lord's people in which they could walk with safety. A day in which every knee should bow and every tongue confess after their baptism into the Holy Spirit and fire, that essential ministration of the Christ's Kingdom. He had lived to see the day when all unrighteousness would be consumed as stubble and men would grow unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of the Christ.

Then comes the mystery that men have thrown around the gospel work. Making public profession that they could not understand it themselves, and were quite well assured that others could not understand it. By the side of this they have built up a creed and then multiplied to themselves forms and ceremonies till the truth is almost wholly obscured from sight. That which Jesus had taught was soon lost from view and in place of his spiritual mission the church accepted all the worldly relations that had occupied the mind of man. They chose darkness rather than light and from this darkness grew the distorted views of a future life.

Whatever may be said by speculative minds upon the subject of present or future happiness, an unerring guide has been given that we may not miss the prize and this privilege is awarded to the pure in heart, to those who by an honest confession are made able to deny themselves of all ungodliness and every worldly lust. It is for them to put off the old man with his deeds and put on the Lord, Jesus Christ. "For every knee shall bow" before the spirit of the Christ, "and every tongue confess" to the light that comes to them from God. This forms the discipline of the gospel work for every man. It is to be the rule of his whole life. He is to become a new creature in his

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general deportment. To speak a new language of which the angels of God need not be ashamed.

To be presented perfect in Christ Jesus we must be cleansed from all unrighteousness. This must include the whole of life; the manner in which we eat and drink, the language we speak, the raiment we wear, and no less the spiritual foundation upon which we build.

East Canterbury, N. H.

FAITH.

By Jessie Evans.

FAITH is distinctly a gift of God to the soul. The natural mind knows nothing of the spiritual insight which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." The mind which grasps only material evidence and believes only what the senses convey to it, can not lay claim to the possession of this essentially immaterial virtue.

Faith is far-sighted. It sees the victory beyond the battle, harvest beyond seed-time, calm after storm, plenty after famine, glory after conquest, answer during prayer and fulfillment in promise. Faith is never discouraged, never cast down. Faith breathes optimism. Present conditions, while anything but gratifying are viewed, not as a permanent evil, but as a means leading by its bitter, its serious lessons to an all-glorious end. The exceeding whiteness of soul alluded to by the inspired Revelator was that "which came *out of great tribulation*"—not untried virtue.

Faith is a strong gift, which succumbs to no opposite element. "Change and decay in all around" we see, human affections rise and fall, fortune's smiles and frowns alternate; and while at times we are permitted to feel that every wind is in our favor, at others we experience the reverses which make us wary. Faith comes from the heavens to our relief, as an unfailing spring in a desert—a deep abiding trust that our God is an arm that is "not shortened," an eye that never slumbers, and an omnipresence that takes cognizance of every parching wind of earth that sweeps over us. Like charity, faith "hopeth all things, endureth all things" and "never faileth."

Jesus's life was a glorious reign of the Christ faith. The record of his divine ministry shows the extremes of human expression. He was both reticent and aggressive, taciturn and eloquent, persuasive and compulsive, simple yet mysterious—but all proceeded from the spirit power which was an unobstructed emanation from God to him, and which may be as freely transmitted to us through Christ as mediator. The faith manifested by Jesus, the faith which buoyed his soul even through the death agonies of Gethsemane,

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may be ours. How dark, how hopeless is a life unlighted by the sunshine of faith!

The eye of the human sees the heavy burden, the weary nerves sink under the pressure of its iron hand, but the eye of faith catches sight of the "everlasting arm," which is underneath, always between us and the trial—and tho the burden must still be borne, with Christ we whisper, "My yoke is easy and my burden light," since the Almighty is with me. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," for this is the avenue through which he speaks to his earth children.

With what glorious faith is the Lord's Prayer freighted!—"for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever!" Faith such as that which sustained our holy Savior, if sown in the human family, tho only as grains of "mustard seed," would revolutionize all the affairs of men. The "mountain" is "cast into the sea" at the command of faith; if we still struggle with the mountain we have no faith, since Christ's words never have been proved false.

But carnal reasoning has crept insidiously into our religious circles and its sinister influence clouds the vision. Faith does not stand before the bar of human argument. We should at all times be able to give a reason for the hope that is within us, yet who can "by searching find out God?" Faith is the breath of the eternal, hence can not be defined by the finite. Can a child tell why he reposes implicit faith in the mother love that is his wing of safety, whatever betide? Neither are we able by any force of logic to impart to another the history of our heaven-born faith. "Deep calleth unto deep," and through spiritual media alone does faith find expression. It is "as if a man should cast seed into the ground and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how."

A writer has left this beautiful allusion to the subject;—

"With constant faith surpassing doubt
I stand and watch the tide go out,
That 'twill come back I say to you
I do not know, and yet I do.

At eventide I see the day
Put night on guard and go away,
Will morning come the mist to woo?
I do not know and yet I do.

I see the sere that autumns bring,
Will verdure come with waking spring?
My faith alone can answer true—
I do not know and yet I do.

We see our loved ones droop and die,
Hath heaven a brighter life on high?
Is death the vale that leads thereto?—
I do not know and yet I do."

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"The faith once delivered to the saints" has been entrusted to our keeping —the faith of the martyrs who have died for it, the faith of the holy who have lived for it. It behooves us to stand fast to its behests like men and women of God. The good old gospel ship has not lost one of its timbers. Its crew, few or many, are all "free volunteers," the deserter shuns the working force.

Passengers leave at all ports; but officers and men are at the post of duty until the voyage is ended. Our spiritual "stars and stripes" float aloft unharmed by a century's cannonading from the enemy.

Faith—a living faith borne out in practical righteousness—gives us hourly impulse toward freedom and victory, and doubt dies in its presence. God is God, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," and our faith is anchored there.

East Canterbury, N. H.

VISIT OF OUR BROTHER, DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

By Catherine Allen.

THROUGH the "Banner of Light" we learned that our esteemed friend and brother of long acquaintance was again to cross the continent, leaving his home in San Diego, California for regions near our home, his object that of attending the fiftieth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism held in Rochester, N. Y.

For a long time he has kept his connection with us only through correspondence, but responding to an invitation from the North family to again visit us in person, he gave a most cordial reply and on April 11, we had the pleasure of receiving him in our home.

Since our last meeting, time had whitened his locks, but in his erect form and energetic manner we noted not failure, but rather an increase of vigor, which at the age of seventy-seven gave promise of verifying the teachings of one of his books entitled, "How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully."

It may interest many to know by what means and to what degree, Doctor Peebles holds the relationship of Brother to our Order. About thirty years since, when attending a convention of Reformers in New York City, at which Elder Frederic W. Evans was present, he felt strongly imprest to acknowledge the latter as a spiritual Father. Moved by this feeling, after the meeting he sought introduction to Elder Frederic, and expressing a desire for a further interview was invited to the hotel where he made known the leadings of the spirit and took the initiatory step by freely opening his mind. He thus practically acknowledged the principle of mediation as establisht in our Church, believing that it would prove to him a protection from the influences of unregenerate spirits and a means of quickening the receptive faculties to a fuller influx from celestial realms.

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Being a spiritual spiritist and deeply religious, he placed no undue value on the chaff of merely phenomenal manifestations, but sought the living truth that would touch the inner life and elevate to that high plane to which Jesus referred when he said;—"If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." To be ministered to by "Christ angels" and through conquest of the earthly life within, to hold permanent relationship with spirits in and out of the body who had thus entered the resurrection life, was his expressed desire at the time of his first meeting with Elder Frederic. Subsequently he visited Mt. Lebanon, which he has ever since considered his spiritual center,—the home of his soul.

In his recent visit he immediately put himself at our service, and the first evening the Church family met with us for an informal meeting where we heard much of interest, connected with his travels and experiences with people and places. He seemed alive with the Spirit and desired that chairs be set aside while we entered into the march, but the room being rather small for so large a company, this was deferred till another occasion.

As a physician of long experience, and one who has studied man as a triune being, body, soul and spirit we felt confidence in his advice concerning the treatment of disease. Without denying that matter is matter and that evil is evil, he accepts and teaches what to us seems the central truth and vital principle of the many Christian Science and Mental Healing theories, that God, goodness, truth and health are positive in nature, evil and disease negative conditions, that all creative and renewing forces work from within outward. He believes that medicines (from the vegetable kingdom) may sometimes be helpful on the same principle that different qualities of food may supply certain deficiencies, intelligent observance of physiological law is always necessary, but most potent of all healing properties is that influx from the divine creative Source, made possible to those who cultivate the receptive faculties to this end.

The second evening, the four families of the Society assembled at the Church family to hear a discourse upon things of this world and that which is to come. Rich in instruction and inspirational power were the two hours of our assembling there.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

[*The following sketch from the pen of Dr. Peebles, is taken from "The Light of Truth" of May 7, 1898.*]

THE SHAKERS AND SHAKER SPIRITUALISM.

By Dr. J. M. Peebles.

THO several times encircling the globe, I have never seen—never found a Christian. I have found Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Mormons, Seventh-Day Adventists—selling, cheating, persecuting, marrying, robbing, fighting and even killing

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each other on gory battlefields, and all "In his name." But not a Christian, a real genuine, spiritually-minded Christian, did I see. I saw and heard of those professing Christianity, but professing and possessing are very different things. Those professing were just as scheming, worldly and wicked as those they condemned for not having a creed fashioned after their own. In fact, they were earthy and fully in line with John Milton's Mythic Demons. On a sunny spring day, I was dropt down from the carriage into the midst of several families or societies of Christians—and what a change! what quietness! what peace! Altho advocating for many years that heaven was only a condition, I was now half inclined to say—"It is a place—and I have found it."

Tho the Shakers have existed in America for a hundred years or more, the masses do not seem to fully understand their teachings or the heavenly lives that they live. The Shaker socialism is largely a pattern of an Essenean or Nazarenean communism of Apostolic times. They are a spiritual people. They do not profess perfection, but they are seeking to attain the highest and the purest.

I know of no locality where there is so much freedom, real soul freedom, as in Shaker communities, and by freedom I mean liberty, the sweet liberty to do right—to come into order and live the better, higher life. These Communities are not as numerously peopled as they were many years ago. This was prophesied by their seers and visionists, and it was further prophesied that ere the close of this century there would begin a great ingathering of ripened souls.

The Shakers are a progressive people. They seek the new improvements in machinery, in culinary affairs and also in literature. They will not fight. During the Civil War, in Kentucky, both armies, the North and the South, marcht through and over their farms and they fed both armies from their barns, their storehouses and their tables. They believe in arbitration for the settlement of difficulties.

The Shakers have made a practical exemplification of woman suffrage, of woman's equality with man, for a hundred years. In their families the government is held and equally administered by both male and female, the two halves of one circle.

Many, very many whom I know would be infinitely better off, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually if they were to gather into these beautiful Shaker homes. Here they would find tender, sympathizing brothers and sisters. Here they would find music, libraries to read, gardens to be cultivated, fields to be tilled, and associations at once refining, loving and spiritualizing. Of course they would not find perfection—perfection does not abound upon this earth. There is but one absolute perfection in the universe, and that is God—but there is no place where the perfect life is so readily and philosophically attained as in a Shaker community.

The above description of what I saw, or heard or know of the Shakers, especially at Mt. Lebanon, is true, and the truth as I see it I will fearlessly speak and fearlessly write, and that, too, if I offend every acquaintance, forfeit every friendship, part with every friend and lose every earthly possession. This is my motto: "Peace—peace if possible, but the truth at all hazards and at all prices."

Indianapolis, Ind.

In Memory of our Sister, SALLY CEELEY.

By Elder Abraham Perkins.

"GOD is good to Israel, to such as are of a clean heart;"—and such was the character of Sister Sally. For seventy years I have been acquainted with her life and know whereof I speak. Of her genuine good-

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ness, her kindness of heart, her gentleness of spirit, her humility and self-sacrifice, I have seen and known much.

With a God-fearing spirit she abounded, ever bearing testimony against every form of evil, tho it cost her suffering, and tho in a degree, it severed friendships she would gladly hold; and yet, with that testimony she exercised care and gentleness, to avoid giving wounds; and knowing such effect it grieved her and reconciliation and pardon would invariably be sought.

In the order of the anointed priesthood, a strong faith was early planted in her soul and it was with the greatest care and interest, spiritually vital, that she sought to understand the gift at the altar and the will of those who ministered thereat, so firmly did she believe this to be the means of God for salvation. Indeed there was no rest for her, until she could feel her soul unvailed before the light resting there, and through that mediatorial order she received blessing. Persistent as was Jacob who would not suffer the angel to go until he blest him, so our Sister wrestled for that spirit and life which crowns her conqueror.

Very soon after my admission to fellowship in our Christian church, I met with the dear Sister and learning that from early childhood she had been educated among this people, how pure and innocent must be her life, I thought,—how unknown to her must be the sins of this world; how faultless must she be before God! I ventured to make some such remark to her. Her reply gave me a surprise; it showed me her convictions. I perceived she had been with Christ who had revealed to her the knowledge of her humanity and an acquaintance with the human heart.

Protected as she had been, she discovered in herself a world to overcome. At that early day of my gospel privilege, I was but a tyro; ignorant, comparatively, of the vastness of the Christian work before me and of the weakness of humanity, therefore I was unable fully to comprehend her meaning. Since then, I have had experiences which have enlightened my soul and given me knowledge of the lesson she set before me. I have been in constant attendance at a school which has given me many profitable lessons, given me a key to my own heart and actual knowledge of the work of God unto salvation, clearly delineating the branches of knowledge pursued by our departed Sister early in childhood which, I believe, has given her an honorable and coveted graduation, fitting her for the society of the just made and making perfect and for a home and an alliance with angels.

She has left for us a bright example of righteousness worthy our emulation which should stimulate others to "go and do likewise."

East Canterbury, N. H.

To climb the golden ladder, which doth lead to God above;
I must have my strength made great, by feeding on God's love.

W. C. McGinnis.

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CAUSE AND EFFECT.

By Hamilton DeGraw.

IN comprehending and illustrating this Divine law, we are entering a realm which has been considered too sacred for man. if we are to judge by the methods of procedure by which he has dealt with the momentous questions pertaining to his life and destiny. But to deny that there is a realm forbidden him to explore is only proclaiming a truth known to illuminated minds of all ages. He has been debarred only by his inability to understand the facts pertaining to those questions, which will be removed as he develops his capacity for their comprehension.

The laws both of heredity and climatic influences are as operative with nations and races as with individual entities; they being some of the prominent causes which have produced the diversified lines of thought manifest in the different races. The effects produced are largely shown in their religious beliefs and with that hold upon the intellect and conscience which makes the efforts to turn the current of national thought into a foreign channel an almost hopeless task. In the efforts to Christianize the old religious beliefs of India which date back long anterior to the foundation of our religious cycle, and rejecting the causes by which they were produced and ignoring the universal truth which underlies the foundation of all religious beliefs, and trying to place them upon false premises has produced the effects which are apparent at the present time.

Assertions that they do not sympathize with modern thought and are holding back the car of progress that to outward appearances is moving forward with increasing speed is not satisfactory, for while accepting the belief of all religious systems in the universal destiny of the race, may they not find acceptable reasons for rejecting that which to those who are looking into the interior life is moving on a line which unless changed will culminate in results as disastrous as those which overthrew the nations of antiquity. "All is not gold that glitters nor wealth that shines," and in our own country the efforts made to alleviate the unfortunates in life's battle by building asylums where they can find relief, and places of refuge where the criminally inclined can be incarcerated and society protected from their depredations is without doubt prompted by feelings of kindness; but it is only dealing with the effects as they are made apparent and neglecting the causes which are productive of such discordant results.

When through gigantic combinations of wealth the necessities of life can be advanced in price beyond the limit which the laws of trade demand, and the rights of the people rejected to the extent that millions can be placed to the credit of the combination as witness the recent coal combine, where is the limit to be placed and how will those poverty producing forces be brought under the control of the higher law of love to our fellow man? By donating

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a few thousand to the founding of asylums or to prosecute those unfortunates goaded to desperation by want they may think to quiet their conscience and be represented before the world as her benefactors. But "the blood of thy brother crieth unto me from the ground" is the voice of the divine Spirit and never before has it been with such distinctness as at the present time. We are not sounding the note of an alarmist who believes that the efforts which are being made for improvement are futile to stem the revolutionary tendencies but whether the transition from the convulsive period of the present to the more perfect one of the coming time shall be through a peaceful educational development of an understanding and acceptance of the Divine law which says that, while one being created in the image of the Father suffers hunger or cold, or has not the means placed within its reach that it can use for its material and spiritual improvement society has a great preparatory work to do and is on dangerous ground until it is accomplisht. Or will it be as has been the changes of the past through clashing of interests culminating in the arbitrament of war?

The pilot that is to direct human life out of the almost interminable labyrinth into which it has plunged largely through ignorance of the laws governing its own life, is the Divine law which says that every effect is the result of a corresponding cause which clears away the mystification that has to the external mind clouded the truth and in the form of creeds and senseless ceremonies made it difficult to understand, when "the wayfarer tho a fool need not err" in his comprehension if presented unmasked. Geology tells us that the present forms of life retain faint traces of markings by which they can be traced back to the more primitive forms from whence they came and placed in their true order by the divine law of evolution as it has operated in the material world. So in the realm of the spiritual the forms of thought which are the effects of a past barbaric age have left their impress upon the present, but which is passing away through the ability of the soul to more perfectly understand the truth enabling it to discriminate between the forces that are only transitory in their operation and those that are eternal.

While in the darkness of night we hope for and have confidence in the coming of morning; so in the present blindness, measures that at best are only temporary in their operation will give place to that knowledge which will go to the foundation of the social structure, placing the temple that will be reared on a basis that is enduring, proving the truth of the words of the Divine Teacher, "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Shakers, N. Y.

TRUE repentance is turning from evil to good; from self to God. Tears without turning will never be owned for repentance.—*R. W. P.*

HE walks with God who walks with man aright.—*M. J. A.*

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THE MANIFESTO.

JULY, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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TERMS.

One copy one year, postage paid. .50

A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

REMITTANCES for subscription by Money Order should be on the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

May.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.
1897.	56.74	2.25 in.
1898.	56.	3.875 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.		80 above 0.
Lowest " " " "		40 " "
Number of rainy days " "		10
" " clear " " "		8
" " cloudy " " "		13

June, 1898.

MAY has been profuse in blossoms. Fruit trees of all kinds; shrubs, vines, plants and even the mosses have been clad with all the variegated tints that produce beauty and impart aroma to give pleasure to the artistic mind and to suffuse the appreciative senses. If fruits are produced in proportion to the profusion of blossoms we can not reasonably say that we are scantily supplied with frugiverous aliment.

The month has been superabundantly suffused with rain and overshadowed with clouds, so that very little planting has been done either on the farm or in the garden. Upon the whole, the spring months have been quite backward. We have had but eight clear days in May.

About the 8th of June we shall have the presence of our Ministry with us for a few days to arrange the program for the summer and then away they will be gone most of the ensuing year. We are informed that the Alfred Ministry will be with us some time this week. It is quite an interval since we were privileged to enjoy their company. They will be very welcome.

Some repairs are being made for home accommodations, and our tenants. Turn and turn and overturn are the necessary requisitions demanded if we keep abreast of this progressive age, even if we abstain from battering the fortifications of Spain. We have a paramount duty to keep at bay those discordant passions that make enemies of nations and that produce discord among members of the same family, and as a religious body to maintain the principle and the practice of unsullied peace and harmony that ultimately will result in the Great Millennium, which is the anticipated outcome of the Christian Dispensation, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks; when cannons, guns, bayonets and pistols, shall be turned into implements of peaceful industry; when war vessels shall be used for commercial purposes only, and nations shall neither learn nor practice war any more. Even so, angels and men speed the day!

It is a time of general health in our family, and so far as I know of the Society. May this blessing continue with us, and may we truly feel;

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"Angels e'er are near us, watching o'er our way,
We may hear their voices mid the toil of day,
We may know their presence, giving strength and cheer;
Weary not, worry not—angels e'er are near."

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

June, 1898.

JUNE, lovely June, with its sunshine and showers gives us of its beauties in the springing forth of fruits and flowers.

The Brethren, engaged in the necessary sowing and planting have watcht with careful and anxious eye for the growth of vegetation. Fear, many times, has taken possession of the sower lest frequent rains might destroy the tender plants.

Eldress Anna White and Sister Ann Offord spent a few days in the vicinity of Boston. Much interest was shown by the friends there through the investigation of Shakerism, also the subject of Arbitration was discussed bringing up both sides of the question. The Sisters distributed many tracts entitled "War Positively Unchristian." On their return home they stopt at Enfield, Conn. The meeting of gospel kindred strengthens the bond of love and friendship which only the true disciple of Christ can realize and appreciate.

The article in the Ladies' Home Journal, "A Wonderful Little World of People," has awakened many minds to the knowledge that in this beautiful world there is a people who are living in it, but who are not one with it, that pleasure and enjoyment does not necessarily consist in outward or external amusement. The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace and everlasting life.

Sarah J. Burger.

South Family.

June, 1898.

A NEW season has dawned, a summer of beauty and action lies before us, the resurrection of life in its fullness. Old things are passing away, behold all things are becoming new.

With the aid of paint, energy and perseverance a newness of life is being printed on our home, external and internal, and we wonder

"If our home is so beautiful here,
What must be our final home!
If things that perish, so lovely appear,
What must it be in the world to come!"

We have at present a promise of a fruitful harvest; if a profusion of blossoms is a forerunner of such glad tidings no one need want for the fruitage of the vineyard.

Just now we are anticipating a delegation from the East. They will compose our Maine company and be our Maine stay while with us.

Decoration day was pleasingly observed by members of Second family with a party from our family who spent a few hours among the graves of many who "died on earth but live in heaven." Songs appropriate to the occasion were sung, readings recitations and dialogs were spoken in harmony with the observance of the day. The graves were richly strewn with flowers of the season. Kind thoughts of the departed were exprest as the floral offerings were carefully deposited in memory of the absent ones, and we thought of our dearest friend and Sister, Lydia Dole whose spirit is happy above and ofttimes visits us during the active hours of the day and holds sweet communion with us while we travel through dreamland.

The far-famed Shaker chairs of Mt. Lebanon are in constant demand from all points of the compass. They are recommended for their beauty, perfection and comfort.

Should any one care
For a good Shaker chair
At Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. let them call,
We have them just right
Cherry color and white
And can suit both the great and the small.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

June, 1898.

THERE has been evolved from out of the struggle between the cold of spring and summer's warmth a royal diadem of

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roses. Lovely June is now triumphantly enthroned as the leader and director of the forces which will, when the shades of autumn deepen, bring to us the consummation of garners well supplied, we hope, with the products which a bountiful season has placed at our disposal.

The diary notes from the travels of the early missionaries who visited the West in the early years of the century are interesting. They went forward with their life in their hands, ready to lay it down at the call of duty. Of such souls are constituted the hero martyrs who by their example have made it honorable to be counted with those who are willing to suffer for the truth. Those who were receivers of that divine light, as well as the mediums through which it was given, know that its promulgation was fraught with dangers that the ordinary mortal would not have braved unless inspired by a zeal and consecration that could make the words of the divine Teacher applicable: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We have realized of late more than usual the conscious presence of those dear friends who have past beyond the limits of the shadows that to a greater or less extent enshroud our earth life. In our seasons of devotion they have especially manifested their presence to admonish and to comfort those who yet have the battle of life to fight.

Hamilton DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

June, 1898.

JUNE, the ideal month of sunshine and beauty is with us once more, and we are enjoying its many virtues, realizing that it will leave us all too soon, and imagining a day in the distant future when we may enjoy preserved June sunshine, taken from the abundance of that month for use during the cold winter. Since our last call at the Home Circle nature has been busily at work. The trees have budded and blossomed in all their varied beauty, and have now cast aside their holiday attire, and are hard at work forming the fruits for a harvest by and by.

A step from the artificial brings us to the useful, in the plant kingdom, and reminds us of the stores of hay gathered last summer by the wise people of Hancock. After wintering the stock from the supply and losing between sixty and seventy tons by fire, this spring there has been prest, one hundred ninety-five tons, and one hundred tons still remain. Last week six car loads were sent from our depot to New York. The price paid however, is too low to give satisfaction and the remainder will be kept until brighter days and higher prices appear.

Some of our buildings are renewing their youth, at least in appearance, by fresh paint. The Ministry's shop is just completed and is greatly improved. Other buildings are to share the same treatment. The new barn is finisht with the exception of the covering of the roof with tin shingles.

The familiar couplet, "There's never a day so cloudy but a little sun appears" might be reversed to suit the present occasion with us. for that there's never a day so sunny but a little cloud appears is proved true by the departure of our loved Ministry to-morrow for Mt. Lebanon. But having resolved to be unselfish, we will congratulate our friends over the mountain for the presence of souls so true.

As we are writing the door opens and we are introduced to friends from Maine, Eldress Harriet Goodwin, Elders William Dumont and Henry Green, who are making a very short call at our home, for like golden opportunities we hardly realize their presence when we find they have left us, having delivered, however, messages of courage and good cheer.

Fidelia Estabrook.

Enfield, N. H.

June, 1898.

THE daring, heroic deed of Lieut. Richmond Hobson and his associates in sinking the Merrimac in the Santiago harbor to

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bar in the Spanish fleet, not only adds another mark of merit to American naval history, but tells in clarion tones of strict discipline and self-surrender to duty's call requiring a whole life in service. No less is required of the followers of Christ, called to battle the evils that war against the bulwarks of truth and virtue,—a divine engagement, prohibiting conquests by all things that bear the stamp of unchristliness.

"Grain by grain the treasure's won,
Step by step the race is run,
Then be patient, toil away,
Gain a little every day."

To idly wait for an occasion to do some great deed which idle dreaming may cast upon the glass of transitory imagination, and let pass the many little acts of fellow-helpfulness each day presents, denotes a slipshod state of morality, a treasure well rusted with sordid selfishness.

The fruits of our faith are the acts done, by intellect prompted, and only absolute mastery of self and strong faith in the possibility to gain the aspired-for attitude of spirituality can make chastity's fortress impregnable and her treasures such as bless humanity.

Idleness is inconsistent with a Christian life and sweet musings of no inspiring virtue, are the cobwebs of spiritual disease, which if not removed from the life will ultimately deface the whole superstructure of character and active goodness.

An inspection of our orchards revealed trees heavily laden with blossoms, foretelling an abundance of fruit, no unseen foe appearing. Our three strawberry beds, set out and managed by Sisters, Isabella Russell and Lizzie Curtis, also promise a large crop of our favorite berry.

Iron pipe, comprising nine pieces and weighing nearly seven tons, has been purchased to replace the old wood pipe which has done good service for over half a century at our saw-mill, where over thirty thousand shingles have been sawed this spring by one of our young Brethren.

With love to all, we would live out the inspiration of Emerson's grand thought:—

"And each shall care for the other,
And each to each shall bend;
To the poor, a noble brother,
To the good, an equal friend."

George H. Baxter.

East Canterbury, N. H.

June, 1898.

FAITH and industry are beautifully combined in the ideal Christian character. This dual element of success challenges the world for a greater.

Our farmers are particularly active at this season, and the home bulletin gives full scope to their reports. One and a half acres of early potatoes, and ten of later variety are already planted. Ensilage corn covering twenty acres has put in an appearance three inches tall, it seems to realize that three large silos, each of 100 ton capacity, are to be well stockt in the fall. Field corn covers three acres. The farmer prophets notify "all whom it may concern" of an ample hay crop D. V. adding the toothsome message that green peas will be ready for consumption before the end of the month. Asparagus and radishes have already been consumptive, but we diagnosed the case successfully.

All fruit trees promise well, and we have put in large orders. Caterpillars form an opposing army, but some skirmishing has been done in this direction. "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The crow instinct is strong at this season, but few damages are recorded as yet.

Small fruits promise well, cultivated blackberries and raspberries are welcome strangers.

Three severe thunder-storms, with almost cyclonic wind, came this way on the 9th but without destruction.

The pastures so green at this date afford ample diet for the cattle, and as grateful response thirty-two fine cows produce ninety-five gallons of milk per day. This enables us to sell on an average perhaps one hundred pounds of butter per week.

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Love to Zion and her interests, spiritual and material, being the loom which centers all the threads of daily devotion, our web can bear the scrutiny of the keen or the curious.

Jessie Evans.

Narcoossee, Fla.

June, 1898.

FRUIT trees and vegetables of all kinds from middle to southern Florida are suffering very much for the want of rain. The Managers of the great St. Cloud Sugar Plantation were at our home last week and exprest a deep feeling of interest about their sugar-cane. They said unless there came rain and that soon, their crop would be an entire failure. If such be the case it will be a bad stroke to Osceola Co. They exprest a very satisfactory feeling as to the looks of our cane, pine-apples and Irish potatoes, all telling the worth of irrigation. For over a month our windmill and tank have been in constant use.

Our young Believers three in number, have attended to this part of the program while we old settlers have been making three miles more of fence to protect us from the herds of marauding cattle that are now covering the plains of Florida, let loose by their owners in search of pasturage and water in hopes of sustaining life through this terrible drought. Every part of Florida that has not a fence to protect the farmer is free plunder.

Our tomato crop, which is the largest we have ever planted, is just beginning to ripen, and judging from present prospects we shall have some to sell and many to can. Corn crop all through the state is a failure and this tells on the poor farmer—75 cents a bushel. Sister Annie Lane is just now putting in part of her time in poultry-raising—thus far it is a success. The old hen hatches the chickens and after two days Sister Annie takes them to the Brooder to do the rest. This certainly makes the labor in raising a flock of chickens far less. All information in regard to raising chickens by Brooders can be had from Brother Francis Pennybaker of Pleasant Hill, Mercer Co., Ky. To those who make this a business it is worth their time to look into the matter, for in this way we have not lost a chicken, while with us and with others, it was common at times to lose a third of the brood. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Corn and rye ensilage is beginning to be used in Florida and farmers are experimenting as to its worth in the dairy line. Could the dairy business be well regulated in Florida it would improve the advantages of living very much. The whole drift has been for beef cattle and but very little attention given to the dairy.

Life means learning to abhor the false and love the true. Every day teaches us lessons in our new home, and can we only reject the errors and hold to the true we shall finally succeed.

Andrew Barrett.

Watervliet, Ohio.

June, 1898.

SEASON follows season, and we know it has been declared by the word of God that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail." We have many blessings to record in the past and present. The month of June is now with us, and nature manifests herself in beauty which delights the eye and the thoughts.

Bright prospects of bountiful harvests make us particularly thankful. Our meadows say that there will be a large crop of hay, wheat is looking well, raspberries and strawberries are in fine condition. In fact we expect a generous crop of all kinds of fruit this year, for which we have great reason to thank God.

We have been blest by a visit from our Ministry of Union Village, between the 4th and 7th inst. During church service on the Sabbath we were addrest by Elder Joseph, and by Elder Oliver C. Hampton. The words that were spoken came from experience, and we believe much good will result.

Our Brother James McBride is very

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feeble, otherwise the health of our Society is good.

As our prospects seem bright in all temporal things, let us ever be mindful of the goodness of God and his mercies, and seek to realize our spiritual ideals in the life that is and that which is to come.

John Westwood.

WHICH IS THE BETTER WAY?

How many of us when we come into collision with another think that he also may be hurt?

A little boy bumpt his head against the wall, and ran to his mother crying to be kissed. She said: "What a bad wall to hurt poor Willie! Go hit the wall!" Another day he bumpt his head against a playmate, and at once struck him to punish the injury.

Another child, with a wiser mother, hurt himself, and after the spot had been duly kist, the mother said: "But who will kiss the poor chair? You hit the chair when you tumbled against it."

When he fell against his little brother, and they both got hurt, he remembered the lesson, and said: "Kiss Harry, too."

Which is the better way, and which child will be more likely to grow up kind and considerate in all the relations of life?

OUR EXCHANGES.

NOTES AND QUERIES is a Monthly Magazine of History, Folk Lore, Mathematics, Mysticism, Art, Science, etc. Publisht by C. S. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

THE CHRISTIAN is an Illustrated Monthly, Religious, Temperance, Family Paper, comprising four, 4—page papers. Edited by H. L. Hastings, Boston, Mass.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS is publisht in the interest of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." It is under the editorial management of George T. Angell, Boston, Mass.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY AND ANTI-VACCINATION, edited by Dr. T. V. Gifford of Kokomo, Ind. "Devoted to a correct method of living and a scientific and successful system of treating the sick without the use of drugs."

☞As soon as a hermetically sealed fruit can is opened pour out all the fruit, as the acid on the tin and the acid of the atmosphere, will generate a poison.

Deaths.

Rebecca Edwards, at South Union, Ky. April 11, 1898. Age 79 years 1 mo. and 25 days.

Sister Rebecca entered the Society forty-nine years ago, and has been an interested laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, giving her talents unreservedly to his service.

J. C.

Sally Ceeley, at East Canterbury, N. H. June 4, 1898. Age 92 years 5 mo. and 5 days.

A ripened sheaf is gathered into the "harvest home." J. E.

Eldress Angeline Alvira Conklin, at Shakers, N. Y. June 4, 1898. Age 72 years 4 mo. and 10 days.

She has been among Believers since childhood, has filled all places of care and trust in the family. Faithfully, honestly and conscientiously she has proved her faith by her works. "No greater love and consecration can any soul show, than to willingly lay down his life for the cause." This she has done. In her we lose a mother, counselor and friend. I. A.

Jerusha Truair, at Shakers N. Y. June 6, 1898. Age 81 years 7 mo. and 27 days.

She had been with Believers for sixty-six years, first with the Society at Sodus, with whom she removed to Groveland, thence to Shakers, N. Y. She has been an honest, industrious, faithful soul, and has lived a long life of usefulness.

E. E. W.

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and characteristic cover, upon which is represented the Oregon on its way to join the fleet, as well as the colored map of Cuba and the West Indies which accompanies each number. This work is publisht by Munn & Co. 361 Broadway, New York, at 25 cents. For sale at all news stands.

In our advertising columns will be found an announcement of Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls' forthcoming book, entitled AMERICA'S WAR FOR HUMANITY. Canvassing agents will find in it a book of remarkable interest, and certainly of extraordinary salability. The history of the war is told in picture and story, and in a way that always characterizes the brilliant pen of Senator Ingalls. In narrating the incidents of this war he finds grand scope for his superb descriptive and analytical powers. The theme is worthy of the author, and the author is worthy of the theme. It is published by N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., of St Louis, Mo. It will be a monumental work that will not only be everywhere read, but it will be a monument to his genius that will outlive in history his brilliant senatorial career. The subscription book trade and the canvassing agent are fortunate in the fact that an author of such rare ability has been enlisted in its interest.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIO-THERAPY, The Science of Life; The Sick Man's Vision; The Fashion of Mourning Veils at Funerals; The Slaughter of Birds; Anti-Vaccination; Christian Living; The Science of Phrenology. Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

Rear-Admiral Dewey greets us in portraiture from the cover of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL June No., and within is a timely character sketch of the Hero of Manila, by J. A. Fowler. Fighting Physiognomy; An Analysis of Four Prominent Presidents of the United States; In English and American Men and Women of Note, D. T. Elliot presents very interesting sketches, with portraits of Mr. T. McKinnon Wood, the late Rev. Geo. Muller, Mrs. Clarence Burns, and Mr John T. Miller. Phrenology and Religion; The Amateur Phrenological Club; The Healing Art in the Twentieth Century; Child Culture, etc. Fowler and Wells Co., 27 East 21st St., New York.

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East Canterbury, N. H.

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AUGUST, 1898.

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Books & Papers.

INEBRIETY, Its Source, Prevention and Cure, by Chas. Follen Palmer, 12 mo. Cloth, Gilt Top. Net, 50 cts. This excellent little work comes into our Library at the direction of Mrs. Palmer. We heartily commend it as a treatise of merit upon a world-wide evil. Publisht by Fleming H. Revell Co., 158 Fifth Ave., New York.

Among the contributors to the July Magazine Number of THE OUTLOOK (which, by the way, is a special Patriotic Number) are, Colonel T. W. Higginson, who tells the story of The First Black Regiment; Brigadier General F. D. Grant, whose subject is With Grant at Vicksburg; Edward Everett Hale, who continues his delightful James Russell Lowell and His Friends; and Lyman Abbot, who in this and a preceding issue furnishes in full his recent address on The Supernatural, which has aroused so much discussion; Christianity in the Camps, is the title of an article by Anna N. Benjamin, written at Tampa, and illustrated with photographs by the author. ($3 a year.) The Outlook Co., 287 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY is devoted to the principles of health in a broad sense. Dr. Gifford presents in the June No. another chapter on The Science of Life, and the usual departments of Anti-Vaccination and Phrenology are well represented. Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind. Price 75 cents per annum.

President McKinley is to be given the unique distinction of having a number of a woman's magazine named for him and prepared in his honor. The July issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* is to be called "The President's Number." It will show the President on horseback on the cover, with the President's new "fighting flag" flying over him; a new march by Victor Herbert is called "The President's March;" the State Department has allowed the magazine to make a direct photograph of the original parchment of the Declaration of Independence, while the President's own friends and intimates have combined to tell some twenty new and unpublished stories and anecdotes about him which will show him in a manner not before done. The cover will be printed in the National colors.

A most valuable and interesting work, neatly bound in two volumes, bearing the title "The Black Monks of St. Benedict," has just come to us from Longmans, Green & Co., of New York. Historians, Protestant and Catholic alike, have acknowledged the wonderful work done by the noble sons of St. Benedict in an age when the greater part of the Old World was groping in the darkness of Paganism. The Benedictines evangalized nation after nation. The echoes of their voices have awakened every shore. Rev. E. L. Taunton, the author of "The Black Monks of St. Benedict" deals chiefly with the work of the monks in England. The great abbeys still standing in various parts of England bear eloquent testimony to the work of the monks. Within these abbeys the arts and sciences were taught and fostered, and much of the classical writings which were the glory of ancient Rome, were preserved. Every chapter of the work is of especial interest. The one entitled "The Monk in the Monastery" brings the reader into close touch with the every-day life of the monks. We can not say too much in praise of the work. No student of ecclesiastical history can afford to pass it over. It is one of the works that is "born to live." The work will be no less interesting and valuable to the members of religious communities. After the Savior and his apostles had disappeared from this earth, it was the Benedictines who took up and continued their life of communism, in fact, communism reached its highest development among the Benedictines. It may be of interest to note here that these same monks founded as far back as the fourth century have to-day a flourishing college and monastery, in the state of New Hampshire proudly situated on one of its lovely hills, near the city of Manchester. The building is a massive brick structure, and a master-piece of architecture. Within its walls the monks live the very same life of religious communism which was lived by their brethren centuries ago on the vine-clad hills of Italy.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. AUGUST, 1898. No. 8.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

"Grain by grain the treasure is won,
And step by step the race is run."

THIS is so like our pilgrimage through this life,—so like the growth of the body and then so like the growth of the soul. Altho there may be a religious revival and a sudden ascendency from wrong to right, from low estates to a seeming exalted Christian character, yet the lesson that we are constantly learning from nature's law, is that everything moves by the law of its being and unfolds with unvarying precision.

During the weary term of forty years, the children of Israel were moving from the slavery of Egypt, over the mountains and through the wilderness to enable them and their children to enter the land of Canaan as a free nation. They made a bold attempt to free themselves from the land of servitude and so distanced their task-masters that their exultant voices on the shores beyond the Red Sea, had already a triumphant sound.

Altho it was an assured victory, it was only the victory of one degree. They had left the land of Egypt, but that was all. In their manners and customs, in all their appetites and passions, and in their religious belief even to the worshiping of idols, they were exactly as were the Egyptians from whom they had so recently parted.

After their exaltation with music and dancing they took up the line of march for that beautiful land of Canaan, from which they had already re-

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ceived some wonderful specimens of fruit, and which had been represented to them as "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, a land of oil-olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it." "A land that floweth with milk and honey."

But so soon as this nation of Hebrews and the heathen camp followers commenced their journey, the selfishness of human nature began to assert itself, and this favored people, who had inspired teachers sent of God, who had angels commissioned to watch over them, and who had the direct presence of God as a special protection; with all this care they had not manhood enough to deny themselves of the idolatrous customs of the Egyptians or even to abstain from the food and drink of those omnivorous eaters.

They wanted the leeks and garlicks and cucumbers as were provided by their task-masters. "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt," said they, "when we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat bread to the full."

But the journey to that land of promise, and the life they lived is a long story. The trials and temptations, the struggles to keep in the right way and the enduring of influences from in and out of the body demanded an obedience to the spirit of God, as the only sure passport into the land of plenty.

Habits and customs have a tenacity upon the mind that it may take many years to overcome, even when it has been admitted that the habit was wrong. A less sensitive mind may not only ignore a change, but may both by precept and example, hold others from advancing.

Jesus accepted this same thought when he spoke of the Pharisees, and said, they would neither enter the kingdom of God themselves, nor suffer those that are entering to go in. In all probability they concluded that the course they pursued was as good as the more modern one, and as it proved agreeable to their idea of right, possibly it was their best way, but it was not a way of personal Christian discipline.

It is generally conceded that what defiles one man, will defile all men if they pursue the same course of life, and that which purifies one man will purify all men if they walk in the light, and accept the cross of Christ.

On this same line of thought are the words of Mary Hayes Chynoweth;— "There is something more than eating and drinking that a man must overcome. Thinking and feeling wrong will produce poison in the blood and make people believe there is no God. They will fret and get angry and find fault with circumstances."

"Keep your bodies clean to bear the messages of God. You can not do it by eating the things that poison the blood and bring sickness and death. Think of this and see to it that nothing foul or unclean shall be put into your

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mouth, and no thoughts that are unclean and immoral shall proceed from your brain."

If the education of children was continued along these lines of kindness, of honesty, of truthfulness and of chastity, till the coming of more mature years, there would be a wonderful change for the better, on the full development of the mind. It is the step by step. The gradual growth from one degree of knowledge to another, and the maturing into that state where the intelligent reason shall guide them into the best conditions that may be known.

To those of more mature mind it is the putting away of an education of unrighteousness in its every phase and the accepting of an education in the fulness of righteousness, which is the highest light that God has given to man.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Correspondence.

JAPAN. MARCH 24, 1898.

TO A. G. HOLLISTER,

DEAR FRIEND IN CHRIST;—Your very welcome message of Feb. 12, reacht me a few days ago. It is so spiritual and broad in its declaration of truth, I have read it over several times and have also read it to a few friends who were delighted to hear it. It gives me great pleasure to become acquainted with a people who are evidently striving after a life no less perfect than that which our dear Master and Way-shower presented and taught us to follow.

How evident it is that the mind of Christ is at work, for individuals, tho having never met in person, are of one mind, seeing the same spiritual mysteries by revelation from the Father. Thus we may know and understand each other, tho oceans roll between. Our friendship, unlike that of the human mind, will stand the test of time and eternity.

Having risen above my fellow-beings here, I am no longer as one of them, and naturally hunger for the communion of those who are spiritual enough to see the same spiritual mysteries and understand me. You are one of such, and I have a deep feeling of gratitude to have had the privilege of learning of the faith of the body of people to which you belong.

I can not understand how men professing to have searched the teachings of the New Testament for centuries are blind to the truths which are so plain to you and me and others. It can only be that they loved the way of the flesh, and so could not develop spiritually. They were willing to give up a part, but not "*all.*" "Except a man forsake *all* that he hath, he can not be my disciple." Blind preachers teaching a blind people, and "how great is that darkness!" I do not know of any other body of people who strive to

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follow as closely after the teachings of Christ as the Shakers, and I am glad to learn from one of your books the meaning of that name.

At the time of my first distinct revelation, I felt quite alone—since then others have written who understand at least in part, and now I have the pleasure of knowing that you as a body of people have been trying to practice this faith for many years. When I sent out my booklets, many wrote condemning the work, others did not deny its truth, but said it would do harm instead of good because it was premature. The thought came to me, Truth is always premature to those who do not want it. When Christ came eighteen centuries ago, His teachings nailed Him to the cross, but he was not premature. Truth can never be premature, for "He whose right it is shall reign" and evil should never be.

I am glad to learn what I have of sister Ann Lee, and to know of her advanced spiritual life, and the example of her practical life while here. But I do not understand why you call her Mother. Jesus said, "Call no man father upon earth, for one is your Father which is in Heaven;" is it not as much principle to call no woman Mother? Since God is the Parent, both Father and Mother, let us be called Brethren for we must become as little children or as virgins who bear no parental title. Did sister Ann Lee work open miracles as did the early followers of Christ?

I read your letter to a Bible class of young men (Japanese) this morning and again in the evening to a class of some eight or ten seamen. Our interests are one in Christ, hence we need have no fear of each other. Purity of thought extends the boundary of human friendships and seals them to all eternity. As the "bride" of Christ, each must prepare his own "wedding garment," that when the Bridegroom comes to claim his own, we may be found clothed in pure white—a character without spot or blemish.

Yours in that love which binds us together with bands not to be broken even by death, which is to have no power over the righteous.

M. B.——

SOME kind friend has been sending us THE MANIFESTO in which I find many good things. The current number is especially good, and its contents much in advance of the thought of to-day, and expressing so much truth that will be recognized by all truth-searchers, in which I am glad to enroll myself, tho marching under no especial banner, save the banner of "Truth" or "Good." There is a "Free Masonry" that is only felt and recognized by those in the same ranks and it is the sesame that unlocks the treasures of the wealth within and reveals it to the "whosoever will" may come.

Here and there one and another are awaking to the fact that man has dominion over many things that have had dominion over him. Our blessed Master and Way-shower taught it and said, "These things can ye do and

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greater" and there is no other way to the Father "but by me" or by my way—"Follow me." It is not I, but the Father or Spirit "that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." That same spirit dwells in each and every one of us and it is this that makes us great.

I can but think that we have kept ourselves and our brothers down, by only seeing the seeming evil and not looking deeper and thus recognizing the divine and calling the latter into activity. How quickly a child responds to the thought that it is good, or it is bad! Our best educators are recognizing this, and are using the ideals and teaching that those ideals are in each and can be brought into manifestation, that we do not pour knowledge in but we educe or draw it out, and that we are all store-houses of inexhaustible knowledge, having God for the source.

When more recognize this, if it is a fact, we must make greater progress Godward than we have done in the times past, when we have thought of ourselves as poor, vile, weak worms of the dust, with no good in us.

Emerson says, I believe, "Evil is unripe good," just as we might say of an unripe plum or peach on trying to eat it, "It is not good," and one that had never seen the fruit in its ripe state or condition could not be blamed for saying, I can see no good in peaches and plums—but one who knew the deliciousness of those fruits when ripe, will wait with patience until that time comes.

So we only see the unripe conditions of humanity and judge accordingly; but God can see the end from the beginning and knows that all is good. We have only the one ripened specimen of our race—Christ, the Conqueror of death, hell and the grave—but this one is sufficient to show us how glorious mankind is.

I believe we are seeking the truth and we can join in speeding the day when superstition and ignorance of every kind may be "shaken" till the things that can not be shaken may take their place. S. F. T.

Tacoma, Washington.

EVOLUTION.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

"AND the Spirit and the Bride say, Come." This voice of the Spirit and the Bride, is that divine energy, which has been eternally urging the more and more perfect unfoldment of all things, and which in our language goes under the name of Evolution. If we will listen attentively we shall hear it in all the departments of Nature and Grace. It called Abraham out of Chaldea; it called David to the earthly throne of Israel and Jesus to the spiritual throne of the Universe. O my soul, listen diligently to this sublime call, which has never ceast to reverberate through all time and all eternity, and whose word is from everlasting to everlasting, "come up higher."

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The evolution of man upon this earth, is an unspeakably sublime and wonderful phenomenon. There can be no doubt but he was placed here under the circumstances we find him in, and the environment which followed, for some good and glorious purpose, and altho he is not yet sufficiently developt, to see and avoid the horrors of the mutual destruction of his fellow-man, and his fellow-man of him, still he is rising to a higher altitude of spiritual light and perfection, and ere many centuries, will rub off this barnacle of ancient barbarism.

Atheism and materialism are likely to be utterly annihilated by mere science, leaving out the sweeping, overwhelming evidences against it contained in spiritual inspiration and intuition. For example, the materialist looks to the oft-quoted atom for a foundation whereon to build his theory. If this fails him, what then? And now we hear it announced that the atom is not what we call matter at all, but merely a vortex of energy. So then the central plank of materialism falls away forever.

But what if all visible phenomena can be proven to be spiritual in nature? or at least had its origin as an effect, of Spirit as a Cause? And what is an effect but the end of a cause? So much the better, for now we have only one long magnet to study into, and all the old impossible theories gotten up by the old school of Theology, (as useful as it may have been in its day,) can now be dispenst with, without the loss of any valuable material.

The great law of Evolution relegates ignorance and erroneous theories to the limbs of a silent and hopeless oblivion, and altho this is a gradual process, it is none the less inevitable and inexorable. The process when brought to bear on man, is necessarily painful. How agreeable to the sensual man are the lower lusts and excitements of the rudimental condition! But the edict of Divine Evolution is "Come up higher" every time. Then comes the cross against lusts and affections, and in favor of purity of life, love, wisdom, peace and glory. I am not the least surprised, that our holy Savior exacted such extreme conditions of sacrifice of those who would follow him. After every outward possession and animal pleasure, then "his own life also" must be given up. Herewith, the very last cord of individual selfishness is snapt asunder. This consists in surrendering himself entirely subservient to the will of the visible order—the Institution God has establisht for the evolution, protection, travail, and final salvation of man here below.

This was the plan of the Pentecostal Church and Jesus knew it would require just such an institution, to set man on the highest round of evolution he could ever hope to reach. The whole economy of the plan of Jesus for the elevation of humanity to higher perfection, peace and glory, hinges on this visible order and has its foundation (logically speaking) in the great law Paul gave utterance to,—"Without all contradiction, the less are blest of the better."—Heb. vii., 7.

Did you ever notice what a beautiful and sublime reference the rapt Proph-

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et made to this Pentecostal arrangement of the visible order? If you have not, I will quote it for your delectation. "And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isaiah xxxii., 2. In this sublime arrangement, salvation and peace are found; but none can know this only by trying it, and none can try it faithfully and be disappoint ed. "The spirit and the bride say, Come."

Union Village, Ohio.

A VISION.

By Martha J. Anderson.

In the seclusion of a lovely spot,
Where bloomed the laurel and forget-me-not,
Where the dark cypress—all in shadows plumed—
Waved in deep sadness o'er the earth entombed;
I saw there, carved in alabaster white
A fountain, glistening in the morning light,
Whose seeming spray with silvery whiteness shone,
Whose crystal basin was a gleaming zone,
Encircled with a wreath of ivy leaves,
As perfect as the type of nature weaves,
Design so delicate, so chaste and fair,
Wrought by the Sculptor's hand with skill and care!
I gazed upon that peerless work of art,
And pondered o'er its meaning in my heart.
O living spring! upwelling pure and free,
True emblem of man's immortality,
No death can dry the fountain of the soul;
No change can check the stream that on shall roll,
No blight of time, or withering frost can sear,
The wreath that twines the soul's perpetual year.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

RESURRECTED.

By Alonzo G. Hollister.

Happy are those who truly keep
The gospel in its purity;
A bounteous harvest they will reap,
Their souls well satisfied will be:
Who keep their understanding bright,
Their mental eye-sight strong and clear,
Their spirits shall be clothed in white,
With perfect love which casts out fear.

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WHAT can one desire beyond perfect love! Love is life—perfect love is perfect life, and perfect joy of life, and is attended with perfect conduct in all the relations of life. It obeys perfectly the law of God, which is the law of life, and has no other desire than to do the right in every time and place. Consequently, it reaps a full blessing continually, and is clothed with the power of the commandment which it obeys.

Once I served God through fear. The Apostle says, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." I had a fearful conflict in my youthful days and early manhood, through the clash of opposite elements and influences drawing me away from the truth and the cross of Christ. I feared I might miss the mark, and fail of conquering the enemy of my soul,—of all souls, and of all righteousness, fail of reaching the goal of my aspiration. Fear hath torment; fear hath restraint, and restraint is torment to the liberty-loving. But perfect love casts out fear.

I now serve God through love. The contrary desires, the struggle and fear have vanisht—have been outgrown, and I have risen to a higher plane of thought and feeling,—to a plane where life, much of the time, is ecstatic joy. I had sometimes foretastes of this joy, earlier in life. But then, I had not been sufficiently tried and pruned, or purified to have it abiding. Perfect love casts out fear, and the service of love, is free service, and no other service is free. I serve God now through love and not through fear. And it is by obedience to the testimony of Mother Ann Lee, that I am made able to do this,—by bearing the cross of Christ against self-will and the carnal life, till all is conquered by the cross. I give this testimony concerning the results of my Christian experience to encourage the young.

I saw but one way of happiness for me. Either the angel which came down from above, and who with the aid of my teachers in the gospel, taught me how to overcome the lower nature and compel it to serve, must be obeyed, or the evil elements of this world, would drive out the angel—make it impossible for the love of God to dwell in my heart, and make it desolate of sympathy, and of all that constitutes true freedom, or life, or enjoyment.

There was no middle course for me. I did not desire one for various reasons. One was,—it could be only for a short space of time at the longest. For what is man's life-time, or a hundred years, or even a thousand years compared with Eternity? It is less than a needle's point to the whole round world. Another, and the principal one was, it would only delay an issue which must finally be met, before I could be at peace, with all my debts cancelled. It would be a prolonging of the struggle, and making it a tenfold greater torture, than if immediately taken up and carried to a finish.

Mother Ann said, Better ten souls be lost that never heard the gospel than one that has,—which signifies a ten fold greater loss to such, and Mother Ann had the gift of God to know by what power she spoke. I wanted the best that was offered, and could not afford to barter the riches of eternal life and

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the glories of heaven, for a brief season amid the shadows of time, or for pleasures that sting and stain, and vanish like a morning cloud, or for any of the prizes which the world can bestow.

Never have I regretted my choice, nor the struggle it has cost to secure it. Their spirits clothed in white, signifies purity, victory, gladness and rejoicing. White reflects the rays of pure light, and the wearers have become transmitters of light. Is not this the true resurrection, or rising from death to life?

With those who follow in the steps of our divine Teacher, this mortal is putting on immortality and this corruption is putting on incorruption, so that when the garment of flesh falls off, because it has ceast to be of further service, the creature is changed as it were in a moment, from its old and temporal, to its new and eternal habitation. It is not the mortal and corruptible that is changed, but the tenant, till then imprisoned therein. For flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. These are left to return to the elements whence they were taken, while the freed spirit rises to life forevermore.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

TRUST.

By Annie R. Stephens.

It seems but yesterday—when winter's gloom
Its somber robes of desolation spread,
When leafless trees swayed lonely bare and dead.
And now, what glorious resurrection from the tomb!
The frozen bough is white and pink with bloom,
The woodland violets faintest perfume shed,
O'er velvet slopes on cloth of gold we tread
That sunlight weaves, dark places to relume.
And so we trust the hand that guides the year,
Who, to the arid wastes new life can bring;
Serene we wait without a doubt or fear
For Hope to bloom, for Joy to soar and sing;
For out of life's dark reaches sad and drear,
A touch divine shall bring immortal Spring.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

"Which is a part of the natural law, the ebb or the flow? Either, certainly. Likewise with life's sufferings and life's joys.—As you can not say the ebb is good, the flow is evil, so you can not say of pain or joy (life's ebb and flow) this is good, that is evil. As long as your spirit is not immutable, whether on the high-way strewn with palm leaves and joyful cries of "Hosanna" around you, or on the road to the cross with the fiendish yell of "Crucify him" piercing your ears, you have not yet entered the "holy of holies."—*Ernest Pick.*

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THE MANIFESTO.

AUGUST, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

June.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.		Rain.
1897.	63.93	4 in.
1898.	68.33	5.625 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.		90 above 0.
Lowest " " " "		46 " "
Number of rainy days " "		10
" " clear " " "		11
" " cloudy " " "		9

July, 1898.

SINCE 1898 was ushered in, accepting the statement of Astronomers, we have taken a free journey on the earth's stupendous railway, without having met with any accident by collision or otherwise, 195,392,000 miles, at the rate of 68,000 miles each day. The Lord's conveyance is far safer than a Pullman sleeping car, and all without charge. We have ridden through six signs of the zodiac, viz.; Aquarius, Pisces, Aries, Taurus, Gemini and Cancer, each including 1800 geographical miles. Having gone so far safely, I shall patronize this safe conveyance throughout the year. Having entered the constellation Leo, we find the Lion's breath rather too hot for unalloyed comfort, but we will abide the heat.

It is a busy season of the year, and all hands are plying skill and strength in the line of duty, in making needful repairs, cultivating crops, and gathering small fruits of which we have a plenty for home comfort and some to sell.

The wet weather has subsided since July has taken the throne, yet Professor Hicks predicts electrical storms from the 4th to the 15th inst. If the electric bolts strike terra firma, may they choose a place that will do no harm.

We have commenced haying in the fields of clover and if we are favored with good weather we shall garner a supply of excellent hay. Potatoes are looking fine and if they are not soakt to death by continuous wet weather, we shall have an ample supply of this esculent vegetable. Crops generally are looking well, but it requires the use of the cultivator and hoe, and also the particular use of the fingers to keep the weeds subdued.

The State Road on the mountain is having an additional section put in traveling order. Hands are working the worst part of the road between Lebanon and Pittsfield. New York State has made appropriations for improving the roads in this state. Surveyors are selecting the best line through New Lebanon from the terminal point of the state of Massachusetts.

We opened Public Services to-day, July 3. A goodly number of spectators attended and showed markt appreciation of the spirit of the gathering. The speaking and singing were truly devotional, filling

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the entire service with heavenly, inspiring gifts.

The health of the family as a whole is excellent. There are none to my knowledge that are not able to take daily rations, and to perform their daily share of manual labor. Thus in blessing we are blest.

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

July, 1898.

OLD SOL seems now in earnest to make up for past delinquencies. Some of the crops may come forward, but peas are almost an entire failure and other garden produce will be late and inferior. Cherries and currants are abundant and are being daily sent to market.

Our Sabbath services were opened to the public the 3rd inst. Many better enjoy the seclusion of our home services, but we can not look at it otherwise than selfish, to withhold from others a knowledge of that which we so highly prize, and if we sow not how can we expect to reap? It is reported that Columbia Hall at Lebanon Springs is to have many guests this season.

Many letters are still being received as the result of the article concerning our Society which appeared in June number of "The Ladies' Home Journal." The greater number of these letters are from those advanced in years or in unfortunate circumstances who think they would enjoy a home among us, while others are from intelligent, high-minded people in whom a deep interest has been awakened to visit and learn directly concerning the principles and life practice of the people inhabiting "The Wonderful Little World." A few are from those who seem to feel that a revelation has thus been given them of the means to attain the life and the peace which the world can not give. May we have grace and wisdom to impart to such the needed help.

On the 21st. of June we received into our home for a brief tarry our dear friends of long and loving acquaintance, Sisters, Hannah Wilson and Eliza Brown from Enfield, Conn. Only those who have risen into the spiritual life through sacrifice of the earthly, can know of the "richness and fullness of heavenly love whose interchange makes such seasons of meeting a privilege and joy."

We hope that all of our friends who have seen the many gross misrepresentations concerning the action taken by Alfred H. Love, President of the Universal Peace Union in his efforts for peace between our country and Spain, will also read the facts of the case as stated by himself in the June and July numbers of the "Peace-Maker" of which he is editor. His long years of earnest and devoted labor in promoting the cause of peace entitles him to our fullest sympathy and support. In behalf of the Brethren and Sisters of North family, Eldress Anna White has written him a letter of appreciation and encouragement which can not fail to be most welcome to one thus unjustly persecuted.

Catherine Allen.

South Family.

July, 1898.

JUNE 10, we had the pleasure of meeting the Ministry from Maine. We deeply enjoyed our visit with them; it was all too brief, but we shall long remember them and their pleasant tarry.

Tuesday afternoon of the 21st ult. we attended the funeral of Sister Ximena Gates at Second family. As earth to earth was rendered the gates of heaven opened and her soul entered, where the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear and the dumb speak; where no darkness nor death can come, but all is life, light and liberty.

On the 24th ult. we renewed our acquaintance with Sisters Hannah Wilson and Eliza Brown who spent a portion of the day at our family. They were formerly of Canaan, now hail from Enfield, Conn. Their tarry among us, like the visitation of ministering spirits will add to the happy remembrance of the past.

To all lovers of truth we call attention to the article in the June number of the

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"Ladies' Home Journal" entitled "A Wonderful Little World of People" by Miss Madeline S. Bridges. She has gathered many interesting facts during her recent visit at Mt. Lebanon and knows whereof she speaks. The work is richly illustrated, containing photos of people and places of our beautiful hill-side home, arranged especially for the "Ladies' Home Journal." Miss Bridges is an interesting writer and a friend of Sister Cecelia DeVere.

We hope our friends in the summer land of Florida, the land of orange blossoms and crocodiles, will find much pleasure in their Southern venture, and continue raising cane and all fruits of the sunny South.

Kindest love and sympathy to our dear Editor. May time and Providence restore him to health and activity again.

Geneviere DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

July, 1898.

DURING the month of June we were very pleasantly interrupted in our usual vocations by a visit from our gospel friends from the state of Maine, Elder William Dumont and Elder Henry Green. If friendship and the bond that holds us in spiritual communion are strengthened by the application of the adage, "Short visits make long friends," our alliance must be indissoluble. Yea we will "remember the Maine," but with the spirit of peace that makes all those who love our blessed cause and are striving for its prosperity one in spirit and purpose, instead of the revengeful interpretation which at present is given to that saying.

We also had a very pleasant visit from our Sisters Emma Thayer and Celia Thorpe of West Pittsfield, Mass. We were glad to hear from them that our good Brother Ira Lawson is improving in health. May the angel which cometh with healing in his wings restore him to perfect health.

As we write these Notes on this pleasant Sabbath morning, July 3, our thoughts have been moving forward to the contemplation of the probable results of to-morrow. How many realize the true import of and the spirit that should prompt the celebration of our Independence? That it might be a reality in our national life there were those who suffered and gave their lives for their country, and the present generation if they are to hold as a sacred and indissoluble inheritance what has been gained must be prepared to meet the living questions of to-day with the same heroism and confidence in the ultimate triumph of the truth that our forefathers had.

Summer has put on her royal robes and the vegetation that has been so backward is at present hurrying forward to complete the task assigned. July 3, gives us the highest registration of the season to date, —98 degrees in the shade.

Hamilton DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

July, 1898.

WE come once more from the Berkshire Hills with a greeting of love for our friends in other homes.

We are enjoying the fulness of active, growing summer. It seems to us that we can faintly hear the mysterious forces so busily at work, forming the material for the growth of each tree and plant or flower. Every morning we realize the progression constantly at work about us, and at evening can trace the result of sun or shower by the growth toward maturity of fruit or grain.

Potatoes promise an excellent harvest, and the hay crop we think, will exceed that of last year in abundance.

While truly grateful for the many blessings which are ours and recognizing the benefit of so peaceful a home, our hearts are filled with sympathy for the brave ones, who beneath the tropical suns of Cuba, are fighting so courageously for a poor and opprest people. Never before in the history of any country has the spirit of unselfishness and courage so actuated

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the people, and while we desire the advancement of peace, we pray for the coming of the day when man shall acknowledge the universal brotherhood of man; when the cry of the slave and cruelty of the master shall cease.

There came to our family a few days since two Sisters from the "Canaan-Enfield" family, Hannah Wilson and Eliza Brown. They are traveling toward the west in life's journey and the radiance from a golden setting sun even now brightens their faces, as they impart messages of courage and strength to those whom they meet. They attended meeting with us benefiting all thereby.

Sister Annie Case, of Watervliet, also paid us a flying visit, but as the good things of life are best appreciated when not too freely bestowed, we will look forward to a repetition of the hurried call.

Fidelia Estabrook.

Enfield, N. H.

July, 1898.

THE first of this month we had the honor of entertaining our friend, Honorable E. H. Cheney, editor of "The Granite State Free Press," of Lebanon, N. H. and Ex-Consul to Matanzas, Cuba. In the evening he gave us a very fine discourse, intersperst with many of his experiences while stationed in that beautiful, war-blighted island.

As we think of the cruel power administered by the Spanish upon their subjects, can we do otherwise than hope that the Cubans will soon realize their long-dreamed-of state of republicanism and personal freedom? Surely from out of the black war cloud now hovering over Spain's colonial possessions and our own country, we can believe that there will arise moral effects, enriching to each race, the consequence of a larger and better light of civilization and righteousness prevailing.

On the evening of July 4, we gathered upon the lawn before our large Dwelling, which was well decorated with flags, as were also the fruit trees about, and enjoyed an entertainment of music and recitations, given by our little girls, after which, a collation of cake, ice-cream and berries was indulged in., Thus closed the "glorious Fourth" of 1898, so eventful with national rejoicing.

July 5, we again welcome Elder Henry C. Blinn, who was prevented by journeying "into the valley of the shadow" from making his regular visits to our Society, for a little while. We are also pleased to renew our relations with Elder William Briggs, and greet him as the associate in office with Elder Henry. Our first service with them was fraught with gratitude for past blessings and petitions that added strength and zeal may be had, enabling us to work as the heart of one.

George H. Baxter.

Narcoossee, Fla.

July, 1898.

OUR drought which has continued more or less for six months has finally given way to the earnest feelings of the brainy toilers of the soil whose prayers and desires have been from morning until night for a shower of rain. None came of much account until June 5, but within a short time we had two and one half inches, but far too late to save the thousands of drooping crops except where there were facilities for irrigation.

This may look to some very discouraging, but not so to the Florida farmer whose pertinacity of feeling to combat with such things is not checkt by defeat. As soon as the rain came the ground was again ploughed, old stubble turned under and a new crop sown. Should we take a consistent view of such conditions, it would soon show us the necessity of something more to rely on for permanent crops than the elements.

It is certain beyond a doubt that farming can not be carried on successfully in Florida without some kind of irrigation. The present season demonstrates this truth. Those who have irrigating plants

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have in a measure saved their crops, while those who have not were left to see their crops go down among the thousands who have lost all. To those who are looking to Florida for a home I would say look well before you take the step.

The irregularity of the seasons has been the source of discouragement to hundreds of honest people who have come here under the recommendations of dishonest speculators and put in their thousands to build up a comfortable home, and after years of hard labor and toil were compelled to forsake their homes at half the cost and return to their former homes. I would not say this has been the case with all but with a great majority. In the advantages of the soil and climate of Florida it is only the equal of the other states in proportion as one estimates the value of climate over soil, which is to say that while the climate is just about as satisfactory as one would ask for; the soil is not so in consideration of or relation to the world's present knowledge of agriculture. There is some, a large amount in fact, of really good land in Florida, but as a state its soil is poor, being sandy and non-productive. So in order to have a crop the farmer must make his soil. That there will eventually be found something of value that these lands are especially adapted to that will make them equal to other lands, is the hope of many minds. But give me for farming the home of my childhood the hills and valleys of old New England!

Andrew Barrett.

THE TURNKEY.

No. 2.

By Elder H. C. Blinn.

As the first human beings evidently cut down trees and then rolled the logs, we may possibly touch the right point by going back to some of those first lumbermen. Jubal Cain according to Biblical history, made organs and harps, and was in all probability a wood-chopper and a log-roller. These brothers, Jubal and Tubal, were skillful workmen and soon brought out a nicely wrought Canthook.

We may be assured that Jubal was pleased, even tho the Bible may be silent on the point. The Canthook was a success in pulling logs out of a bad place, and it was soon seen that a smaller instrument made after the same pattern, would be a nice thing to pull an aching tooth from its socket.

Assuming all of this to be correct, we have no hesitancy in believing that Jubal Cain was the first dentist that ever used a Turnkey in the extracting of teeth. Its form may have changed slightly since that early day, but not enough to destroy its original design.

Dr. Harris, who publisht his work on Dental Surgery in 1855, would spoil this idea of giving the credit of invention of the key to Jubal Cain, as he says:—"For about fifty years the key of Garengeot was almost the only instrument used in the extraction of teeth." But this does not say that Garengeot did not get his idea from some one of an earlier date.

One might easily so arrange his mind as to readily believe that the very same person that invented the canthook also invented the Turnkey, as they are so much alike; and if it could be proved that Jubal Cain owned a saw-mill, the whole matter would be perfectly clear.

Altho considerable ingenuity has been displayed in the manufacture of dental forceps they were not made, as a general thing, with such nice adaptability till near the beginning of the present century, and were not brought into general use till 1830. The Turnkey was presented at first, on nearly every occasion, except in the extracting of teeth for children, and for the upper and lower front teeth of adults.

It was the custom of the family physician to take with him a small box of dentist's tools, that he might be able to extract a tooth if his services were demanded. As the Turnkey or Dentist's Key was made on the same principle as the Canthook, when it was placed on a tooth, and the physician had hold of the handle,

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it was sure to bring the tooth from its socket or break it off in the attempt. Should it so happen that the tooth broke and the roots were left imbedded in the jaw, the key was laid aside and the forceps brought into use, or possibly a hammer and chisel were used to separate the roots that they might be drawn more readily.

It was not a pleasant thing to fall into the hands of a heroic physician, in those days, before any preparation of anæsthesia had been discovered. If the forceps failed to extract the roots, other tools were used and they were lifted from their socket, as the farmer lifts a bowlder from the ground.

We might anticipate a patient who has through a long day and a still longer night endured the severe pains of an aching tooth welcoming almost anything that would promise to afford relief. A visit to the physician and a brief story of aches and pains might possibly awaken his interest.

Quite a lengthy and wise examination must now be made in order to determine what should be done and to see what tools would be necessary for the case. At this date but few persons owned a dentist's chair and the common form not answering the purpose, the patient is ordered while standing to designate the tooth that he wishes to have extracted. Very few if any questions were askt by the physician, why the tooth should be taken out, as it was enough to know that the patient had askt to have it done.

The dentist of to-day kindly proffers his advice, whether or not a tooth should be extracted, and the patient is expected to be governed accordingly. But the dentist with an office, and with an education that fitted him for this special branch of surgery, had not come forward save in a few of the largest cities. In many places the extracting of teeth was even trusted to men who gave evidence of a little mechanical genius, and when it was not convenient to reach a physician, these self-appointed dentists performed the operation.

The forceps at this date were quite rude when compared with those now in use, and as a general thing were only for the extraction of the front teeth. At a somewhat earlier day, and especially in places a few miles distant from the city, it was not uncommon for the shoemaker, or carpenter, or even the blacksmith to take upon himself the office of a dentist and do some heroic work.

Within the memory of the writer a ludicrous instance of this kind occurred. It was a boy of some twelve years. An aching tooth had brought him to the shop of the old shoemaker. A hurried examination was made and the boy was told to stand near the bench of the cobbler. Taking the boy's head within the circle of one arm, the lancing of the tooth was soon accomplisht. Under the most favorable circumstances a shivering dread passes through the system so soon as a lance or a pair of forceps comes in sight.

In this case the forceps were a pair of shoemaker's pincers. They were large, awkwardly made, and wholly unfit for any such purpose. So soon as the little fellow saw those formidable things and learned that they were to be put into his mouth he began to cry from mere dread.

The shoemaker, however, retained his grip, but took time to deliver a severe rebuke to his little patient, and then ordering him to stand still, was successful in getting the great pincers into the boy's mouth, and attaching them to one of the molar teeth. Possibly it may have been the right one, but as none of them ached at this time, it was difficult to determine.

When everything was made right the would-be dentist attempted to display his skill. So soon as he began to pull, the poor frightened boy gave a leap and the pincers slipt from the tooth. The crying of the boy and the scolding of the shoemaker closed the operation, and the little fellow was glad to escape any more torture.

(To be continued.)

"LET THE MUD DRY FIRST."

HERE is a capital lesson that may well be imprest upon the memory of both young and old; Mr. Spurgeon in walking

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and she has entered those mansions of joy, prepared for the pure in heart in God's everlasting Kingdom.

Memphis, Tenn.

THE SHADOW OF SELF.

It is told of Michael Angelo, the greatest sculptor the world has ever known, that it was his habit to work much at night, when quiet hours gave him opportunity for the severest thought, which is so evident in all he wrought. He found, however, that night labor was not without its disadvantages. No matter where he placed his light, at some critical moment or in some unexpected place his shadow was sure to be thrown upon the statue he carved. But at last he hit upon a plan that did away with the difficulty. He fastened a candle to the stiff paper cap he wore while working, and then the light shone clear and full upon the portion of marble he was carving, with no shadow of himself flitting between his eyes and his work.

There is a lesson here for all. The greatest hindrance to us as sculptors of life is this shadow of self which is so prone to fall in unexpected places, dimming our perception of the clear, sharp outlines of truth and duty, and spoiling by false proportions the dignity and beauty of the character we would portray as our own.

To do a kind thing that we may be thought obliging, is to miss entirely the grace of the act, so far as we are concerned. To be generous for fear of being thought mean, is little if any better than downright selfishness. In short, to do right for any other reason than because it is right, is to fall short of the ideal, to make a false stroke on life's statue because the shadow of self has come between it and the light.

Does some one ask, What is the light by which we may guide ourselves as day by day we chisel out character that must endure throughout eternity? There is but one answer—Christ. And as the great sculptor placed his candle on the front of his cap while he wrought, so we must put Christ above our own preferences, our own wills. The clear shining of that Light upon each day's appointed tasks, and working ever in its radiance, we shall make no mistakes.—*Young People's Weekly.*

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE HUMANE JOURNAL is publisht in Chicago, by the Illinois Humane Society. It is a beautiful little teacher of the law of kindness.

THE FIREBRAND is publisht monthly by the "World's Faith Missionary Association" and edited by C. S. Hanley. It has come out in a beautiful new dress, and the whole make up of the paper is pleasing to the eye. The FIREBRAND is true to its name in the "lighting of Watch Fires in every land."

THE EVANGEL is devoted to the restoration of primitive Christianity. It is publisht in Buffalo, N. Y. We shall wish the little magazine the best of success and shall be deeply interested to learn how primitive Christianity is defined.

Deaths.

Fannie McCoemack, at South Union, Ky. July 20, 1898. Age 58 years 1 mo. and 6 days.

Sister Fannie entered the Community at the age of eleven years. J. C. .

John Pilot, at Watervliet, Ohio. Aug. 4, 1898. Age 83 years and 6 months.

Brother John has devoted forty years to the upbuilding of our Zion home, a conscientious Christian worker. J. O. T.

William Birde, at East Canterbury, N. H. Aug. 12, 1898. Age 43 years 1 mo. and 15 days.

Eldress Dorothy Ann Durgin, at East Canterbury, N. H. August 24, 1898. Age 72 years, 9 months and 1 day.

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THE MANIFESTO

OCTOBER, 1898.

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Books & Papers.

THE OUTLOOK continues to give its readers a week-to-week history of the events of the war. In addition to the valuable letters of Mr. George Kennan, which will still continue, altho for the moment interrupted by an attack of fever which compelled Mr. Kennan to return to this country from Cuba, THE OUTLOOK has printed many extracts from private letters about the war, is publishing from time to time extracts from A Trooper's Diary; (being the diary of a young Amherst student who is now in Manila,) and, of course, gives in addition a connected history of events as they occur. The September Magazine Number contains an illustrated article on Santiago. After the Surrender; by Anna N. Benjamin, an installment of A Trooper's Diary; an account of The Fight of the Rough Riders; as told by a private in one of the troops, an editorial examination of Secretary Alger's Defense; and in other ways shows an active interest in the events preceding the declaration of peace. ($3 a year. The Outlook Co., 287 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.)

The widow of Richard Wagner some time ago authorized her husband's life long friend, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, to write, with her assistance, two articles on The Personal Side of Richard Wagner. Mr. Chamberlain undertook the work, and *The Ladies' Home Journal* secured the material. The articles are singularly valuable in that they give a complete picture of the man in his home and daily life, and contain much new matter, while many of the illustrations and portraits have never been printed. There will be two articles, His Personal Side; and How He Wrote His Operas; and the first one will appear in the October number of the magazine.

WHO MADE THE NEW TESTAMENT? By H. L. Hastings. It would, indeed, interest a large number of persons to know for a certainty, just who made the New Testament. To set the mind at rest, the author has endeavored to answer this question, and to answer it clearly and correctly. A careful perusal of the little book will no doubt shed much light upon the subject, and the interested reader will be amply compensated. Send five cents to No. 47 Cornhill, Boston, and obtain a copy.

The handsome external appearance of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for September is borne out by an exceptionally attractive table of contents. The leading article, A Warship's Battery; by Henry Harrison Lewis, tells how the great guns are placed and workt, and is illustrated with some splendid pictures of our victorious ships in action at Manila and Santiago. The famous Johnson Island Conspiracy; an episode of the Civil War, recalled by the recent death of Leonard B. Johnson, of Sandusky, Ohio, is interestingly recounted by Frederic Boyd Stevenson. Another article of historical as well as picturesque value is John P. Ritter's Story of Wyoming the Beautiful. The artistic rambles in Holland, of Bisbing, the celebrated American cattle painter, are chronicled, with some original sketches by his friend J. M. Erwin. Canoe Cruising; by Commodore F. R. Wood, is full of pleasant summer suggestions. Katharine Tynan contributes some charming notes upon The Irish People at Home; accompanying half a dozen characteristic pictures by Helmick. The tenth and final paper of the Religious Denominations series is The Roman Catholics; by the Rev. A. P. Doyle. The two serials, Marie Tremaine; and An American Princess; are continued. The complete short tales in this month's FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY include; Merely a Passing Passion; Maude Conway's Brother; Which Won Cuba? by Genevieve L. Brown, and As a Last Resort; by J. Frederick Thorne. A notable poem is Mr. H. N. Dodge's Spirit of Freedom; illustrated by Frank Adams. The Soldier's Tent; by Carmen Sylva, the gifted Queen of Roumania, will rank as one of the most beautiful war lyrics of modern times.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS

Vol. XXVIII. OCTOBER, 1898. No. 10

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

ASCENDING LIFE.

By Martha J. Anderson.

THE fine and subtile laws of alchemy
A secret power of transmutation hold,
Touch with refining sensibility,
And bring to light each hidden grain of gold.

Thus, from earth's basis to ethereal spheres
In pure atomic substance wisely planned,
More sublimated each degree appears
That forms successive kingdoms, high and grand.

Life's occult forces work with magic skill
To build anew, till earth and heaven blend,
Eternal laws of progress to fulfill
In chain of being that shall never end.

Mark the material forms that round us rise!
They reach their zenith, yield to blight and death,
But spirit hath a growth that never dies.
'Tis life of all that lives, and ceaseless breath.

'Tis spiritual force that guides the suns
And worlds that fill immensity of space,

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Electric fluid through each atom runs
That evolution gives a form and place.

Man—crowning point of the created whole—
The impress of his Maker's image wears;
This microcosm—body, spirit, soul,—
Resemblance to creation fully bears.

Each special phase of being here combined,—
The soul and sentiment of every thing—
Is germinal within the immortal mind
That yet shall blossom in eternal spring.

My wisdom placed within this rudimental sphere
To give his noble powers unfoldment free,
His childhood state brings teachers, year by year,
Who spreads for him the chart of destiny;

He reads and thinks, he learns and understands,
Aspires still further with a yearning hope,
And lo! his God-like soul expands,
And ever fruitful fields before him ope.

'Tis life progressive, ever on and on,
A glorious resurrection day by day;
'Tis step by step, and starry summits won,
That mark our ever upward, onward way.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

NOTES FROM OUR DIARY.

We left home on Monday Aug. 1st and only reacht the City of Concord, a distance of twelve miles. Elder Wm. W. Briggs was one of the company so far as this place.

Aug 2. Left Concord at 10-15 a. m. for Boston. Several hours were occupied in canceling some obligations that demanded attention. While walking along the street, the voice of singing was heard and a little boy proffered this information

"It is only two or three doors ahead of you, mister."

"What is it that's only two doors ahead?"

"They are having a meeting, sir. It is right up these stairs."

Thanking the little man, we ascended the stairs and soon found that we were among Salvationists. They were having a private meeting, and we soon learned that not many strangers would be admitted as the Captain came and fastened the door, so that others could not enter,—but did not ask us to retire.

We enjoyed the singing and speaking, and at the close of the service converst very pleasantly with the Captain, who extended an invitation for us to come again.

Aug. 3. Took the cars at 8-30 a. m. at the Boston & Albany Station for Pittsfield, Mass., the ticket costing $3.60. On reaching Pittsfield at 1-15 p. m. we found Brother Ira Lawson, with a carriage waiting to convey us to the Village, some three

miles distant. A kind welcome greeted us on arrival at the Trustees' Office and we soon found ourselves in Hancock among the best of friends.

In the p. m. two enquirers called, one being a young minister and the other a physician. We are happy in the anticipation that they went from the Village, wiser and better for the interview An enjoyable, social chat with Elder Louis Basting made a pleasant close for the evening.

AUG. 4. Took a stroll over the new, State road which has been built through this Village and is being continued to the top of the mountain, on the road to the Village of Mt. Lebanon.

At most the grade is only about five feet in one hundred. If the New York commissioners decide to build a new road on the west side of the mountain it will be of immense value to the traveling public. Another enquirer called at the Office. He assured us that the Lord sent him, altho we soon learned that he had a debt of $500.00. Persons should cancel their debts before they attempt to enter a religious community.

AUG. 5. The Iron Ore Company that least a section of land belonging to the Community has suspended work. The machinery has been sold and the buildings are being moved away.

Two little girls came out from the City of Pittsfield, yesterday, on their wheels, to visit the Shakers. They were the daughters of wealthy citizens. A heavy thunder-storm past over the Village and they feared to return. A message was sent to their parents, that the Shaker Sisters would care for them until morning.

Having an excellent water privilege in this place, we find a motor in the dairy and a Davis churn. The milk is set in pans. Wood working machinery may be found in another building and ample reservoirs supply water for this, and other places. The best of drinking water comes from springs found on the mountain.

Brother Ira, the Trustee of this Society, has within a few years made important additions to the Trustees' Office, which is now a beautiful building and has been furnisht with all the modern conveniences. In the Office room are two sets of fans, revolving very rapidly, being propelled by a small water motor.

AUG. 6. The Society in this place has three families. The Church, Second and East. The Mayor of the City of Pittsfield and the City engineer called at the Office. We had an introduction and enjoyed a very pleasant and social conversation. The Mayor told of the reception that was given to the 1st N. H. Regiment of Volunteers when they past through the City. Col. Rolfe had retired for the night, but the Mayor had him get out of bed and witness the demonstration made in honor of the soldiers.

We made a short visit to the Second family and had a very pleasant interview with Eldress Sophia Helfrich and the other members of the family. In the p. m. accepted a ride with Brother Ira. He drove to the reservoir or lake in the town of Richmond. This water is held for the Grist Mill and other mills, and covers several hundred acres. From this place he drove over some very interesting roads till we reacht the Village of Richmond, some five miles south of the Shaker Village. In this poor little town, one mile of State road has been built and the people anticipate the building of another mile. I hardly think we shall be able to find a road, a mile long, in N. H. that will compare favorably with these roads in Mass. After reaching home we estimated our trip to have been some fifteen miles or more.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7. We had breakfast at 7 o'clock. Elder Louis called at the Office and extended an invitation for us to attend the morning Service which commenced at 10 o'clock. Members from the several families attended. Elder Louis made a few remarks at the opening of the Service. He then announced and read

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the hymn. An organ accompaniment rendered valuable service to the voices, and the whole was very pleasant to the mind. The Service continued about an hour, and the time was well filled with singing and speaking. In the p. m. several of the Brethren and Sisters from the Society of Mt. Lebanon, called at the Office. The interview was very pleasant, and the invitation to visit their home very much appreciated.

AUG. 8. We accepted the invitation to take a ride with Brother Ira to the City of Pittsfield. We rode many miles around the country before we reacht the City, and entered fully into the enchantment of the scenery of western Mass. where the mountains and valleys and lakes remind us so forcibly of those in New Hampshire. We called at the Berkshire Atheneum which has a Public Library and a large collection of works of Art. It has also several cases of geological specimens and a great variety of curiosities. On our return we met Elder Joseph Holden who had just arrived from Watervliet.

At 5 o'clock p. m. Mr. Robert Brannen and lady, of Denver, Col., called. They had driven from Troy to see their Shaker friends. Mr. Brannen is a wealthy banker in the City of Denver. His visit to the Community was a very pleasant surprise.

The cutting and drying of sweet corn is one of the industries of this place, and they have the best of facilities for expediting the business. The Circular barn is a novelty, but, no doubt, it has many advantages which could not be obtained by building in any other form. The cows are all stalled with their heads toward the center. In the upper loft the teams drive in at one door with their loads of hay, and after unloading can drive around on the inside of the barn and pass out at the same door that they entered.

The Family Dwelling is a large, commodious brick building. Liberal minds planned it, and also arranged it for the convenience of the Community. Additional improvements have been made within a few years and it now stands among the modern dwellings. The underpinning stone, the door-steps and fence posts are mostly of marble found in this section of the country, while the stone walks are generally of coarse limestone. A fine specimen of Granite would be hard to find. Some beds of gravel are occasionally found, and this has been used largely on the State Road.

On our return from a morning walk, we past on to the Laundry and received a kind invitation to enter. We found several Sisters and two or three little girls busily engaged in washing the clothes. Two of the Sisters gave us special attention and conducted us through the several departments. The boiling, rinsing and other holders are supplied with hot water from a large boiler. The washing is still performed by hand, but an excellent wringer reduces much of the hard work. The floor of the laundry is laid with marble slabs, which at first might seem objectionable on account of coldness to the feet. It was thought, however, to be preferable to wood. The room for ironing adjoins that of the wash-room, and has an arch and a stove well arranged for the heating of the flat-irons.

The Sisters accompanied us to the Corn-drying establishment which will soon be in operation. Not less than four corn-cutting machines will be used to keep the four kilns well supplied with corn for drying.

AUG. 10. We walkt to the Cemetery which is but a few rods distant from the Office. The stones are of marble and contain the full name, with the age and date of death. The place presents a very neat and orderly appearance. We found within the enclosure the resting place of Anna Berdick, who was appointed to the Order of Ministry in Canterbury and Enfield, Feb. 15, 1792. She returned to Hancock, in 1793.

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Brother Ira invited Elder Joseph and the writer to accompany him to Lenox. A covered carriage offered sure protection against the threatening rain. Lenox is twelve miles distant, and is largely built up by the wealthy residents of New York. We drove through the Village and then directly home, reaching the Trustees' Office at 12 m. The rain had been a little disturbing, but not enough to deprive us of the pleasure of sight seeing.

Limestone seems to be the predominant rock, and it is of beautifully variegated colors. When we reacht Lenox we saw the homes of wealth. Thousands and thousands of dollars have their representation in the beautiful residences, and in many places even the barns are as richly furnisht as the family dwelling. Tens of thousands of flowers are to be seen in the beautifully cultivated gardens and lawns. As God made the flowers they are all "very good" and worthy to be admired in all their beauty.

Our return trip was over the Berkshire Hills where Brother Ira says the health air may be found. If going up and up and up would help us to find health, then certainly it must have been found. All in all it was a delightful ride, as the whole journey presented some of the most beautiful scenery.

AUG. 11. At 1 o'clock we took a ride with Brother Ira to the top of the mountain over the new road. On our return we entered one of the fields, and were shown a section of land where a company of Indians lived when the Shakers settled in this place. We were shown the old foundation, where the house of Nathan Goodrich formerly stood, in which Mother Ann and the Elders held religious Services. It was in this place that Mother Ann said to the mob that came to the house,—"Draw back, or I will smite the horse and his rider." The horses immediately ran to the road, some ten rods distant, and the riders had no power to govern them. We made a visit to the East family and had a very pleasant interview with Eldress Catherine Pepper and others. They have a small store in the Office where they exhibit some fancy articles for sale.

SUNDAY, AUG. 14. The day was spent as noted at an earlier date. At 6 p. m. we attended a religious gathering at the Family Dwelling. A company of young Sisters, with the little girls were present. A director or superintendent was chosen from among the company present, and the exercises moved along quite pleasantly. Bible reading, singing, and the reading of original or selected articles occupied the time. This can not otherwise than be a profitable, educational school.

AUG. 15. We again walked to the Station and found the Railroad Officials very gentlemanly and affable. By the road side we stopt to examine a wild flower, and soon discovered the plants so familiar in New Hampshire, Blue Vervain, Toad Flax Wood Sorrel, Nettles, Scabish and several other varieties.

On reaching the Second family, Eldress Sophia Helfrich invited us to call and see the cloaks that they were making for sale. Visitors to the Village call at this place to see the goods and make purchases. A great many people pass through the Village on bicycles, but very few stop for dinner. The gardener at the Second family says that the worms are destroying his cabbages and he has been advised to sprinkle them with Paris green.

Eldress Caroline Helfrich has in safe keeping a collection of antique curiosities which we were invited to see. Several patterns of bonnets, the oldest being made without a cape. The frame was of pasteboard and covered with silk. The length some thirteen inches. A cap made of thick cotton cloth, but with a muslin border. A great variety of kerchiefs, aprons, dresses, etc, etc.

AUG. 17. At 1-15 p. m. Brother Ira with a span of horses and a covered carriage, took the writer to the Trustees' Office at Mt. Lebanon. Two Sisters accompanied

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us. A ride over the new State Road took us to the top of the mountain. Everybody speaks in its praise. Of the road on the west side of the mountain but little need be said. We may, however, anticipate an improved highway when the Commissioners of New York decide to locate it.

On reaching the Church family at Mt. Lebanon, we were soon among friends, and proffered a very cordial welcome. Our visit to the several families was somewhat limited, yet it was pleasantly appreciated. We had the pleasure of meeting the Elders of every family and many of the Brethren and Sisters. We saw some little girls playing a game of Enchantment, and others equally as happy seated in a lawn swing.

Mt. Lebanon is a beautiful place. Every thing about it is neatly arranged, while the care of the lawns and flowers in front of the Family Dwelling are really attractive. The large, brick Dwelling at the First family, and the Family Dwelling at the Novitiate Order are especially handsome buildings. The Church or House of Worship attracts the attention of all visitors. The rooms formerly occupied by the Order of Ministry have been vacated since the building of the new residence. A public Service has been held during the season.

Sister Amelia Calver in connection with many other duties has the charge of several colonies of honey bees. That she appreciates the pleasure of the employment, there can be no doubt, as all the care given to the "little busy bee," meets with a ready and sweet response. Not even man's best friends, the dog or the horse is more appreciative of care and kindness than is the "Queen and her family."

As our time was limited we made only a brief visit to the several families. In these visits we thankfully shared many acts of care and kindness. This is the central home of all our gospel relation, who have accepted the cross of Christ, and become sons and daughters of our God.

AUG. 21. Public Service was held at 10 a. m. Elder Calvin Reed conducts the Service one Sabbath, Elder Timothy Rayson the second Sabbath, and Elder Charles Greaves the third. Quite a large company of spectators were present, and we learned that the speaking and singing were excellent and appropriate for the occasion. The dear friends at the Trustees' Office, were all that friends could be, and our every need was amply supplied.

Three little girls and their Caretaker made us a visit at the Office. Other Brethren and Sisters were also present, and all were pleasantly entertained by the children, who sung several pieces and played their own accompaniments on an organ. This was followed by some very pretty recitations and formed a fitting close for the day.

AUG. 22. At 9–45 we said "Good-bye" to Mt. Lebanon, and Brother Ferdinand Gainebin with two Sisters were at the door with a covered carriage and a span of horses. We were now on our way to Hancock, which we reacht via. Canaan Lower family, Queechy Lake, and Richmond Lake, at 12–15.

AUG. 23. Left Hancock for Albany, N. Y. at 7–35 a. m. Ticket, $1.08. Reacht Albany at 9–10 a. m. and found Elder Joseph Holden present with a carriage. We drove through a beautiful City Park, and then through West Albany, and reacht the Shaker Village at 11–15. As the Ministry of Mt. Lebanon were at this place, we visited them at their residence. This Order was establisht as the leading authority in all the spiritual interests of the Community at large, and through this, their care becomes universal. This little interview was very pleasant.

As the time was quite limited for the visit to this Society, only a very short time could be spent in any one place. Our home was in the Trustees' Office, which is under the management of Brother J. Philip Smith and two Sisters. Every care and

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kindness was extended to make the time pass pleasantly. We visited each family and enjoyed the privilege of meeting with the Elders, and with many of the Brethren and Sisters. It was a busy season of the year, and three of the families were engaged in the canning of beans, peas, tomatoes, etc.

AUG. 24. Last night we were visited by a thunder-storm that gave us a continuous flashing of lightning, and an incessant roar of thunder for three hours. It was a fearful exhibition of the powers of the air, and it was a great relief to the mind when the outburst was over. The downpour of rain was as in the days of Noah when the windows of heaven were opened. While it did no damage to the Community, it destroyed many buildings and trees in its line of march. The several families in this Society are quite distant from each other, and entirely hidden from the view of either one. The Cemetery at this place presented a very neat appearance. The stones were of white marble, and placed in the best of order. Of this little enclosure no one need be ashamed. It manifested a kind regard for the departed and a respect for the living.

The First family has a large two story brick building for a Trustees' Office. The rooms and halls are of liberal size and high posted. Some of the rooms have recently been papered on the sides and overhead, and present a very pretty appearance. The Family Dwelling is a frame building, of two stories and well arranged for the comfort and convenience of the family in every respect. Every family has ample accommodations in their dwellings, and all of these buildings present an appearance that is highly commendable to our religious Community.

AUG. 26. We bade adieu to the good friends of Watervliet and were taken to West Albany in a carriage, and were at the Station and ready to take the train for West Pittsfield, where we arrived at 4-20 p. m. Brother Ira Lawson was in waiting and we were soon riding on our way to the Church family.

AUG. 27. Took a walk to the reservoir which supplies water to the dwellings and to the mills. The water was as "clear as crystal" and the supply we trust, never failing.

SEPT. 1. We made a visit to the vacated Society of Tyringham. At 7 a. m. Brother Ira Lawson was at the door with a carriage and a span of horses and with Eldress Sophia Helfrich and Emoretta Belden we were soon on our way. We past through Richmond, Stockbridge, South Lee and reacht Tyringham at noon.

In the building formerly used as the Trustees' Office, we found a family who were taking charge of the property. Mr. Nash invited us into the house, and then very kindly offered to show us about the premises. We past into the Office, and then through the Meeting House. These buildings had been entirely remodeled on the inside to accommodate the summer boarders. We made a hasty inspection of the other buildings, and everywhere was to be seen the substantial work of consecrated hands. Force of circumstances, however, had obliged the Believers to sell the property and take up their abode in other Societies.

The Shakers of Tyringham selected a remarkable place for the location of their Village. It is in a mountainous region, and while the mountain rises several hundred feet above the buildings, the valley in which was to be found their best land for tillage, was many hundred feet below them. Some of the houses that were entered from the roadway and built for a two story dwelling, were in the rear a four story building. A marble tablet in the Family Dwelling shows the date of the building to be 1823. Several other buildings were in a good state of preservation. A little building was made in the side of the mountain, and about ten feet square, to be used for the setting of milk and the storing of butter. A large limestone slab formed the roof, and assisted in making this a simple cold storage.

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The place is now being fitted up for Summer boarders. It is six miles from a Railroad Station and in a section of the country with few inhabitants. The scenery, however, to those who love lofty mountains and deep valleys, is enchanting.

Bidding adieu to the once loved Community home, a sad, unbidden thought flitted across the mind. We reacht Stockbridge at 1-45 p. m. and dined at the Red Lion's Inn. As the Believers are so well acquainted with the Proprietor and his lady we felt very much at home. The house was filled with guests and many called only to be refused for want of room. At this place we were shown a museum of curiosities, in furniture, in crockery, etc. etc. A shelf extended around the large dining room and on this were hundreds of plates, of all patterns, sizes and ages. Some were of historical value, while others were prized for age and others illustrative of some special incident in life, while others were of great value on account of being rare specimens. The guide informed us that some of these plates were valued at not less than $40.00. The Proprietor, Mr. C. H. Plumb, very kindly took us to see his tall, brass clocks. He had three very nice specimens and one in a mahogany case could not be purchased for $150.00. After dinner we continued our journey toward home, and past through Lenox and on through the City of Pittsfield, reaching the Village at 7 p. m. to the satisfaction of the whole company, after such an interesting excursion.

SEPT. 2. At 9 a. m. in company with two Sisters we took the cars for Pittsfield. After closing our business in the city we took an electric car for Lake Pontoosuc a few miles distant. The little lake is one mile long and three quarters of a mile wide. A small steamer took us around the lake for ten cents each. A man steers the boat but a woman officiates as an engineer. We called on some friends of the Believers, and then returned to the City for dinner. After attending to some more business calls we took the cars for West Pittsfield.

SEPT. 5. At 9 a. m. in company with two Sisters we took the cars for Pittsfield. Several Sisters also accompanied us from the East family. As this was "Labor Day," the Catholic Temperance Societies had arranged for a parade. Delegations were present from several cities in Mass. and not less than ten or twelve bands of music were in the procession. It was estimated that 18000 persons were present, but the best of order prevailed during the day. The Sisters from the East family, soon after took a car for Lake Pontoosuc where they spent the day, while we went to Dalton Village some five miles distant. We dined at the Hotel and then returned to the City, and at 4-20 p. m. took the cars for West Pittsfield in company with the other Sisters. All seemed of the opinion that they had spent a very pleasant day.

The cultivation of music is receiving increast attention in every society. A piano or a Cabinet organ may be found in nearly every family. Not many, however use them during the time of religious worship. Since the organization of the Community these several changes have been taking place,—in the architecture of the buildings, in the general management of their business, as well as in articles of diet and in the manufacture of their clothing.

Medieval customs and habits were eminently proper in that age, but as the earth or world moves, the people must move with it or be left in the rear. To stop this onward progress would be like attempting to stop the wheels of time. It was only a few years since and no Shaker would have worn a beard, or even accepted the gift of an artificial tooth. A drab coat and a broad-brimmed hat designated the order to which he belonged, and the Sisters were no less conspicuous in their lace caps and high heeled shoes; but as hats and coats are quite destitute of religious vitality some families have felt at liberty to bring forward a system more in accordance with the light of to-day.

East Canterbury, N. H. *H. C. Blinn.*

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In Memory of our Loved Sister, NANCY DOW.

By Elizabeth Sears.

A LOVED one has left us and past through the portals
That lead to an endless fruition of joy.
Perfected through suffering she joins the immortals
The purified number in heavenly employ
Through scenes of adversity, conflict and trial
Our Sister has past with an unshaken trust
Through noble endeavors and true self-denial
Secured the reward of the upright and just.

In life's early morn when temptations surrounded
She chose the straight path which our Savior e'er trod,
With faith in his teachings her spirit abounded
Devoting her all to the service of God.
While many turned backward in search of vain pleasure
Companions and friends who were dearer than life
Our Sister chose rather the heavenly treasure
Contentment and freedom from turmoil and strife.

Her talents and strength with unswerving devotion
Were most freely given, Zion's cause to sustain
She made no reserve but with full consecration
Gave all she possest for its honor and gain.
In acts of benevolence freely she tendered
That love which pervadeth her spirit each day.
To the stranger and friendless sweet services rendered
To aid and encourage them in this pure way.

How deep was her interest and strong her endeavor
To lighten the burdens of each weary one.
With kindness and love for each sister and brother
She faithfully toiled till each duty was done.
Dear sister and friend, may thy shining example
Be ever a light to illumine our way.
And while here we journey through sunshine and shadow
Permit us to share in thy blessings, we pray.

Narcoossee, Fla.

OUR OLIVE BRANCH.

IN Runnymede township, one mile from Ashton station on the Sugar Belt Railway, lies the splendid domain of the Shaker colony known as Olive Branch. To call it a farm would belittle the place in a section where farms are so small as here, for it contains nearly seven thousand acres, of which

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sixteen hundred are enclosed with a substantial fence, and arrangements are about completed for fencing as much more.

If all the "doubting Thomases" in Florida would visit Olive Branch, their opinions as to the capacity of soil for producing stock, cereals, fruits, vegetables and cane would change materially, or at least be modified, as their land is but a fair sample of what may be found in any portion of Osceola county. The writer recently inspected the place through an invitation from the business manager, Mr. Benjamin Gates, and came away convinced it only needed the patient, intelligent industry manifested here to make farm life not only a delightful, but a remunerative occupation. In the grounds connected with the house and business office are orange, peach, apricot and persimmon trees with a large number of flowering plants. It seems to be the policy of this community to unite the beautiful with the practical; so you find here fruit trees, vines, shrubs, tropical foliage plants and flowering bulbs all in one group relieving the lawn from that stiffness noticed in public parks. An irrigating plant supplies the five acres immediately adjoining the house. For field crops they are this season growing Irish and sweet potatoes, cane, velvet beans, cow peas, beggar weed, rice and pumpkins. All of them look well, the cane being remarkably good.

Living largely, but not exclusively on vegetable food, the garden is always a feature in a Shaker community. I noticed remarkably fine tomatoes, okra, beets, spinach and turnips.

Most interesting of all to visitors is the pinery, which is now budding, blossoming and fruiting. The plants are uniform in size and fruiting well. While not as large a pinery as some others in the state we have visited, for health of plants and general neatness of the grounds it has no superior. The design of the community has always been to make cattle growing the great industry, and for this the place is admirably fitted. It has numerous lakes with abundant water for every pasture. Stockmen who have had cattle on this range claim it is one of the best in Florida. At present there are about nine hundred head of cattle in the portion enclosed. With the additional pastures to be enclosed this fall they can carry 2,000 head.

It is a fact that the revenues of the place now make all the improvements, and that it is not done, as many claim, with assistance from kindred associations north. Under the able management of Mr. Benjamin Gates, and his aids, Andrew Barrett and Brother Egbert, Olive Branch will soon become a landmark in Florida, an experimental station without state aid. There are no secrets here. Success is obtained and made possible by brains and muscle. A pleasant and profitable day it was we spent at Olive Branch, and to Sisters and Brothers we tender our sincere thanks.

—*Selected.*

PRAYER prevails against temptation and brings the tried soul peace.

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THE MANIFESTO.

OCTOBER, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

One copy one year, postage paid. .50

A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

REMITTANCES for subscription by Money Order should be on the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

August.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.
1897.	67.52	4.5 in.
1898.	72.84	10.75 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.		92 above 0.
Lowest " " " "		50 " "
Number of rainy days " "		14
" " clear " " "		8
" " cloudy " " "		9

Sept. 1898.

HERE we are standing on the front steps of the portico of autumn, taking a survey of the exodus of summer which is floating away upon the boundless sea of eternity. We shall never again see the summer of 1898. The flight of time brings forcibly to mind the reveries of the poet Whittier:

> "O welcome calm of heart and mind!
> As falls yon fir tree's loosened rind,
> To leave a tenderer growth behind,
> So fall the weary years away;
> A child again my head I lay
> Upon the lap of this sweet day."

Prof. Hicks, the great weather prognosticator, said that from the 4th to the 15th of July we should have electric storms, but July was very quiet, not being affected especially with this element; August abounded in electric storms, some of them terrific. Of late we have had a superabundance of rain, which cut deep gutters in the face of Mother Earth. Nevertheless between storms we have got our hay crop safely garnered. We have commenced digging potatoes. The wet weather is causing the rot to affect the crop some.

Elder Henry C. Blinn has been spending a season at the Church family, Hancock, to recuperate his health. From August 18th to the 22nd, he called at the Mount, and we spent a very pleasant time with him for he is skilled with tact and ability to make time pass pleasantly while in his company. He makes the impress,

> 'Tis joy to meet with kindred minds
> And spend the social hour
> Replete with pleasure pure, refined
> Distilled from heaven's bower.

Sympathy is a heavenly gift that causes us to joy with those who joy: to weep with those who weep; to share in one another's grief and loss; to impart consolation to the sorrowing; to show a divine inspiring radiance to light the pathway of the mourner. Our spirits mingle with yours, dear gospel relation, in your late bereavement in the passport of your dear Eldress Dorothy. With some this will be your day of trial, but keep the Faith that will make you worthy to receive the crown of life, that will weave for you and adorn you with the robe of angelic purity and the diadem of unsullied beauty, and the blessing and inspiring influence of Eldress Dorothy will be an enduring light

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to guide you safely in the pathway of righteousness and abiding peace.

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

Sept. 1898.

It certainly is delightful to draw a breath of pure restfulness at last without scorching reminiscences of our new tropical possessions or of that other place which Ridpath politely designates the bottom of the old theologies. This summer has been one of many visitors from the numerous resorts among the Berkshires.

The world is surely fast growing better, more thoughtful, more sensible, more aspiring, or we are honored by calls from the best of its people, for our visitors this summer have been of an exceptionally high type, people of culture in the broadest sense of that word, wide awake to the necessities of the times and eager and earnest in their inquiries for any and everything by which these necessities of body, brain and soul might be supplied.

Dear Sister Catherine has talkt from morn till dewy eve explaining and expounding, and then frequently supplements this talking by means of letters in answer to would-be questions forgotten at the time. Among all the pleasant memories of our visitors none are more satisfactory than those connected with Elder Henry Blinn. And yet this pleasure is tinged with a thought of sadness. Have we, perhaps in our mistaken kindness, retarded instead of hastened the health we so earnestly desire him to possess? Our full sympathy, best wishes and highest hopes attend his goings forth and his home comings!

Sisters Lydia Staples and May Rullhausen are in Chatham presiding over the Shaker exhibit there. This exhibit has called forth warm words of commendation in the columns of the local paper. Our family have about forty entries of articles for competition in the Ladies' Industrial Department.

The course of events at home is as usual. We believe with our poet;

"God is in His Heaven
All is right with the world"

or will be when the coming kingdom comes.

G. Ada Brown.

South Family.

Sept. 1898.

The closing summer month was made delightfully memorable by a visit from our sainted father and friend Elder Henry C. Blinn. We had long lookt for his coming and as each year waned we said, he will surely come the next, it must be we shall meet him again in this life. But oh, we so much regretted his brief tarry with us, while we are not disposed to envy our neighbors over the way we congratulate them on their good fortune of entertaining an angel and we wish such had been our pleasing mission too,

But we'll hope in the future
As we've hoped in the past
That again he will come
While yet life shall last.
So good-bye we'll not say
But a welcome extend
For the coming again
Of our father and friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Brannen of Denver, Col. made a pleasant call at our home sometime ago. They are interested in all religious and spiritual improvements of the age and are workers in the cause of humanity. They are personal friends of the late Eldress Alvira Conklin of the Watervliet Society.

Work on the farm and in the house progresses grandly, hay and grain are of the very best; apples we fear will be a ghost of the past, they are few and inferior, but we shall live and give thanks for the numerous blessings which are ours to enjoy.

Fine weather prevails. September is glorious for the harvesting of fall produce. Health and prosperity rules our family.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Sept. 1898.

We have had another proof of the truth of the ancient proverb that "all good comes

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to those who wait." We have anticipated and hoped that the Editor of our MANIFESTO would find time to give us a call, and we almost concluded that we were hoping against hope, when his benign presence appeared in our midst. We were thankful for the short period of social communion that we enjoyed with him and will hope that sometime in the not distant future it may be repeated.

The quickening of the moral and spiritual sensibilities of the nations as manifested in the proposal of the Autocrat of Russia to call an International Conference to consider the question of the disarmament of the nations, is evidence that the brutal system which has literally made bond-slaves of all races has seen the hand writing on the wall, and is realizing the fact that its days are numbered. We will pray and will work to hasten the consummation of that time

"When the war drum throbs no longer
And the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man
The federation of the world."

September has heralded its advent with a tropical climate. Up to the present date of writing, the 5th inst., the thermometer has daily registered in the nineties. But we enjoy the antumnal season when the result of the anxiety and toil in producing fruits and vegetables is realized.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Enfield, N. H.

Sept. 1898.

THE past month has been an especially busy one for the sisterhood, in caring for numerous companies of visitors. One day seventy-eight individuals called, of which number fifty-eight partook of dinner.

While consecrated strength has been given to care for temporal affairs, the educational, spiritual and social duties have not been slighted, and we are pleased to record the kindness of friends who have added their gifts with ours to help brighten and edify the lives of our own kindred.

Our towns-lady, Inez Packard, a late graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, kindly entertained us for an hour, with various selections of prose and poetry. On another occasion, Mrs. Ida Harrington, of Worcester, Mass. entertained us with music and songs of a high order. As occasional intermissions, some of the young Sisters sang and rendered recitations.

We also entertained for a short period, the Rev. M. W. Borthwick, of Manchester, N. H. While with us, he delivered an impressive lecture on Temperance. Among many fine remarks he said, what we would not tolerate in our individual lives we ought not to tolerate in our society. As a people, believing that God takes more notice of our deeds than of our sentiments, we can endorse the above counsel, knowing,—He that knoweth what is right and doeth it not committeth sin.

Companies of Sisters attended the camp meetings held at Lake Sunnapee and Wilmot, N. H. also the Vermont State Fair. Those who sold fancy articles, report good results. We drew first premium on braided and knit mats, bread, onions and beets.

George H. Baxter.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Sept. 1898.

THIS season has past into history with full record of thunder-storms and sudden showers. Winds and rains have done their best to test the standing strength of the luxuriant growth of corn now at hand, but it succumbed at last. Twenty acres of fine ensilage corn bowed to the ground and had to be cut by hand, while the Corn Binder was for once useless. Cutting for the silos commenced on the 13th inst., at the rate of seven or eight tons an hour.

About 1400 squashes of unusually fine quality must have, at least, honorable mention. 350 bushels of oats have been thrasht. Now the nuts are claiming attention and the butternut trees offer employment for many hands. The squirrels are nimble and avaricious, but we shall apply for our rightful share of all varieties.

One of the perpetrators asks to have recorded that 40 woodchucks met a violent

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death this season. Partridges have been protected by law in this state from Jan. 1 to Sept. 15, under penalty of a $10. fine, but sportsmen are now taking advantage of their freedom.

The register at the dairy records 93 gallons of milk one day last week. Sisters have canned over 1000 quarts of fruit during the month. The peach harvest is estimated at about 150 bushels, all varieties included.

School opened for fall term on the 13th, with fifteen pupils and—twenty classes (?)

Thanksgiving Day has dawned to an eternity with us, for we see God's goodness written upon every gift, we feel his unerring wisdom directing every dispensation of discipline; and even when the keenest blow falls we can but say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Jessie Evans.

Narcoossee, Fla.

Sept. 1898.

THE love that labors and waits is the rewarded love. Our prayers are borne to God on the wings of our deeds, and this fruitage of the spirit can not be realized save through labor and sacrifice. Consistently speaking we have no faith in that love that is not a working or doing love. Go to work is the word and accomplish something for the good of humanity.

God, if he blesses us with the fruits of the Spirit, expects us to make our profession good by acts. Are we fulfilling our obligations to our divine Father or have we concluded to sit down with folded arms and wait for him to do our work? The smallest deed done in a great spirit becomes significant. The most obscure life lookt upon by the invisible and the eternal becomes rich and full at last. Is there, then, any reason why our ranks should not be filled with true and noble souls if we do our whole duty? The extent and responsibility of our living does not wholly depend on beautiful surroundings of the material conditions. If it did then some of us might say we have done our work, and we will trust to the accomplishment of the rest.

"Variety is the spice of life." Change sometimes gives food for thought. Orange trees are growing beautifully. All the late corn has made a good yield;—Peas are blooming and bearing. The largest sweet potato crops ever known are planted in this section and are growing to beat the band, and take it altogether we might be a great deal worse off than we are. We should be and are thankful for small favors until larger ones can be received.

Andrew Barrett.

Watervliet, Ohio.

Sept. 1898.

WE are having fine weather for fall seeding. Crops are fine, but prices low. This is not encouraging, when we think of our heavy taxes.

J. O. Tyler.

[Contributed by Genevieve DeGraw.]

OUR LOVED ONES.

WHAT are our loved ones doing to-day?
Those who have crost o'er the chilling tide,
And landed safe on the other side,
Those who have left in the shrouding's fold
Beautiful clay for the grave to hold,
What are those dear ones doing to-day?

I who must deal with sorrow and care,
I who am hoping the crown to wear,
I with a heaven to lose or win,
I who am tempted and tried within,
Long to step over the bounds of time,
And see what is done in that glorious clime.

Waters of life untroubled are there,
Life's fair tree hath its fruits to bear,
Songs far sweeter than poets dream,
Angels sing by the flowing stream,
Folding their snowy wings they glide
Over the sands by the river's side,
Welcoming those who pure and white
Enter the beautiful gates to-night.

Oh, to be with them! Oh, to be there!
Oh, to be free from this cumbering care!

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Oh, to be safe in the heavenly fold,
Out of the gathering storms and cold
Only to know my sorrows all past
Jesus has loved me and crowned me at last.

Soul be content, thou must labor and wait,
Toiling and trusting both early and late,
Jesus knows when to call thee up higher
More than his will dost thou ask or desire?
Called in the morning or called in the night
Called from earth's darkness or called
from its light,
Patiently wait thou and all will be right.
—*Selected.*

PERFECT PEOPLE.

PERHAPS no one of our friends is exactly as we would like to have him. He has his good qualities and strong points which attract and win us: at the same time he has defects of character to which we can not be blind. We have gone far, however, in cultivating the art of friendship when we take our friends as they are, and recognize that what we deem their faults are often closely connected with their excellencies. You can readily imagine a man more attractive to you in some elements of character than Jones, but if Jones were exactly the kind of man you would like to have him, he would not be Jones at all.

A friend of ours was in search of a horse that was an excellent roadster, full of spirit, and yet safe for his little girl to drive. He soon discovered that while there are many excellent roadsters and also many horses that children can drive, yet there are not many horses that have spirit and at the same time are perfectly safe in the hands of a child. This combination of qualities is pretty hard to get in horses. And there are combinations of qualities that it is pretty hard to find in men.

We say that we love and respect Jones; that, in truth, he is one of our best friends but we wish that he were different in this or that respect. Ah, yes, but the qualities that he has you do not often find in men who have the qualities that he lacks. A man with push and energy if endowed with the gentler qualities which make up the character of his neighbor, would not be himself, with outstanding characteristics which give him an identity, but simply a mediocre,—a faint resemblance to himself and a shadowy likeness of his neighbor.

If we could make over Jones to please our idea of what he should be, he might not be as good a specimen of the race as he now is, and yet we can very clearly point out the improvement he might make in his character.

Let us remember that we, too, have our deficiencies and excesses and be charitable to our friends and trust that time, and intercourse with noble and intelligent minds will yet add to their character the sterner traits which they lack, mayhap, or adorn them with those graces, which will mark them as followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene.

Perfect men are not very common, and furthermore, the kind of man that we should deem perfect, because of his relation to our own qualities might not be perfect by any means. What most of us mean by a perfect person, is one whose qualities harmonize with or supplement our own.—*Selected.*

CHARITY.

By Sister Mary Whitcher.

MY soul hath a secret
I'll keep it secure.
That if coolly treated
The same I'll endure.
And never repeat it
In one mortal ear,
With God rather leave it
Who only should hear.
No malice I'll harbor
In view of the same,
No sadness shall cover
My brow with its claim.
But onward in duty
My steps shall proceed,
Beholding but beauty
And working for need.

East Canterbury, N. H.

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Sanitary.

DONT TALK OF YOUR ILLS.

"EVERY one of us has his and her own ailments," writes Edward W. Bok in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*, decrying the unpleasant habit many people have of discussing their bodily ills. "It is enough for us all to keep well ourselves: to be compelled to listen to the ailments of others does not make that task any easier. Besides all this, these unnecessary narratives of personal ailments are positively injurious to ourselves. Physicians all agree that many of the slight illnesses, of which some people make so much, could be cured if they would but take their minds from themselves. Too many people work themselves into illnesses, or prevent themselves from getting well, by talking about a petty ailment, which, if forgotten, would right itself.

It seems that one of the most important lessons we can all learn is to refrain from inflicting upon others what is purely personal to ourselves. Let us cease this tiresome, this inconsiderate, this unnecessary talk about our ailments. Cold and hard as it may seem, the fact is nevertheless true, and will ever remain so, that the vast majority of people are interested in what is pleasant in our lives, but not in what is unpleasant. Pains and sorrows are elements in our lives which are sacred and interesting only to ourselves."—*Selected.*

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

IT is daily life that tests us—the manner of men we are. It is not our prayer, it is not our profession; but it is the tone of daily intercourse and conduct that decides how we stand. The little, homely graces; the cheerful, every-day amenities; the Christ spirit uttering itself not so much in conscious act as in unconscious influence; not so much in deeds as in that subtle aroma which, without name, exudes from the saintly soul to equals and inferiors; to agreeable and disagreeable; to rich, poor, ignorant; to young, to old; bearing burdens, accepting crosses, seeking no great thing to do, content to put self by, and be a servant of the lowest—these are fruits of only one root—fruits that none may counterfeit.—*Selected.*

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE ALTRUIST is devoted to equal rights, mutual assistance, united labor and common property. Alexander Longley, Editor. Its office is in St. Louis, Mo.

THE ISLAMIC WORLD is publisht in Liverpool, Eng. by "The Cresent Printing Company."

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HAPPY is the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.

Deaths.

Daniel Dunning, at Watervliet, Ohio. Aug. 29, 1898. Age 81 years.

Nancy Dow, at Narcoossee, Fla. Sept. 1, 1898 Age 69 years, 6 months and 25 days.

The battle is fought and the victory is won. Sister Nancy was one of the pioneers who over three years ago left their homes on the hillside to pledge their all in forming a home in the sunny South. She has died as she lived, a noble, worthy Sister, true to her convictions of right, and like the true patriot fell while sustaining the gospel banner of purity and love. Sister Nancy entered the Society of Shakers in 1883. A. B.

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Books & Papers.

An inviting list of special articles of great interest makes up the table of contents for the October Magazine Number of THE OUTLOOK. Prominent among these is that by THE OUTLOOK'S special correspondent at Amsterdam and The Hague, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, "Queen Wilhelmina and Her Realm." Equally timely in interest is that by Mr. Jacob A. Riis, on "Roosevelt and His Men." Dr. Edward Everett Hale's installment for the month of "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" deals with "Mr. Lowell in Spain," and throws a light on Spanish character which has direct application to the present situation between the United States and Spain. These three articles are all fully illustrated, as are also the account of "Life at Willett's Point," by a private of the Twenty-second Regiment, Mr. A. S. Cox; Mr. Clifton Johnson's description of "A Canal-Boat Voyage on the Hudson;" Mr. H. S. Houston's story of Bishop Hare's life of "A Quarter-Century with the Sioux," and Mr. Laurence Hutton's pleasant talk about Charles Dickens. The story of the number, by Mr. Joseph Conrad, the author of one of the most successful novels of the year, "Children of the sea," is, like that novel, a strange story of sea life; it is entitled "Youth; A Narrative." ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.)

Beginning with the next (November) number, FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY will be changed in form and dress. Its price will be reduced to ten cents per copy, one dollar per annum. Mrs. Frank Leslie, whose association with FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY has been the chief factor in its success and fame, now resumes direct editorial control of the magazine, after three years' rest and sojourn abroad. This congenial work will occupy Mrs. Leslie's exclusive attention. Under her skilled and sympathetic guidance, the changes inaugurated in the long-time favorite illustrated family magazine will be in the line of development of the popular pictorial and literary features which have characterized it heretofore. At the same time, various novelties will be introduced. The tone and policy will be more than ever distinctively American, in the new, broad "imperialistic" sense.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins' new serial is the humorous story of an up-to-date city woman who attempts to reform a quiet village and educate the people up to the latest fads of the town. It is called "The Jamesons in the Country," and its serial publication will be commenced in the next issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. It will have Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens as its illustator.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY for September has an article on Hysteria and its deplorable effects on Human Society.

It is from the pen of the Editor, and should have a wide circulation, among the many readers who would be benefited by this timely information.

Many other valuable articles treating on the successful management of the sick, may be found in the same number.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 11.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNISM.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

WHOEVER becomes interested in the teachings of Jesus the Christ, becomes also interested in all that is an outgrowth from that work. It is very true that Jesus never establisht a permanent community, altho his life was wholly given to that end, and those who were called to be with him were a kind of first-fruits of the kingdom of God.

"All who believed were together and had all things common. Neither was there any among them that lackt, for as many as were possest of lands or houses, sold them and distribution was made to every man according as he had need."

A united inheritance in all things, spiritual and temporal is founded in the unity of God in Christ. The family of Christ is one, one body and one head, one Lord and one baptism.

From the introduction of the Mosaic Law to the time of which we are now speaking, there was an inspiration flowing through the prophetic spirit which admitted and encouraged the dissemination of a love and care which might extend beyond the borders of the private, selfish family interests.

A remarkable lesson on this subject was the gathering of the manna by the children of Israel. Every one gathered as he had need. All shared alike. If through selfishness any one gathered more than his right, it spoiled in his house so that he was in no better condition than his neighbor. During forty years that people held their property in common and when they reacht the land of Canaan, "This land is mine," saith the Lord. If they

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bought and sold for me and mine, it was for a limited season and then all debts were cancelled and all the bondsmen were made free.

It is very readily seen that Jesus in the first of his ministration left the selfish course of the world and accepted the principle of united inheritance. To be a disciple of Jesus was peculiar in itself, and all men would know it by this one expression,—Their love one for another. Other religious leaders had their disciples and their corresponding selfishness, but the family of Christ was to be one in its self-denial, in its cultivation of peace and in its general life practice.

Jesus was a Teacher and one of his pupils was a rich young man. He ran to meet Jesus and kneeling before him, askt, "Good Master what shall I do that I may have eternal life?"—Matt. xix., 16. We suppose that the young man had great love for Jesus and a strong faith in his testimony. He was anxious to learn from this good master. The reply that Jesus made was that of a kind and hopeful parent, "Thou knowest the commandments." It was as tho he had said, "If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments."

This was not a prodigal son that had ruined himself through the transgressions of the Law, and he replies,—"All these things have I kept from my youth," and yet with all this care and discipline he could not enter the community or family of Jesus. He had done well so far, but said Jesus, "One thing thou lackest. If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

Why should Jesus ask this young convert to sell all his possessions? Why should he be told to give his property to the poor, unless it was to teach him a lesson in community interest? In this unitary home there would be no rich, no poor, but all would be Brethren and Sisters. The remark that was made to this upright, rich man so astonisht the disciples that they began to enquire, "Who then can be saved?" It had never occurred to them that a little personal property would prevent them from being disciples of the Lord.

While the community system was being discussed, Peter gave evidence that he was quite prepared for the work. "Behold," said he, "we have forsaken all to follow thee." And yet there was a doubt in his mind. He could not see clearly the advantage of forsaking his business relations and giving his goods to the poor and running the risk of getting little or nothing in return.

At this same time Jesus was saying to the disciples, "I have not where to lay my head." I am not so well off as the birds of the air. It was the representation of extreme poverty. "The king's sons," said he, "can dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day."

It is not strange that people of wealth should turn away sorrowfully, after they have learned that they must sell their goods and give their money to the poor, before they can be accepted. If the heavenly kingdom is to be estab-

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lisht on earth, the same condition that makes the heaven in the world to come will also make a heaven in this present life.

Here is the petition, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." And the kingdom is truth, justice, purity and God's love for man. How very different is this from the present state of Christian society. Many who call themselves the saints of God on earth, dwell in palaces and live like king's sons. They know no want, while their Christian brethren may dwell in an ill-furnisht cottage or be provided for in the almshouse. That this should be the condition of the children of this world does not seem strange. "They have their reward."

While the apostles were waiting in Jerusalem for the holy spirit to be poured upon them, the day of Pentecost arrives and Peter in his anxiety makes this enquiry, "Men and Brethren what shall we do?"

They could only do this,—inspire the multitude with the testimony of Jesus, as they had been inspired at a former day. They could teach only that which Jesus had taught—to forsake all and follow Christ in the regeneration. The history of this first church informs us that the multitude were of one heart. Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possest was his own. Neither was there any among them that lackt, for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them and brought the prices of the things sold to the apostles.

Jesus and his disciples must have maintained this same equality, and the same lessons were being carried forward at the feast of Pentecost. Stepping out of their selfish interests, they were brought into fellowship so that those who believed were together and had all things common. They sold their possessions. "Go," said Jesus, "sell all thou hast."

No such sacrifice of one's property for the good of the whole could ever have been made unless the spirit of God was manifest in it. But the promise of God was sure. They received an hundredfold of houses and lands, fathers and mothers in this world and in the world to come, eternal life.

This story of the church is well worth studying by all professing Christians. The pretended consecration of Ananias and Sapphira was met by a just retribution. Peter says, "While it remained, was it not thine own, and after it was sold was it not in thine own power? Thou hast not lied unto man, but unto God." The apostles were in no especial need of the property. He might have kept the whole of it, and he knew this fact quite well. The poor man was double-minded. He wanted to be received into the church, and still wanted to retain a part of his selfish possessions.

This man is a type of the many who have professedly consecrated themselves before God, who have assumed a form of Godliness, while at the same time they have reserved for themselves some of this world's goods, or some idol of the heart. It was a failure. Failed to give up all, failed to bear a full cross, failed to be harvested from the world. In the Christian church

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the comforts of earth and the blessings of heaven are equally alike. "Let the brother of low degree," said James, "rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low." The apostle was making a contrast between the rich and the poor as referring to property.

But in this day the subject would create no interest in the Christian church. The poor man has no special benefit over which he need rejoice, but in the Pentecostal community he would have been exalted and would have shared equally with his rich brother. The rich man at the same time could rejoice that he had the privilege of sharing with his poor brother.

In accepting this testimony of Jesus the Christ, we accept his life example which leads to a separation from the world and to a universal brotherhood of peacemakers and thoughtful workers in practical righteousness.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE COMING SAIL.

By Jessie Evans.

WE are upon the beach. Why we were so placed or how long we must remain we know not, we only know that we are here within sight of the broad expanse of waters between us and the land beyond. At first, we were satisfied with this life upon our vast island home, and found pleasure and sorrow enough this side of the tides to absorb our attention from day to day. At first we were happy in exploring the hidden wonders around us, content with the friendships of the loved ones near us, and engrossed in the interests of our bright, beautiful home; but once, long ago, we caught sight of a sail which broke the human horizon for the first time. On it came until it reacht the port of our loving welcome. Then the angels at the helm whispered to our eager attentive minds tidings of that other shore just across the waters, new sweet voices invited us over, and when they past away from us again they left in our hearts newborn hopes, new ideas, new longings; for we realized that this island home is not our native country, that by and by when the "coming sail" so commissioned shall reach us, we shall take passage, one by one, for that Fatherland on the other side. Since then, all the cares and joys here we view but as the flight of hours which draws us nearer to the life whose cares are all joys. The idea of permanence has gone now. Our eye is eagerly scanning the face of the waters to catch the next sail, for many have called this way since that memorable day so long ago. As they came and went, we learned more and more of that other home. Some of our companions were too busy on the sands to watch for the incoming barques, but those who waited on the border line caught each time the precious whispers.

Sometimes they brought sad news perhaps that a beloved co-worker must take passage, and mid our tears we said farewell. Still at all times, breath-

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ings of a holier atmosphere reacht us, healing the wound and soothing our sorrows. Through this medium our souls reacht out in their aspirations over the waters. Our prayers, deep and fervent, found the spiritual telegraph which spans the distance and now we talk as of yore with the dear ones who seemingly left us. Across the deep, our ideals have touched the diviner shore.

Now, as we fulfill our lesser duties upon this nether beach from day to day, we fail not to watch for the "coming sail" which keeps us in touch with the land from which they come—the "heart's true home."

. . . . . .

Spiritual expectancy is a virtue to be encouraged. Nothing is worse than an indifferent self-satisfied Christianity, if such can exist. If we possess that type of so-called religion, which allays the continual hungering and thirsting after righteousness; if we are so good that we are satisfied to be no better, it is time to question our status. A plant that ceases to grow commences to decay. There is no such state as indifference in a Christian's mind. He is continually reaching after new themes for thought, restful yet ever restless, satisfied yet dissatisfied, ever rich yet longing to be richer toward God. A mind that is content with one type of happiness, one grade of education, is not a mind worthy the name. Eternal progression, endless growth, is the law of the mind. Growth is maintained by inspiration, physical and mental. The hope of a nation or of an individual is its growth. As one has truly said, "It is not so much where we are, as in what direction we are moving." Our nation encourages enterprise and invention in its citizens by holding out strong inducements to the fittest, by denying its responsible offices to the incapable. Hence we are bound to be a growing government.

It is said of Edison, that when one of his wonderful schemes is perfected, his interest holds it no more. He relaxes his mental grasp upon it that he may attempt another and greater benefaction, is pleased with one success only until the possibility of another is conceived. Thus should it be with men in every vocation, attempt and attainment constantly alternating and ascending.

A nation bound by irrevocable laws; a church anchored to an iron creed, cold and inspirationless; a mind whose circle of vision is *what has been*—are crimes before the light of present revelation which administers "strength according to thy day."

The "coming sail" toward which the gaze should ever be turned, means to us *just what we need*. God's inspirations, so beautifully adapted to our shortcomings, are sent to answer our prayers, to echo our praises and to suggest the new line of consecrated service.

Into each horizon come these blessed "sails." Are we too busy with our tasks in the sands to note their approach ere they have past?

East Canterbury, N. H.

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Correspondence.

SOUTH GROTON, MAY 20, 1861.

KIND SISTER;—We received your letter and were all well pleased with its simplicity and kindly spirit. In perusing the expressions of gospel faith, and the good determinations you make to obey them, I conclude that I was particularly fortunate in my last contract, for an addition to the number of my near and dear relation. I will attempt to explain the portions of ancient Scripture to which you have so kindly called my attention.

The prophet Ezekiel lived and wrote in a remarkable period of Jewish history. He was a poor suffering child of mortality, and placed great dependence on the Holy Spirit, as his name signifies, "Supported of God, or God is my strength." Babylon or the Chaldean empire, where the Jews were then in captivity, was a portion of Mesopotamia, a name which signifies, "A land, or valley lying between two rivers." It embraces many names spoken of in early Scripture. The whole valley was the garden of the earth and the fertile portion of it was the glory of the Chaldean empire. This valley lay between the Tigris and Euphrates. It is said to be from twenty to two hundred miles in width, and from six to eight hundred miles in length. All historians agree that the tower of Babel was enclosed within the very walls of Babylon. This holy prophet could look upon the remains of this idolatrous tower and could see what it had done for many generations, even before Abraham was called from that region. In ten generations from Shem out of this valley Abraham was sent, to start the Jewish nation.

Stephen says,—"The God of glory appeared to our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia."—Acts vii., 2. The Chaldeans, or "worshippers of fire," seem to have been of the blood that Abraham was called out from, to plant a people who should receive the promises, and give birth to the Messiah. By the most remarkable demonstration of power, the Hebrews were led into, and delivered from bondage; received the laws of God in the desert, which they repeatedly broke, for which in the days of Ezekiel, they were sent into the most desolate captivity.

The pious prophet had spent the earliest years of his life in the great city of Jerusalem. He began to prophesy five years after the captivity and continued denouncing idolatry for twenty-one years, for which he was slain.

Born of the priesthood, he had bowed to God in early years among the sacred types at the Jewish altar, and had trod the courts of the temple in all their magnificence and glory. His lamentations for his people began in the tabernacle of Israel. He had stood in the outer court in which the multitude listened to the word of God, from between the cherubim, and when the

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tribes of Judah went into captivity, he bitterly knew how deplorably they had fallen. When brought under judgment for their sins, he saw them hurled from their high stations, crusht from among the nations, and their beautiful city and temple levelled to the dust. With them, he was hurried away to the dismal prison-house of Babylon, to lie buried in the grave of slavery in the ancient valley.

This prophet went into exile with his people, into a land of beauty, watered by the rivers of Babylon, but every scene about him was calculated to embitter his life. As he wandered in his devotions and pious rambles along the banks of the river Chebar, (a branch of the great Euphrates,) sorrowfully and sadly could he say,—"Nearly eighteen hundred years ago this ground was made sacred by the footsteps of the righteous Noah, who was perfect in his generation, found favor with heaven, and escaped the deluge. Here in this delightful valley, God made with Noah the second covenant with the race, re-establisht the simple patriarchal religion in the New world, and as with Adam the first, made him earthly Lord of his generations."

He could see also where Nimrod came to establish idolatry one hundred and twenty years after the deluge. The very name of that personage signifies "Rebel against God's mediatorial government." He could see the very structure that this ancient turnaway constructed, to oppose God's rule through ancient mediators, and overturn patriarchal authority, and set himself on high to introduce false worship. Noah was clothed with the name of the true God and they who set out to erect this structure said,—"Let us make us a new name."—Gen. xi., 4. In every direction the prophet could see that the abominable rites started then, had spread abroad and come down to that generation shutting them out from the knowledge of God's rule and order. Here he could see what Abraham was called out from, and why he was cautioned never to return. Perhaps he prayed to heaven by the same river, or in the very grave where Abraham was told to leave his father's house, and plant a new generation of people. In this trying condition, and in these extremes of feeling, he must have viewed the dead condition of his people. Under these disadvantages he, without doubt, labored in sorrow to learn how the promises of God made to Abraham concerning his kindred were to be fulfilled.

I have written thus, to take the most direct way to show you that history informs us that the valley in which the prophet saw the dry bones was something more substantial than a vision. I have taken the most simple method to show you that in his entranced state he saw the bones as a figure, but they were evidently in the valley of Mesopotamia. By quoting a few verses of the preceding chapter we can see the meaning of the vision more clearly.

The prophet says, "The word of the Lord came to me saying, Son of man when the house of Israel dwelt in their own land, they defiled it by their doings, and I scattered them among the Heathen. I will take you from among the Heathen and bring you into your own land. I will put my spirit within

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you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall dwell in the land which I gave to your fathers."—Ezekiel xxxvi., 16, 27.

He continues, "The hand of the Lord was upon me, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones, and he caused me to pass them round about, and behold they were very many in an open valley, and lo! they were very dry, and he said to me, Son of man can these bones live? and I said, O Lord thou knowest: He said, prophesy unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Behold I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinews and flesh upon you, cover you with skin and ye shall live. And as I prophesied there was a noise and a shaking and the bones came together. The sinews and flesh came upon them, and skin covered them, but there was no breath in them. Then he saith unto me, prophesy unto the wind, and say, Thus saith the Lord, come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live. So I prophesied, and breath came into them and they lived and stood upon their feet an exceeding great army."—Ezek. xxxvii., 1—10.

Here is one of the most descriptive visions ever given to a prophet. It was to show this suffering man of God, that his people would be awakened, raised from their dead state of transgressions and brought back to the land and law of their father. There is no lack of evidence to show that this was the real meaning of this vision as you may read. "Then said he to me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel. They say our bones are dried, our hope is lost, and we are cut off from our parts (lands.) Therefore say unto them, Thus saith the Lord, behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel."

The sending of the Jews into Babylonish captivity was to cast the old transgressors out of Canaan and let their carcasses fall among the heathen. The idolatrous portions of the younger generations never returned to Jerusalem but remained among heathen idolaters. History informs us that the most sincere portions were the only remnant that returned, who built up the city, erected the second temple and establisht the law. This vision is one of the most remarkable pieces of Biblical literature. The Chaldeans, Medes and Persians generally had great reverence for the memory of this prophet. They believed in a sort of literary resurrection, and by this vision, the meaning of which they could not comprehend, they were undoubtedly strengthened in that belief, as were many of the Jews.

More than ten thousand sermons have been preached from it for the same purpose. It was the very vision selected by the Advents to prove that the literal body was the real eternal man, and that the four winds of heaven, or the common air we breathe was the true spirit of God which was finally to reanimate these bodies. The simple revelations of Mother Ann Lee which divide between flesh and Spirit, set all right upon this subject. They show that the body returns to the dust, and that the spirit travels up to the spirit-

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ual heaven in Christ-like purity and the beauty of holiness. It is somewhere said that "the golden moments for proper action should never be lost."

On every plane of life, everything elevated and Godlike must be gained by virtue, diligence and labor. There is no way we can attain immortality until we have marshalled for the conflict, fought the battles and endured the hardships of the campaign. On the battle-field conflicts are waged, deeds of valor performed, and palms of victory borne away. I know how the cross of Christ feels to a young, ardent, golden-dreaming, impetuous nature, but there is a priceless knowledge which lies just beyond this battle ground, which has not yet opened fully to your understanding. To those who early embrace the cross of Christ, and are loyal disciples till they pass the meridian of life, there is a serene tranquility that none can experience who have not fought many battles, and come off victorious. Such Christian warriors are crowned with a glory that the earthly hero never knew. They have fought through fields where Napoleon or Alexander would have been put to flight, or slain upon the battle ground. In this condition the Christian has past the first conflict, and firmly stands. He has gained a substance, and enjoys the true rest which remains for the people of God.

Your Brother in the Gospel, WILLIAM LEONARD.

SELFISHNESS.

By Annie R. Stephens.

SELFISHNESS has been truly called the "first angel of evil." We have only to cast our eyes outwardly, yea even inwardly to have this verified. Self-interest,—how like a net-work it runs through the whole fabric of our lives; let us analyze our best motives; are they not most frequently subject to the influence of personal consideration?

"Know thyself" was the injunction of a Grecian philosopher; yet man knows everything better than himself; he has peered into the stellar world, dug into the interior of the earth, controlled many of the subtle elements of nature, and even mapped the bottom of the ocean, yet he is far from knowing his own nature and its essential attributes, we may suppose that through his knowledge of these things may yet be evolved something superior to the present animal man. It is well for us at times to tear away the veil of selfishness, and let the light penetrate our hearts, revealing our true condition and how far our lives are actuated by this sin. It is not only manifest in the desire to appropriate material gain to personal use, but in pride, arrogance, self-will, love of power, envy and malice, indifference to the welfare of others; if we harbor these things the love of the Father is not in us; these are but a few of the branches of that great evil tree that has its roots in the lower life, that Jesus told his followers they must lay down to inherit eternal life.

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Popular religious belief is founded upon selfishness,—selfishness that has its origin in the sordid heart, not in the true spirit of religion. Many of our churches are gilded monuments of selfishness, where the worshipers idly resting on the merits of a crucified Savior, bow to the gods of wealth and fashion and leave unheeded their suffering brother and sister.

"Self-interest is the genuine lever of Archimedes—its fulcrum, the sordid heart,—it moves the world." Let us take a broader out-look and see how this demon of self rules the world. It is written, "thou shalt have no other gods before me," but,

"Mammon sits before a million hearths
Where God is blotted out from every house."

With what tenacity mankind has clung to the god of gold, that selfish instinct of acquisitiveness that appropriates all it can grasp, while the weaker brother "bites the dust of poverty."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" this would imply a broad fraternal relationship; but let us look at the system of war by which all civilized nations are oppressed. Millions of human beings trained, armed, disciplined and equipt for mutual destruction;—can anything be more opposed to the love of the neighbor? The whole system of modern civilization is the triumphant despotism of self; the strong against the weak, producing many inequalities, while the whole earth groans with the countless miseries that come in consequence of its domination. There are none, however imperfect their knowledge of the trend of human events, but what feel a nameless apprehension of danger ahead, a revolution that must sooner or later arise to dethrone the god of self that the divine Spirit may reign in human hearts.

"Unselfishness is the very essence of true nobility." Moses taught the principles of "love to the neighbor," but it only extended as far as the Jew; it was left for the great Teacher to inaugurate the system of *universal brotherhood.* What an inspiration to all, is his life example of self-sacrificing devotion to others; how full of tenderness for the suffering, pity for the afflicted. The parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan,—how rich in imagery: how full of illustrations of that unselfish spirit that loves the neighbor better than self. In serving the neighbor we are fulfilling the highest law,—the law of love; in doing this we are serving God, for the highest manifestation of God is found in human hearts. Oh, that we might dethrone this god of self! Selfishness,—it hangs a veil over our eyes, darkening our minds to the true light of the Spirit; it places a stone against the door of our hearts barring them to the reception of every good thing; let us roll away this stone bidding the angel of the Resurrection, the angel of love, come forth enrobed in her beautiful garments.

Do we wish to enjoy a foretaste of heaven now? the surest way is to rise above all conditions of self. Do we wish to advance the Divine Kingdom in earth? the only way is through the conquest of selfishness and this should be the aim of every individual.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

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THE MANIFESTO.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

September.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.		Rain.
1897.	61.6	1.75 in.
1898.	65.	2.25 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.		90 above 0.
Lowest " " " "		36 " "
Number of rainy days " "		5
" " clear " " "		15
" " cloudy " " "		10

Oct. 1898.

THIS is the harvest season of the year as the constellation Libra or the Scales denotes, the season of gathering in the fruits of the earth. This work is now nearly accomplisht. Soon we shall be able to draw the Balance-sheet and ascertain the result of the labors of the year. Our hay crop has been excellent. Green fields and pastures have been continuous from budding Spring to the present date. The weather has been rather too wet for potatoes, consequently they have been affected with rot. Corn has been excellent; the same can be said of Hubbard squash and other culinary vegetables. Our apple crop has been medium: cherries abundant; other small fruits variable. Our temporal larder has thus far been well supplied so there is small probability that we shall perish with hunger, physically.

The culture of our moral and spiritual necessities depends as much on our own wise tactics as do the temporal. Public Meetings are still held and whosoever will may come and partake of the waters of life freely. New York State has finally shaken off its lethargy and is following the good example set by Massachusetts in the improvement of the highways, so that now, without doubt, there will be a State road built between Pittsfield and Albany, thus making the passage over the Berkshire Hills easier and pleasanter.

Our well tried friend Dr A. J. White we learn has past that bourne, whence no traveller returns. Our blessing rests upon the noble Doctor. We have no deaths to chronicle in our Community. All are able to do duty with slight exceptions.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

Oct. 1898.

We've had a splendid pouring rain,
And hope we'll get some more,
Streams were getting very dry,
So well we prized the pour.
It rained from north,
It rained from south,
It rained from east and west,
'Twas just the kind of rain to have,
A rain that rains the best.

The Notes by Elder Henry C. Blinn in Oct. MANIFESTO were decidedly interesting. The "Home Notes" department is a pleasing feature, as it forms a link in the brotherhood from Maine to Kentucky, holding spirit communion which is most

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profitable in these days of constant financial ruin, hurry and rush.

Our sweet corn drying is in full blast, and the corn could not be better. When finisht we shall have a choice lot of the best and finest stock to be found in market. Our tomato harvest was very light, but the deficiency has been cancelled by the generosity of our North family friends who liberally supplied us with a full and perfect measure which they heaped up, pressed down and filled to overflowing.

The demand for Shaker chairs, foot rests, woolen dusters and many items in the fancy work department continues.

Sisters Abigail Brooks and Amanda Tiffany of Enfield, Conn., made us a short call last week. The world revolves rapidly, so we must move briskly to keep pace with it all.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Oct. 1898,

In perusing the Notes from the Editorial diary, the closing paragraph introduced a train of thought which is thus illustrated. The conservative mind that can intelligently separate the chaff from the wheat, rejecting the ideas and practices of the past that have proven by their own record their falsity, and retaining those which are founded upon the everlasting truth; and viewing the advance of human life in its progressive march to higher ideals, can call steady, steady, be sure you are right, then go ahead, is of a type so different from that conservatism which opposes the new moon because it respects the old, that no comparison can be drawn between them.

"We are living, we are dwelling in a grand and awful time, when to be living is sublime." The forces that are molding human thought, and changing human society, are moving with such rapidity, and displaying such tremendous energy in their operation that those who, because they do not conform to their fossilized ideals seek to check their advance had better heed the warning voice,—Beware. While all change is not progress, all progress is change from the old and dying civilizations of the past, into the new and resurrecting life of the advance thought of the present.

We can not view life through the same object glass as those who hold that the only ideals worthy of acceptance are those which the past has given us, and any effort to change them for something higher would only result in retrogression. Gerald Massey, in his poem "The Coming Time," voices an everlasting truth in the following, "'Tis coming up the steep of time, and this old world is daily growing brighter."

The opening days of October gave us a sample of the same weather that the preceding months did—a summer temperature. At date, Oct. 8, we have had two light frosts; but nothing to injure tender vegetation. It is a season of usual health. One of the dear mothers, Sister Sophronia Dole is patiently waiting for the angel that directs the life boat to pilot her over to the evergreen shores.

Hamilton DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

Oct. 1898.

October, the treasurer of the year is come, and we are collecting the interest due on the toil of the preceding months, and also returning to her safe deposit, treasures which we may draw, on some distant rainy or snowy day.

First among her treasures, and enclosing them all like the folds of protecting papers, are the beautiful leaves. Their description becomes a worn subject of the pen, for Webster allows only just so many descriptive words, but never does their beauty become tiresome to the eye. We do not wonder that so many are attracted to the Berkshire Hills, and leaving the crowded cities, throng the towns, to spend a few days in wonder and admiration.

Apples are fairly good and sufficient for home use, but "none to spare." Corn

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cutting and drying completed some days ago, and since that time, the entire lot has been sold, the result of a hasty trip by Brother Ira to New York and Philadelphia.

All around are rumors of disasters, the result of the heavy rains. We have escaped even the least of these, for which we are grateful, although sympathetic with those less fortunate. The moisture has averted the frost and kept vegetation in smiling freshness.

The mile of State road west of us will be completed in a month, and preparations are making for the building of another mile east. The Electric railway has also crept nearer us, although not near enough as yet to affect us directly.

During the summer months there have been, grazing upon our verdant hill-sides, numbers of the quadruped family—calves, but such poor apologies as they were when first sent there! Yesterday, however, as we watched them in their gambols we hardly thought them the same, so improved were they with their pasture diet. An addition is being built at our new barn to house sixty or seventy of them this winter.

We have had the pleasure of a few weeks companionship with Elder Henry C. Blinn, a pleasure which we value, and the close of which we have signed "D. C." to be repeated until the finale occurs.

If the light of the Divine presence has shone on our darkness, should we not throw out its rays to others who are pursuing life's pilgrimage?

"For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
And in bearing another's load
We lighten our own, and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road."

Fidella Estabrook.

Enfield, N. H.

Oct. 1898.

THE articles in the Oct. MANIFESTO referring to our Florida society, bring to mind the saying,—Life is exalted by the action of its varied elements. In the case of our "Olive Branch" kindred, the elements of industry, intelligence and virtue consecrated to faith and life works like that of their Northern kindred, have wrought good results to their honor, and to the honor of Zion at large. May the fruits of their labors yield, not only a large harvest of the fruits of the earth, but an abundance of the joy of the spirit, for the laborious work so nobly and cheerfully done.

Our home is environed with nature's most radiant gifts of autumnal colors, making a picture, beautiful to behold, and reminding us that by "the action of its varied elements," the earth never faileth to perform her mission well. Her products giving a silent sermon of loyalty and exaltation to the Creator of all good.

We miss the merry songsters, the fields of ripened grain, and the well stockt vegetable gardens, but later on we shall enjoy the harvesting of field and garden, when snow and bleak winds take the place of the present genial atmosphere and beauteous scenery.

We are pleased to record a short, but pleasant visit with Brother Arthur Bruce of East Canterbury, and subsequently one with Sister Eliza A. Stratton of the same place.

The past month, our townsman Mr. C. Rich, kindly favored us with a fine program of phonographic selections, making an enjoyable evening.

Sisters have prepared 218 gallons of varied fruit sauces, and are to add more are also engaged on fancy goods for next year's sales the past season being an exceptionally profitable one.

We hope, with Brother Hamilton De Graw, that before long the nation with nation will cease to war, and their "spiritual sensibilities" by "the action of its varied elements" clasp them in bonds of eternal peace.

George H. Baxter.

Narcoossee, Fla.

Oct. 1898.

THE business outlook for east and south Florida is better than it has been since the great freeze. Field crops have at least come up to the average, while the

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orange groves that have been properly cared for have a fair yield of fruit.

The men of the woods are doing quite a stroke of work in the turpentine camps, and the lumbermen at the mills say they have all the work they can do to fill their orders. This speaks very well for our nearest town, Kissimmee, which for two years after the freeze had a very disconsolate look. Being the center of many beautiful orange groves, it depended on them for life, and for many years previous it was about the entire business of the people of middle and southern Florida. To Florida the freeze was a blessing instead of a curse. It showed to them the necessity of relying on something more than oranges for a living. Hundreds of its inhabitants, while they have renewed their groves, have also planted large acres of different kinds of vegetables, which will add largely to the pocket book and also lessen the expenses of living.

Everybody is gratified that the summer is past and that there has been no yellow fever in Florida. The State Board of Health stands higher than ever in the confidence and esteem of the people. We are looking with more or less pleasure upon our small acres.

Our sugar cane stands over twelve feet high and is a wonder. Our rice which we have begun to harvest is an equal crop and will give us all the hay we want for our mules and horses. Pine-apples are just beginning to ripen and we have a few every week to supply home neighbors at town. Our rainy season is over and Old Sol is again pouring down his intensity upon our heads.

Andrew Barrett.

FACTS ABOUT FLORIDA.

Olive Branch, Sept. 1898.

WE now have fenced and in good condition, four pastures.

No 1 pasture contains 2000 acres
No 2 pasture contains 1000 acres.
No 3 pasture contains over 600 acres.
No 4 pasture contains over 400 acres.

Every pasture is on the border of a lake where cattle can get water the year round. The four pastures will furnish choice feed for over two thousand cattle every month during the year, and cattle thrive and grow without any other feed! Not having the means to purchase cattle to occupy the four pastures, which we exceedingly regret, we have been obliged to let most of the pastures to cattle dealers at a small compensation, when compared with the profits made by owners of the cattle.

Narcoossee, Fla. B. G.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Oct. 1898.

HAVING just read in the Oct. MANIFESTO, the very interesting account of our beloved Editor's visit, I am prompted to extend thanks to him for his kindly thoughts which are both interesting and instructive.

We are enjoying a pleasant visit with two Sisters from Mt. Lebanon, Sarah Burger and Annie-R. Stephens, also two from Harvard, Mass., Sister Olive Hatch, now over 90 years old, and erect and smart yet, and Sister Myra McLean. The meeting with these gives us a pleasant interchange and one that we very highly prize after the busy summer. Their presence among us is conducive to spiritual strength and the good influence thus shed upon all serves to draw us nearer to the God of purity and love.

We have had several privileges the past summer. Prof. Osgood of Boston has kindly favored us with two hours musical training and made several short calls while he tarried at Poland Springs. Later, the two leading musicians from Poland Springs came down to our home and kindly gave us two concerts from the organ and violin. They belong to the Boston Symphony Orchestra which consists of eighty men.

Our crops are almost harvested except the apples of which there are but few this season. Later, apple-pie will be "a rarity" with us. Winter is close at hand and the Summer has past so quickly that it seems like a dream to look back over the past months.

Ada S. Cummings.

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East Canterbury, N. H.

Oct. 16, 1898.

HOME NOTES rather husky this time, for either by corn or cold all have been touched. The statistician is not prolific on farm topics, merely reporting silos full and more to follow. Dairy steady. Potatoes good crop, probably five hundred bushels, other vegetables very respectable both in quality and quantity.

In honor of this unprecedented corn year, a "Corn Corn-cert" was held on the evening of the 6th inst. The program rendered may interest our readers, and at the same time adjust the Home Notes column for East Canterbury to the standard length.

CORN CORN-CERT.

Corn-vivial Corn-vergence.	Quartet.
Corn-flict,	Orchestra.
Corn-sentaneity,	Children.
Corn-glomeration Duet,	Piano & Organ.
Corn-temporation,	Quartet.
Corn-cussion,	Orchestra.

Corn-sumption.

Corn-sternation,	Quintet.
Corn-temporaries,	Piano & Organ.
Corn-cord,	Quartet.
Corn-firmation,	Children.
Corn-vulsions,	Orchestra.
Corn-clusion,	Quartet.

Jessie Evans.

Pleasant Hill, Ky.

Oct. 1898.

OUR peaches and apples are a failure. Vegetables and small fruits are good. It has been many years since we noted a failure in our apple crop, and yet we have many blessings for which to be thankful.

Nancy Rupe.

Sanitary.

KEEPING WARM.

A COMMON error is that Orientals inhabit lands of eternal summer and dress the year through in flowing silks and wondrous muslins. Many of them do enjoy this kind of existence. Those for example, in southern China and on the great plain of Hindostan, but at least a hundred millions live in a territory as cold as this city, and at least fifty millions in a land whose conditions are similar to those of Canada. Centuries of civilization have taught them numberless expedients for securing comfort and pleasure, in spite of the snow and ice which surround them in the winter season. Many of these are known and utilized by the western world, but the most are unknown, or, if known, are viewed as freaks or laughable oddities.

Thus, for example, the Japanese and northern Chinese employ what are known as pocket stoves. These consist of shells of metal in iron, brass, bronze, silver, and for the very wealthy gold. Charcoal or perfumed charcoal is put into the shell and ignited. The shell itself is inserted in a special belt or cloth, and worn about the waist, or is fastened to the inside of a woman's skirt. A cold individual may wear as many as a half dozen of these little stoves, while a warm-blooded person is satisfied with one.

There are beautiful little foot warmers, which can be taken into bed, and in which a slowly smouldering fire safely secured inside a metal box, emits warmth the night long. and makes the coldest bed as delightful as a hammock in summer weather. Then there are portable stoves, which burn perfumed charcoal and can be carried from room to room. There are pajamas which are lined with fur; kimonos, whose interior is as soft as fleece or the silkiest goat hair; cloaks and peignoirs, which are really furs with the warm side in. There are fur-lined slippers, and most delightful of all for those who dwell in chilly rooms, or like to sleep with the windows open in midwinter, fur-lined socks or short stockings, which can be drawn on in a second, and which make the coldest floor agreeable to the foot.—*New York Mail and Express.*

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I HAVE DREAMED OF MY HOME.

By Florence Staples.

I HAVE dreamed of my home in the morning land,
And its visions before me rise;
The domes and spires of its city sublime
Reared 'neath love's radiant skies.
The city where truth her altar builds,
And peace her banner unfurls,
Where the shining ones pass to and fro,
Through the glittering gate of pearls.

I dreamed of its gardens so wondrously fair,
Of flowers that ornate the sod;
Of fruitage that death's chilling breath could not blight,
In the beautiful garden of God.
No discord is known in that Eden of bliss;
No shadow casts o'er it a gloom;
The rich balmy zephyrs wake music most rare,
Mid its wealth of perpetual bloom.

I have dreamed of its mountains that rise proud and high;
Where the lion's foot never hath trod;
Nor the eye of the vulture the brightness hath seen
That halos the mountain of God.
Blest vision of glory! Oh sacred retreat!
That feasted my wondering gaze;
The holy of holies where pure angels meet;
The breath from thy height is but praise.

I dreamed of a valley, the valley of rest.
Oh grandeur sublime to behold!
The river of life gently threading its way,
O'er a sandy bed studded with gold;
Its rich vernal margin in flower-crowned grace
Lay kist by the beams from above;
The lily in whiteness breathed sweetest perfume,
There blossomed the roses of love.

I dreamed a peace that my soul compast round;
A sweet calm pervaded the air;
And there neath the wings of a bright seraphim.
I knelt at the altar of prayer,
My heart felt the thrill of an unction divine,
My being refresht by its flow,
A rest in the arms of an Infinite love,
A peace that the world can not know.

I dreamed of the laurels that might wreathe my brow,
The trophies for victories won;
Of the bright stainless robe that my form yet might wear
When the earthly race fully is run;
The gems and bright jewels through toil and pain stored,
Where time can not tarnish or blight;
Where the weary worn pilgrim the Father calls home
To his merited treasures of light.

I dreamed of the loved ones who faded away
As the dew of a fair eventide;
Through the mists they were waiting and watching for me
On the shores of eternity's side;
Their whispering so soothing still falls on mine ear;
So peaceful no discord or jar;
The light of their love beameth bright o'er my way;
"To me 'tis the Bethlehem's star."

Oh was it a dream? to my questioning soul,
There cometh a touching reply;
Look upward Oh mortal! mount upward thro' faith!
Soon the shadows of earth will pass by;
And the city, the garden, the mountain and vale,
The bright crystal waters that flow,
The laurels of conquest the peace for the strife
In the mansions of rest thou shalt know.

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Mary Ann Curtis, at Enfield, N. H. Sept. 9, 1898. Age 76 years 7 mo. and 5 days.

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In 1882 somebody told me in London the story of an invitation which Lord Granville, the Foreign Minister, had sent him. Lord Granville, in a friendly note, asked him to dinner, saying at the same time that he knew how foolish it was to give such short notice "to the most engaged man in London." Lowell replied that "the most engaged man is glad to dine with the most engaging."

* * * *

Lowell was not only the Minister from the people; he was a messenger to the people. And he had sense enough and historical knowledge enough to know that since there has been an America on the western side of the Atlantic, the English *people*—the rank and file—have been in sympathy with the thought and feeling and purposes of that American people. When my brother Charles was in London in 1863, and the English Government was acting, on the whole, as badly as it dared toward the United States, a member of the Cabinet said to him one day, "The clubs are against you Mr. Hale, but the people of England are with you." This was true then; it was true in the American Revolution; it was true in Cromwell's time—he has no title which is more sure than that of the "Friend of New England." The same thing is true today. Now, Lowell never said to himself, "Go to, I will address myself to the people of Great Britain," or "The people of Great Britain is one thing, and the clubs of London another." But because he was the man he was, he was always glad to meet the people and the men of the people, and let them really know what America is.—*The Outlook.*

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY for October has an excellent chapter on Science of the Life; and the Moral and Spiritual Characteristics; that should be wrought out in the life of man. Many other chapters of excellent instruction, on the subject of life and health will be found in the same number. Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co. Kokomo, Ind.

A CITY OF CONFUSION. THE CASE OF DR. BRIGGS, by Rev. Henry G. Ganss. The writer of this little work of some sixty pages has brought forward a large number of witnesses to prove the truth of his assertion, and to show that the Protestant Episcopal Church is one of "compliant flexibility," and "from 1552 and onward, the English Church was considered by friends and foes alike, to be for all intents and purposes one with the Swiss churches of Zurich and Geneva." The Rev. Catholic writer assures us that Dr. Briggs has already entered the Anglican Church, although dismissed from the Presbyterian. He then comes forward with this long array of powerful witnesses to prove that the Anglican Church is so like the Presbyterian, that the change was accomplished with little or no ceremony. As the testimony of these witnesses has been accepted by the author of the work, he is certainly fully justified in calling that church in which Dr. Briggs has passed, A City of Confusion. The price of the book is 15 cts. net. Address The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.

How general the use of photography is coming to be adopted by the modern magazine as a means of illustration is shown in the announcement of *The Ladies' Home Journal* that it is about to publish six new, distinct series of articles which will include not less than 400 photographs. The idea of the magazine is to present one hundred of the prettiest country homes in America, to encourage artistic architecture; one hundred of the prettiest gardens, to encourage taste in floriculture; seventy churches decorated for festal occasions of all kinds such as weddings Christmass and Easter services, etc.; some forty of the prettiest girl's rooms in this country; twenty-five floral porches and vine-clad houses; and the story of the native wild flowers in America told in seventy-five photographs. Over 8000 photographers, in every part of the country, were employed by the magazine to get these pictures, and several thousands of dollars were paid in prize awards for the best photographs. The choice was made out of over 10,000 photographs received by the magazine.

We present the fourteenth edition to the public with a due appreciation of the fact that, from its beginning, the COLUMBIA DESK CALENDAR, like the Columbia Bicycle, has been received with an approbation which has increased annually. We thank each and all of our friends whose contributions grace many of the following pages, and would suggest to each user of the Calendar that, aside from its practical adaptiveness to the exigencies of every-day life, it possesses a large and distinctive value by reason of these offerings. We regret that owing to the limited number of days in a year we have been obliged to omit many valued contributions. Additional copies may be obtained by sending five two-cent stamps to Calendar Department Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn.

BETHLEHEM, A CHILDREN'S RHYME OF THE OLDEN TIME by H. L. Hastings. This little book of some sixty pages is just what will please every boy and girl. It is a story of the life of Jesus, and written in a style that will prove pleasing and indeed very interesting as do all the writings of the venerable H. L. Hastings. The work is neatly gotten up;—printed in large, clear type, and beautifully illustrated. Published at 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

That the spy sent by the United States government to Spain during the war should have become the guest of Weyler himself, seems incredible. Yet there is nothing more true.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. DECEMBER, 1898. No. 12

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

CHANGE THE MIND.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

"*Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*"—*Matt. iii.*

THERE is something very interesting in the manner in which John introduced himself to his audience. He came, it is said, preaching in the wilderness, and the beginning of his sermon was a lesson full of life.

The crowd that came to hear him must have listened with astonishment as he, without any preliminary words called upon them to repent,—to change their minds,—to begin to think differently from what they had been thinking, for the Kingdom of God was at hand.

There was no time to waste in foolish excuses, nor in telling him what they expected to do. The Jews already understood that they were a people peculiarly favored of God, that Abraham was their father and Moses and the prophets their inspired directors.

In all probability, John had made himself familiar with the Jewish history, and did not hesitate to tell them wherein they had neglected to keep the Mosaic Law, and were worshiping false gods. The traditions of men, in many cases, were more readily accepted while the commandments from Sinai had been carelessly thrown aside. In their anxiety to be and to do like the idolatrous nations around them, they had turned from God, only to be lost in their own selfishness.

The Douay translation of the text prefers to have John say,—Do penance for the kingdom of God is at hand. The Catholics and Protestants are a little at variance in regard to some few Biblical expressions, but the difference

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is very trifling. Whether we repent or do penace it seems quite necessary that we should change the order of our lives and do better in the future than we have done in the past. One commentator thinks it should read,—"Reform because the royal majesty of the heavens has approached."

The making of a change in the life of an individual seems to have been the essential feature, as Jesus used the same language on the introduction of his first sermon. John and Jesus must have been very much in harmony in their revival work. Both taught their followers the necessity of leading a new life and of walking more uprightly before God.

John not only considered it necessary that his converts should be baptized in the water, but that it was equally as necessary for them to confess their sins. While the Protestant church seems to hold tenaciously to the baptizing of the new convert in water, the last, and we should say the most essential part is wholly neglected.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Correspondence.

SOUTH GROTON, SEPT. 14, 1863.

KIND ELDERESS MARY WHITCHER;—I should have complied with your request long ago and have sent you the little narrative, related by Brother Abijah Worcester, concerning Lafayette, but I now send it with many thanks for former favors and with my best love to all. To render it a story with a beginning as well as an end, and to show the consistency of his being attracted by the inspiration of Believers, I will introduce the matter by a few remarks upon his evidently peculiar organization.

Believers in special providences, have long considered that the Marquis de Lafayette was one of the best mediums ever brought under natural inspiration. His physical, moral and circumstantial qualifications were happily adapted to his remarkable intuitive capacity. He came forward in life a young man, uncontrolled by others, before he was of age. He was of noble lineage, great powers, strong mind, ardent love of character, strict moral integrity and his sweetness of disposition, inspired for him love and universal respect in all circles of Society, in an extraordinary manner. He was born to move among the highest aristocracy at the French Court. At the age of nineteen he was in public life; and among the millions of Frenchmen none had more fairly entered the road to earthly glory and honor.

Before he was twenty years of age, he was commissioned in due form to hold rank in the French army. It was at this period, that the American Colonies were struggling for independence. Prince William of England was making a tour through France, near where Lafayette's regiment was quartered,

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and was a guest of a French nobleman in that neighborhood. The loquacious English prince, tho among the more liberty-loving Frenchmen, commenced an unreserved conversation respecting the American war. Perhaps none at the table but himself had any definite knowledge of the character of that struggle, or the true object the Americans were contending for. With great frankness the duke talked the whole matter out without the least duplicity or covering.

There is no believer in inspired cause and effect, but would discern at a glance, that his caution was controlled, his perception beclouded, and his descriptive powers excited, by some higher presiding agency. He is reported to have been very eloquent, candid, and to have represented the Americans an opprest people struggling for liberty, tho he seemed unconscious of what he was doing.

Deep down in the soul of the youthful Marquis, lay slumbering a noble patriotism, unbounded liberality, a universal love of his race, and a disposition which would prompt him, when rightly inspired, to sacrifice all, and pour out his life blood like water, in defence of the rights of man.

The story of the prince, and the spirit that inspired it thrilled the inexperienced soul of Lafayette like holy fire. It awakened the budding powers of his manhood and aroused the newer and greater qualities of his being into action. In contemplating the man, to many he seemed quickened and transformed into a new being. He suddenly became developt in the wisdom of a Sage, and the courage and daring of a hero. He soon presented himself as the champion to crush out tyranny that human freedom might be erected upon its ruins. He seemed moulded for the very age in which he lived; his whole career in the new and old world, and the part he took in both, proves it. On the world's wide plane, upon which he acted, no man ever had a better opportunity to show the weakness and blemishes of the human character; but tho moving among the most varied and corrupt masses, and effecting the most fearful overturns, his character through life for consistency, firmness and moral virtue, ever stood untarnished.

Lafayette's first interview with Washington, goes far to prove that he was a strong medium, passing review under the severe inspection of a Master spirit, of the same organization. With a board of Officers, he sat down to dine with Washington, and before the hour had expired, by careful observation and deep impression, his whole character was read, and read correctly, by the great American Chief. Tho a child in years, by clear penetration and the impulse of an incomprehensible inspiration, he was attracted to Washington, as to some guardian angel. In him he saw all the qualities of sage, soldier, and civilian for which he longed; and drawing near to the great chief to study there, he was unconsciously influenced by spirits, which ministered to the Father of his Country.

We introduce this singular man in this manner, to claim that it was no

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possible for him to enter where any kind of inspiration was agitating human beings, without being excited by it. Among the many confidential labors and missions entrusted to Lafayette, he was sent from Albany to negotiate with the Indian tribes, to take up the war hatchet for the Americans. In his intercourse with them, he commanded their veneration and enlisted many of the red warriors, in defense of the colonies. It was on one of these missions as he past that way, he called on the Believers in Watervliet.

It was an important period in the inspiring commencement of "the latter day." A time when many were flocking to Mother Ann and the Elders to hear the gospel requirements, and the tidings which brought salvation; a period when all became quickened by the power and inspiration which attended the first witnesses of truth who proclaimed Christ's second coming. When the Marquis entered the neighborhood at Watervliet, where the gathering was fast progressing, he heard of their meetings, and in company with another officer, he called to visit them.

Among the Believers there were many who had been connected with the army from the beginning; some who had joined before, and some after Lafayette had entered the service, and as both officers were in second regimental dress they were easily recognized. He entered very quickly the little dwelling where they first held their meetings. Some were conversing, some passing in and out, and some were under singularly inspired operations. Among the most eccentric of these cases were the outward manifestations of Abijah Worcester. He and many others were men and women of strong minds. They had investigated diligently, had received faith correctly, and believed that Mother Ann was inspired by Spirit power to declare to them the most self-sacrificing word of God ever uttered. According to the laws that control organizations, it was utterly impossible for Lafayette with his singular powers, to enter a place with such surroundings and not feel the state of the atmosphere and the electrical current into which he had entered.

Lafayette was tall and majestic and he silently and busily engaged himself in closely inspecting the strange scene before him. True to his mediumistic powers, where the most remarkable inspiration was apparent, there he was the soonest agitated and attracted. Abijah Worcester was at that time under perpetual agitation, jerking, shaking, twisting in sudden convulsion. Seated in the rear of the room, Lafayette past directly through the crowd, and quietly seated himself by his side; to him he devoted his undivided attention. He looked steadily and watchfully upon him, and when agitated and moved, he would lay his hand upon the limbs of the subject. Thus closely observing him at all times, embarrassed Abijah greatly. He said he felt him to be a powerful spirit, that brought him into great bondage. Wishing to break this disagreeable spell, and find relief from the singular freedom thus taken with his gifts and person, he said to Lafayette, "You seem desirous of obtaining this power," but the only answer received was, "It is desirable."

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By this time, Abijah became so disconcerted, that he suddenly arose and walked out of the door, but Lafayette rose as suddenly, and followed him. Determined to make good his escape from Lafayette, he cast about in his mind to determine what he should do next, and finally went down to the barn; but his investigator followed. The condition of the pursued was rendered more awkward, in every movement the pursuer made, and to make it appear to the latter that he had business there, he seized the broom and went to sweeping the barn floor; taking all the pains to clean and put the place in order that was necessary, but the patience of his inquisitorial friend was not to be exhausted, for speechless and motionless, he serenely waited to see what the next move would be.

The sweeper of the threshing floor now started for the house but close in his footsteps followed the man. Resolved to escape at all hazards, he lifted the hatchway and walked down into the cellar, Lafayette still following. The confusion of Abijah at this period of the chase, may be imagined, but not easily described, but resolved upon one more effort to escape, a rude ladder extended from the cellar to the room from whence they started; Abijah, ascended hastily, but as hastily was he followed up by the unrelenting Lafayette. In all these moves, turns and round turns nothing like levity or ridicule was apparent in the man, but a settled determination to learn what power or impulse controlled Abijah and caused these strange movements.

When they returned, Mother and some of the Elders and others were in the room, and by these Lafayette was soon drawn into conversation. Abijah seized a favorable moment to slip away from the company. What followed, he learned from those who were present at the interview.

Lafayette enquired what the nature of the religious movement among them was, that brought so many people together. Mother Ann described to him the work Believers were engaged in. That the kingdom of Christ was gradually opening upon the earth, and many were awakened to see their lost condition, and were coming to judgment. That after passing through a preparatory work they received the spirit of Christ and became inspired with the true light and power of salvation.

Lafayette enquired why he could not share in this power as well as others. Mother Ann now under inspiration, plainly declared to him, that his time had not come to share this blessing. She seemed to understand his plea and informed him that a great work lay before him on the earth plane, and that he would have to pass through a wide field of suffering before he could ever receive this gospel of salvation.

In after years he may possibly have recalled the words of this singular prophetess, when what was promist under inspiration became a fact in his sorrowful life. It may often have come back to his meditations as he lay bound for years in the cold dungeons of Olmutz and Magdeburgh. However this may have been, in the bloody struggles of the French Revolution or in

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his exile in foreign lands something of this kind was unquestionably revived in his recollection when his spirit took its flight from the noble earth form of the Marquis de Lafayette.

Many, I think, remember the startling intelligence that reacht America of his sudden death. After his decease was reported in Paris the first packet that came to America, brought the sad news, but ministering spirits at the time of his death, honored Believers with the first reliable dispatches. The night after his death, one of the Brethren at New Lebanon saw Lafayette and others near him in a vision, and from his own spirit he learned that he had past into the regions of immortality. Daniel's vision was no more certain to him than this was to the more modern visionist. From the impression made, the dreamer was so confident of the fact, that when he arose with the morning, he stated without qualification that Lafayette was dead. The statement made its impression; the dream of course was remembered; the date recorded; and when the tidings reacht this continent the statements were proved.

Washington was born to break the strong chains which bound the colonies to the old world. Lafayette was led by that power which guided the destiny of nations, to join hands with Washington and pass through this first fiery struggle and be taught by his genius, and to drink deeply of his inspiration. Their real labors lay in two hemispheres. Washington ever cherisht the same tender recollection of Lafayette, that a father would for a beloved son. In the bloody struggle of the French Revolution the sympathy of Washington was the strongest power which supported the Marquis; and while suffering through gloomy years of prison life, the toil he had shared and the good he had done under the Father of our Country, were among his most sustaining recollections. After he obtained his liberty, he still toiled for the welfare of France, and died, as he lived, imitating the example of the man he held dear and who had long used his influence to obtain his liberation.

On the hard fought fields of the American revolution, he formed a tender acquaintance with the old patriots and heroes, who gained for America her independence. When his tried soul was releast from the fetters of mortality his spirit instinctively turned to his dearest friend Washington, and to his old associates in arms, of revolutionary notoriety in this hemisphere. When his stormy life was closed and he was awakened to realize his entrance into the abodes of the departed dead, the first consolation he sought, was the sympathy and friendship of the noble patriots who first found a place in his youthful affection in this far-off nation.

Inspiration teaches that many of these spirit friends were then in the work of God in the spirit land. At the head of these stood Washington, who like a guardian angel stood ready to gather into the order of redemption all who had suffered and bled with him in defence of the rights of man. It would seem certain that many of these early friends hovered over the dying couch to soothe the last agonies of the noble French hero. No doubt they were anx-

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ious to conduct him to that resting place, where they had found the treasures of immortality and eternal life; and when his soul had broken the fetters of clay they tenderly conveyed him to their own resting place.

Under these considerations how singular appears to have been his first attraction to Mother Ann and the Elders, while he was a soldier in arms, a man of earth, and destined to act as the champion and leader for long years, in some of the most thrilling scenes which man ever suffered. How simple are heaven's mysterious providences, that such a man could be thus inspired and touched by hallowed fire, in the morning of life, in his attraction to Believers, to fix his attention upon the great fact which was to secure his salvation, when scenes of earth should close upon him forever.

From your brother, WILLIAM LEONARD.

[I would be pleased to have you insert the following letter in THE MANIFESTO, as the writer is an interested reader of our publication. J. W.]

BOSTON, OCT. 14, 1898.

MY DEAR GOOD ELDER BROTHER;—I received two charming letters, filled with the love spirit—prest down and overflowing from you. I have been to the Fair twice and find much there to interest and instruct. It is wonderful what progress has been made in the present century to promote man's comfort and convenience. What a stride in electricity from Benjamin Franklin's bringing electricity from the clouds, which was deemed little short of a miracle, to what is being accomplisht in the present time, by its means, and we as it were standing upon the shore looking out upon the limitless ocean of its possibilities.

How the assurance "he gave man the dominion over them" is being verified daily. Truly He who through the ages led man upward and onward, will in these latter (or as Theodore Parker would say these) older days surely watch over and protect his children for the Mother love, that wonderful gift that cometh from above, will never weary. Oh! that the ages of the past had dealt more with the Mother God whose heart always yearned for the cry of her children. It would not have taken poor humanity so long to have learned that the Father of us all is not a God of wrath, "an angry God and an avenging one" but filled to overflowing with love, who searches for the sheep that has strayed, and resteth not until it is safe again, and then his angels rejoice!

So my beloved Brother, go on in your uplifting work preaching love in God and love in man. The seed may appear to fall in barren ground, but it has not, and does not, but will bring forth fruit abundantly! With what pleasure do I look back upon that quiet Sabbath morn when it was my privilege to meet with the Believers and receive into my soul a love spirit from the good Father and Mother, that the world can not give or take away. And

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inasmuch as then, you caused it to enter into one of the least of his children, ye did it unto Him, and into your heart will come "well done good and faithful servant, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." May God's blessing and Mother's love rest on you and yours is the sincere wish of your friend and brother.

THE MODEL PRAYER.

By Lizzie D. Horton.

WE may define the beautiful prayer of our Savior, as the true model of prayer. "After this manner," he says,—tracing the lines on which we should frame our petitions. The words so wonderfully and beautifully combined, counteract the selfishness with which we often express our desires and heighten our aspirations, to comprehend the welfare of the whole world.

One grand feature of this prayer, is the word "our," which sets aside the ceremony of the priest alone in the holy place and the people in the outer court and illustrates the one faith and one baptism through Jesus Christ, and the worship of one God for all nations, that with one voice in public praise and private prayer, we worship our heavenly Father.

"Which art in heaven," implies that all our aspirations, desires and affections, should ascend above the earth. In the words,—"Give us this day our daily bread," we are taught to recognize our dependence upon Divine guidance for all our temporal and spiritual needs. Linkt with this invocation we pray,—"forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," asking also for deliverance from evil; not to be saved from the consequences of our sin, but to be kept free from the indifference in which all failure originates.

If we pray sincerely and in our daily lives we hallow his name, and subject ourselves unto his truth, we shall be establishing within and around us the kingdom of Christ.

East Canterbury, N. H.

HE who is pure in heart can never be vulgar in speech, and he who is meek, can never be rude in manner. Man is never so sincere as in his idle moments. Idle words, more apparently than any other, are genuine manifestations of character. A life of use is a life of holiness, and a life of idleness is a life of sin.—*Selected.*

INGRATITUDE comprises in itself all the other vices.

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THE MANIFESTO.

DECEMBER, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

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Address all communications to
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TERMS.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

October.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.		Rain.
1897.	52.23	.75 in.
1898.	54.	7.75 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.		80 above 0.
Lowest " " " "		36 "
Number of rainy days " "		8
" " clear " " "		8
" " cloudy " " "		15

Nov. 1898.

IT is but a short time since we left our mooring at Port Aquarius to take a sail in our terrestrial ship around Old Sol, and here we are again almost in sight of the port we left but a few days ago. How rapidly the seasons fly! We take no note of time but from its passing. Yesterday we commenced life's journey full of life and brilliant anticipations. To-day we behold life's sun rapidly approaching its western horizon. To-morrow we sink from mortal sight.

What have the years of toil and strife availed us? Is the prospective harvest cheering? Have the anticipations of life's rising sun been realized. In the course of its revolution has its lustre been augmented, giving brilliant hope of a glorious immortality? It is said;—Natural things are typical of the spiritual; that our mortal existence is only the nursery sphere of our eternal fruition. Then how careful should we be to have it trained to virtue, grace and goodness.

The seasons each have a special influence in the production of the varied results of the natural world, and the perfection of the varied fruits, whether they be mineral, vegetable or animal, are dependent on the degree of perfection of the seasons as to their growth and development. Entire clouds or entire sunshine; entire moisture or entire drouth are not conditions to produce perfection in any domain of nature, but a consistent alternation of these is essential to produce the desired result. As are the natural, so are the spiritual conditions properly and wisely administered, necessary to develop a perfected spirit. These are home reflections.

On earth we've no abiding home, but tost as billows beat;
Then Father in thy boundless love permit us a retreat.
Permit us life and joy in Thee, as purer we become,
And at the last, O gather us to Thee, our peaceful home.

Things with us in this mundane sphere, are pursuing their wonted course. Plenty of work for both heart and hands. The products of the soil are chiefly garnered. Winter work will soon be ours. Health of the family is convalescent. Idle hands are absent. We have received calls of late from the two Enfields of Conn. and N. H. Such visits are like sweet reviving

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showers, or pleasant sunshine; they are feasts of joy. New York hands and teams are working on the State road. Their ambition is to have it graded by New Year's, and to have it ready for travel by next July.

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

Nov. 1898.

ALL good things come to those who wait, and Italy has come to us in the several scores of laborers upon the new State road running through our choicest meadow lands and apple orchards.

Our gift to the State is certainly a free-will offering, and no compensation will come to us in any way excepting the happiness of making the traveling public more comfortable and probably, for that very reason, the State government more secure. For comfort brings contentment, and contented citizens are always the most loyal.

The old earth seems to be swinging in spirals, moving higher and higher at every revolution and we are rejoicing at the broadening and deepening of the light. Visitors still come, of the highest order of intelligence and aspiration, and some are asking entrance to our homes, that here, withdrawn from the strifes and tumults of business they may work for God and for His Christ.

More and more do we feel the necessity of being prepared for these eager seekers and questioners. More and more do we feel that we must keep ourselves close to the heart of the all-pervading Christ; that the best of mind and heart and spirit must be ours would we attract and secure the best. That to stand on a plane above the spiritual of the outside life means now to stand very high indeed. We feel that we must keep constantly in mind the truth, that not the customs of our Order, grown stiff and mouldy with years, attract and retain, but the *principles* of which no jot or tittle shall ever fail; for God is eternal and they are of God.

Ada Brown.

South Family.

Nov. 1898.

ON a sunny afternoon of Sept. last we took a ramble in quest of new scenes and pleasures. Our first call was at the Office of the Church family where we found a busy band, sowing the seed of industry. There was Eldress Dorothy Wright, who is a faithful worker in the cause of right, Sister Florinda Sears, one of the "Sears of the Ages," Sisters Emma J. and Sadie Neale who kneel daily in prayer and praise, and our younger Sister Carrie Wade who will wade through time a trusty helper in the "cause that needs assistance." All were engaged in the manufacture of cloaks, and fortunate are they who purchase of them, for their work is perfection.

Leaving the genial company of cloak-makers, we past to the family dwelling where we found Brother Ferdinand who guided us through unfamiliar halls to the neat and airy kitchen. A party of Sisters were completing the noon work. Here we met Sister Amelia Calver, who is known as a writer, scholar and teacher participating in the duties of domestic economy on which she is the best authority. She piloted us through the winding ways of their light, convenient cellars where order and neatness reign supreme. Then through the well cultivated vegetable gardens we went, where the harvest had commenced. Elder Calvin G. Reed has special care of the garden and a better one would be impossible to find.

In a nook by the dwelling house may be seen a mound of small stones, overgrown with flowers of various colors forming a pretty and unique fancy flower bed. This is the work of Brother Martin Jones.

We called on some of the ancients of the city and found Sister Mary Hazzard busy and bright, tho eighty-six new years have past since she commenced the battle of life;—

Yet she is happy at her work,
The nicest things she makes,
She knits fur caps and nice fur gloves
And moulds out sugar cakes.

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And baskets, dainty ones they are,
They're blue and pink and white,
With pretty cushions nicely wrought,
Which would a queen delight.

And Sister Matilda Reed who has witnest the frosts of eighty-two winters, makes and repairs garments for the brotherhood, and executes some of the finest work on the cloaks. Verily, verily I say unto you she runs with patience the race which is set before her. Sister Matilda was for many years the presiding Eldress of the Church family.

We had a pleasant visit with Sister Ann Maria Greaves, who, like the others, was stitching on cloaks. Sisters Cornelia French and Sarah Cutler, makers of the pies and bread and other goodies, entertained us most agreeably and we sampled some of their delicious dishes. Thus the afternoon was pleasingly and profitably spent.

Nov. 7th Sisters Caroline Whitcher and Myra Green of Enfield, N. H. made us a flying visit. They only paused to rest their wings, but we were just glad they were weary enough to rest among us. We hope others will be induced to seek rest and find it.

Geneviere DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Nov. 1898.

We have been reminded of the words of a good old hymn commencing, "Let names and sects and parties accost our ears no more." The reminder came while comtemplating the fact that even if used aright they were only temporary instrumentalities in the development of life; in the advancing of its ideal to a higher plane and causing it to more fully understand the universal scope of the power of truth, but its ultimate triumph does not depend upon the success or failure of any sect or party.

We have increast in hopefulness and had our conscious knowledge of the progress of truth strengthened by the perusal of "The New Man,"—"A magazine devoted to the mastery of sin, disease and poverty." Truly the testimony of the everlasting gospel is going forth in the earth, not in the forging of creeds that only cause the human soul to place a limit to its advancement, but in the proving that the universal brotherhood of the race is not afar off but is even nearer than our limited vision and understanding is willing to admit.

The literature that has been placed before the public and is constantly renewed dealing with the questions of the responsibility and obligations of human society to more intelligently understand what is its duty and how to proceed in the elimination of the wrongs that have largely been transmitted from the past as well as those which the present age must be responsible for, is increasing at a ratio never before known. We have had placed in our hands for review a work entitled, "The New and True Religion," by Charles M. Stebbins. It deals vigorously with the questions that are calling for reform in the Political, Social and Religious world. We certainly can not help but be encouraged to keep toiling for an increasing light on the lines which as an organized body of religious communists we believe is right, when we realize that all who with an honest heart are seeking for a more perfect understanding of the truth are being blended together in spirit as the heart of one, regardless of external environments.

November records the first snow of the season, on the 7th inst. and tho of that amount it needed the operation of the imaginative powers to help in the observation, enough to say we had a flurry of snow. Our autumnal season has been very fine giving us beautiful weather for harvesting our crops, of which on the whole we can not complain, tho some have fallen short of the average.

Hamilton DeGraw.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Nov. 1898.

The first snow storm arrived in this vicinity on the 10th inst., just one day earlier than last year. About one inch fell,

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which the small boys were quick to use for architectural purposes during its brief stay.

About five hundred bushels of apples have been kiln dried this autumn; and for the first time with us a squash-bee was held, during which fifty large squashes were cut into sections about an inch thick. The process of drying the latter occupied a day and a half, and results gave good satisfaction.

General Repairs is in active service at present date and a lively "hammering campaign" is before him. Leaky roofs and uncertain flooring have occasioned several vigorous attacks already. We decide to give the "minute men" winter quarters here, that any sudden uprisings may be settled at once. These northern winters are calculated to test the enduring qualities of all things animate and inanimate, and the approaching one is to be among the keenest, so say the weather-wise. The chickadees and sparrows have decided to cast in their lot with us, it seems, and the crows are still in the neighborhood.

Sewers not sowers are brought to the front this season, the farmers' favorite topics fall off with the leaves. Sisters report brisk motions and fanciful notions in the line of sale needlework, in anticipation of additional calls during the holiday shopping.

Jessie Evans.

Narcoossee, Fla.

Nov. 1898.

THERE is nothing more discreditable to the southern agriculture than the slow neglect of cultivating some of the different grasses, and stop the large importation from the north. It is a common thing to hear this argument,—"The grasses of the tropics grow wide apart and are coarse, while those of the north are fine and sweet. They are far more nutritious and better for animal food."

But why should this justify the neglect when many of the northern farmers, even of our nation, are trying some of the northern grasses, and thus far give good testimony as to their growth here in the sunny south. Our own experience has taught that Crab Grass can be grown to profit when rightly cared for and cured. That our animals will eat it with willingness as they would eat the fine Timothy grass. Crab Grass is the natural grass of this state.

Grass culture has always been the index of progressive agriculture in newly settled countries. The first aim of the farmer, always has been, in our northern states, to make good feeding grounds for the animals. This has been a total neglect on the part of our southern farmers with their great plains and prairies as they have depended on the wild grass that nature has given them. Thus we see the cause of the inferior breed of cattle that has filled the state. But northern people who are now looking to the sunny south for a home in old age, and know the value of a northern acre of grass, are making a gradual change, to prove to our southern friends that certain northern grasses will flourish here as well as in the north.

Slavery rendered cotton and orange growing general and almost exclusive, because of the limited capacity of the negro race. Most every improvement had been neglected until the freeze of 1894—95, which was an experience unknown to this generation, and in fact without a parallel in the history of the state. The farmers seemed dazed and knew not what course to pursue. Destruction and ruin stared them in the face. These people, however, did not give up to despair. Not depending wholly on fruit culture, they entered largely into the raising of vegetables, which is proving of untold wealth to the country. We now see car loads of vegetables as well as of fruit, pass out of the state.

Andrew Barrett.

Enfield, N. H.

Nov. 1898.

No other event ever cast the pall of

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gloom over our town as did the suicide of Bertha Huse, on Oct. 31, when she left her home at early morning and last seen on Shaker Bridge, spanning Mascoma Lake. Divers from Boston were engaged and spent two days inspecting both sides of the bridge. Failing to discover the body, dynamite was purchased with the purpose to dislodge the body. Large companies of men explored the hills thinking she might have strayed there.

On Nov. 3rd. Mrs. Geo. Titus of Lebanon, N. H., a clairvoyant and a stranger to the Huse family, appeared upon the scene and stated that she could locate the body. She walked to the middle of the bridge on the left side, and said the body would be found there, the head in a hollow and the feet upward. With many scruples, and amid the hum of skepticism of the people, the diver went to the place indicated and returned with the astonishing news that the statement of Mrs. Titus was correct. He had previously made what he considered a thorough search of the locality, but owing to the brush and logs which comprise the foundation of the bridge, failed to discover the body.

Is not this wonderful case one more impeachable fact in proof of Spirit power? Is it unreasonable to believe that the unfortunate one, forced to her rash act by the power of inherited blood, after the receding waves of diseased materiality had rolled away and she came in contact with incoming waves of spirit life, her first awakened thought was to relieve the heavy burden of anguish from her grief stricken relations? and through the sensitive organism of Mrs. Titus, found the channel of so doing?

The closing of the harvest season records 300 bushels of apples dried, 1400 weight of beet seed, 300 weight of onion seed, 20 barrels of seed corn, 26 barrels of pickles, many hundreds of heads of cabbage, beside other products of consecrated labor which merits praise and helps to keep in circulation the spirit of goodwill and blessed faith that sanctifies and happifies life.

George H. Baxter.

Union Village, Ohio.

Nov. 1898.

PERHAPS a brighter, pleasanter November morning never dawned upon us, than the present. Weather moderate; sky clear. and the colored leaves dropping to the ground. The union, love and good feeling in the family, all that could be desired, as each goes about his particular vocation. Our crops are all in and well housed but corn, and that is coming in as fast as husked. It proves to be a very good crop, but some of it is a little soft, which can be fed to the pigs and chickens before it moulds. Our potato crop was very light as is mostly the case in the S. W. section of Ohio. On the whole the season has been very propitious in the supply of plenty of rain, and also fine days for harvesting the grains and fruits of the earth.

Tidings seldom reach us from the Georgia Colony, but we hope they are doing as well as the drawbacks of our day will allow. One of these, and perhaps the greatest, is the spiritual death and darkness covering the U. S. A. at this time. Money greed, sensual pleasure, political gambling seem to have absorbed the average American citizen and all religious feeling is suppressed beneath its crushing influence.

It seems uncertain whether or not the war is over, but we earnestly pray that such is the case. What a hideous relict of barbarism war is. What a dismal blot on the escutcheon of any people. Just think of it,—A nation professing Christianity, which demands of its votaries, Love to all enemies, and prayer for those who despitefully use them and abuse them;—meeting one another to see who can kill the greatest number of his fellow-beings aye! and Christian priests acting as Chaplains for their encouragement in shedding the blood of their brethren!—and these Christians continue to inflict capital punishment upon murderers, as tho one murder was one atom better than another. I would no sooner destroy a man's life, under sanction of law, than outside of it.

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O Christianity!—What unspeakable crimes have been and are committed in thy name. But God will sooner or later correct all this. But notwithstanding all this our Heavenly Father is gradually moving this and all other worlds into higher, happier and holier conditions. So let us be patient and one of these days we shall see the right prevail.

O. C. Hampton.

DAY BY DAY.

By Susan Coolidge.

If I were told that I must die tomorrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, and all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is done;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping
Say in the Ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within Thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky
I think that I could smile, and calmly say
"It is His day!"
Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will alway:—*Selected.*

Through a long century's ripening fruition
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon, and I can wait
If Thou come late.

A BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

By Annie Armour.

Can a boy get away from the prayers of his mother,
Or sink to a depth that her love can not reach?
Can the billows of time pile so high on each other,
That he can't see her form on the white, shining beach?

Can the dark clouds of sin fold so closely about him,
That the light of her faith does not shine on his way?
Can he feel all the friends of this world spurn and doubt him,
While his mother has faith, love and trust to still pray?

Ah, no! not a boy can escape from the pleading,
Ascending each day, from her bedside to God.
He will still hear the tones of her voice interceding
When the dear form is laid 'neath the flower strewn sod.

Then pray, mothers, pray while the boy still is breathing,
And pray if Death's angel has sung in his ear,
That God in his mercy the boy is receiving,
For the sake of the prayers you have said for him here.—*Selected.*

HUMILITY.

Humility is perfect quietness of heart. It is to have no trouble. It is never to be fretted or vext or irritated or sore disappointed. It is to expect nothing, to wonder at nothing that is done to me, to feel nothing done against me. It is to be at rest when nobody praises me, and when I am blamed or despised. It is to have a blessed home in myself where I can go in and shut the door, and kneel to my Father in secret and be at peace as in a deep sea of calmness when all around and above is trouble.—*Selected.*

Deaths.

Lizzie C. Fish, at East Canterbury, N. H. Nov. 14, 1898. Age 37 years 11 mo. and 27 days.

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The government selected as its agent a man of position who has lived much in Germany. It was necessary for us to have a trained intellect that would make no mistakes. His story is told in the November COSMOPOLITAN, and the most exciting pages of Dumas's fiction seem tame in comparison with the facts. Crossing the frontier in a first-class carriage, he was by a trifling accident brought into conversation with a young Spanish nobleman, presently who should come along but the son of General Weyler. This acquaintance led to his receiving many attentions from Weyler when they reached Madrid, and the General actually gave up a day to a trip to the Escurial. Imagine this grim arch-enemy of ours laying himself out to please the secret agent whom the government had sent to find out the weak places of Spain. How trifling the demarcation between the position of honored guest and that of spy who, if discovered, would have been all the more quickly sent to his death! The same issue of THE COSMOPOLITAN contains four pieces of fiction by such famous authors as Frank Stockton, Zangwill, H. G. Wells, and the lamented Harold Frederic but none of it half so exciting in its interest as this true story.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for November is the initial number in the new and improved form of this long-time favorite illustrated family magazine, with a handsome cover in colors and gold. Its price is reduced to ten cents, one dollar per annum. This is unquestionably a wise and *popular* move on the part of the publishers; and the return of Mrs. Frank Leslie to the editorship of the magazine assures for it a future as brilliant as its past has been prosperous. The current (November) number of the new FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY makes good its promises in a splendid table of contents, which includes; An illustrated symposium on Greater America; with contributions by Col. A. K. McClure, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and Senators Chandler and Davis; With Wheeler and Roosevelt at Santiago; by the Rev. Peter MacQueen; Clara Barton on Red Cross Work in Cuba; Walter Camp on Football; Mrs. Frank Leslie on The Southern Woman; Converting Silver into Gold—an account of the wonderful discovery of Dr. Stephen H. Emmens; the opening chapters of April Bloom; the new serial story by Egerton Castle (author of The Pride of Jennico;) illustrated by Wenzell; complete short stories by Frank R. Stockton, Margaret E. Sangster, Etta W. Pierce and E. Louise Liddell; sketches and poems by Louise Chandler Moulton, Lillian Whiting, H. Villiers Barnett, Madison Cawein, Isaac W. Eaton, Charles Crandall, R. K. Munkittrick and Henry Tyrrell. The illustrators of this number include; Albert Wenzell, S. Werner, Ch. Grunwald, Hugh M. Eaton, Frank Adams, Florian Peixotto and Walter Goltz.—Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 141-143 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE NIKSUR MAGAZINE Vol. I No. 1 comes to us this month, from the "Niksur Co-operative Association" of Minneapolis, Minn. This Co-operative Association is certainly moving on the up grade. It proposes to establish pleasant homes for the members and then to establish schools and to have libraries and art galleries. Ir also proposes to shut out "saloons and other useless parasites." We shall be deeply interested in the success of this worthy enterprise.

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"What do I fear?" is a question worth asking by each man or woman. Perhaps without recognizing it the reader of this paragraph is being influenced in his or her daily life by groundless fears that are ruinous to character. THE COSMOPOLITAN Magazine has taken up this subject and is obtaining the views of a great many prominent people, where they are willing to open their minds frankly. A great many other prominent people have refused THE COSMOPOLITAN'S request, being afraid to tell the public what they fear—perhaps even afraid to confess to themselves what they fear. The December issue includes statements from WM. DEAN HOWELLS, RICHARD CROKER, Admiral GHERARDI, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, VIOLA ALLEN, Mme. JANAUECHEK and ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. The second series will, it is promist be even more interesting.

LEAVITT'S FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1899. Publisht by Edson C. Eastman, Concord, N. H. More than a century has already past since Dudley Leavitt sent out the first copy of his now indispensable Almanac. It has become a household companion, an oracle for consultation by those who travel by land or sea, or by those who remain quietly in their own homes.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND by C. W. Wooldridge, M. D. The book is publisht in the interest of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and as it is very interesting and instructive a great many persons will take pleasure in reading it. Publisht by Charles H. Kerr & Co. 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

UNCLE IKE'S IDEES by George McA. Miller. This is in the interest of the Co-operative Commonwealth but the author has taken the happy view of writing his little book of sixty pages in verse. Uncle Ike reads the Bible and so does Parson Toady, but they do not see eye to eye in regard to it. Publisht by Charles H. Kerr & Co. Chicago, Ill.

Annual Almanac and monthly paper, WORD AND WORKS, are now known from sea to sea. We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the Almanac for 1899, now ready. It is a splendidly printed and illustrated book of 116 pages and the storm forecasts and diagrams and astronomical and scientific matter are superior to anything that has ever been seen before in a 25 cent book. His monthly journal, WORD AND WORKS, is one of the best literary, home and scientific magazines in the country, besides containing his monthly storm forecasts with explanations. The subscription price of WORD AND WORKS is $1 per year and a copy of the Hicks Almanac is sent as a premium to every yearly subscriber. Single copies of WORD AND WORKS, 10 cents. Price of Almanac alone, 25 cents. Send your order to WORD AND WORKS Pub. Co., 2201 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

The complete story of the sinking of the *Merrimac* and the capture and imprisonment of her crew at Santiago, will be graphically told in an article by Osborn W. Deignan, U. S. Navy, late helmsman of the *Merrimac*, in the January FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, now ten cents, and to be publisht December 24th. The story will be fully and richly illustrated with authentic portraits of Hobson and all the crew, besides many new drawings specially prepared under Mr. Deignan's personal supervision. Other features promist for the January FRANK LESLIE'S are: Bret Harte's new story Jack Hamlin's Meditation; Joaquin Miller's In a Klondike Cabin; and Thomas R. Dawley's Campaigning with Gomez.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, of "The American Volunteers," is writing out her experiences in American prisons, and in the slums of New York, for *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Mrs. Booth has perhaps come closer to the lives and confidences of the men and women in prisons, and to know the poor better, than any woman living. She will not only tell what she has seen, but she will point out what her experience has shown her to be the most effective way in dealing with the people of the prisons and the slums.

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THE

MANIFESTO.

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

VOL. XXIX.

"I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts."—Heb. viii., 10

EAST CANTERBURY, N. H,

1899.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX. JANUARY, 1899. No. 1.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

A NEW BOOK.

By Jessie Evans.

WEARY of the blotted page, the frequent mistakes, the unsatisfactory penmanship and the war of words over irksome subjects, the child in the schoolroom hurries to pen the last word on the last line of the closing page, and with a sigh of relief turns to the teacher that he may receive the promised "new book." How lovingly he fondles it, how especially attractive seem the clean pages in contrast with the soiled ones so willingly hidden from view, and how restfully he settles his little mechanism of brain and body to transcribe upon the first page something "just perfect—my very best, teacher!"

Just so, methinks, it is with us in this larger schoolroom of ours. The volumes of our life are handed to us one by one by the great Guide of human destinies, and whether we approach our daily lessons cheerfully or reluctantly, write we must—just so much each day. If the human side revolts in its submission, there is an invisible current within that, tho involuntarily, throbs to the inexorable will of the great Law-giver. So, as the moments slip by, their record glides into place; as thoughts rush through the mind, each registers itself upon the unerring bathometer; tho words take wing, their vibrations touch the life page as they pass and the key-note records its true or false ring; each heart throb takes up a little space in this strange volume —thus our history files itself away where the "angel of the years" stands guard.

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We have all been at these varied tasks from day to day, the once spotless leaves of the 1898 issue are spotless no longer. Strange events, unlookt-for pleasures, weary trials, sincere resolutions quickly formed and as quickly broken, conclusions unwillingly accepted yet nobly maintained, hopes and fears whose birth and death write themselves side by side, sunshine and long shadows, have crowded into our book linking themselves into language best translated by each author.

We are writing our last line, but like the child we can not resist the impulse to turn to the first page whereon we put "our very best." God knows we meant to carry those firm lines all through the book, the heavenly Teacher understands how disappointed we now feel that the blots are so many, the curves so irrelevant as to make us wish to hide it away. But "like as a father pitieth his children, "so the divine Parentage is moved with compassion at our waywardness and weakness now so noticeable as we trace it from page to page, and the New Year book with its stainless pages slips into our eager grasp as a balm and benediction.

God's school is beautifully graded, tho, no class work here to force or retard individual development. Instead of many pupils under one teacher, here are rather many teachers molding the character of each pupil. The lessons presented to us for study or recitation are nicely adapted to our needs and abilities. If we found the lessons so recently mastered difficult, the future work will demand greater effort. We can not look forward with certainty to the future, "we know not what is folded there, we know not whether joy or agony, whether life or death is writ within the fearful scroll—but 'tis enough to know the gift is God's."

The old book is an excellent landmark. Like the little one let us put the finisht volume out of sight with all its defects for a while, while we pass on buoyed with profitable repentance in the guise of new-born courage and aspiration to engage our minds with the new themes which God has already assigned to each one. Then "some sweet day by and by" when the vital glorious issues of our consecrated life are inscribing themselves in unbroken rhythm upon the unblotted page, we will turn again to the unsightly work of the past and amid our tears of sad remembrance praise God for the New Years that rise so mercifully from the ashes of the old.

As a loving greeting to the New Year of 1899, let us say with William H. Channing;—

"To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely,
Await occasions, never hurry,—
In a word to let the spiritual life
Grow up, through, and above the common,—
This is to be my symphony of life."

East Canterbury, N. H.

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PEACE.

By Hamilton DeGraw.

"ANGEL of peace thy white wings o'er shadow us,
Thy hand scatters blessings around,
Thy power hath stilled the whispers of strife,
And thy chain in its golden links bound us."

WHEN General Sherman was requested to describe war he replied, "War is hell." "Oh Consistency thou art a jewel," but if we have it not in possession how can we estimate its value? The assertion is made, and it can not be successfully contradicted, that there is not a Christian nation on this earth acting in its official capacity. Here are some of the proofs.

In time of apparent peace there are in Europe three million armed men, ready at a moment's signal to commence the horrid din of war, maintained at the yearly expense of a billion dollars. When such an eminent statesman as Gladstone expresses his views on this subject and points to the shoals on which the nations are drifting as the result of these expensive armaments, there must be occasions for thoughtful consideration as to the result.

There are individuals among all nations who understand and obey the teaching of Christ when he said, "Put up thy sword, for all they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword." That is the condition of our modern civilization. It is perishing; the result of fostering the war spirit represented by her mighty armies and formidable navies, and profession of peace has become a hollow mockery, an insult upon the name of civilization; and the maintaining of the armed truce is in many respects not any better than open hostilities.

The chip which the pugnacious boy places on his shoulder accompanied with the challenge that whoever molests it will get a whipping, illustrates the condition of so called Christian nations. They stand to-day as instructors in the art of modern warfare. The skill of her inventors is exercised in devising more effective weapons of destruction. But the wrath of man will be made to redound to the glory of that time of which only a few have caught a faint glimpse. General Grant voiced it when he said, "Let us have peace."

There is a growing sentiment which favors the settlement of misunderstandings between nations by arbitration rather than the sword. The desire for peace is gaining a foot-hold and its influence is being felt, but the factor which has been largely instrumental in bringing about the result is the awful destructive power of the modern enginery of war. The intelligence of man has, by perfecting those forces placed a check upon them. The race is not yet ready to plead guilty to the inditement of being fools; both sides are becoming anxious and are calling quit. Let us hope that the limit of those destructive forces has been reacht; certainly before the great nations of the earth have been roused and a conflict precipitated, the result of which would be awful to contemplate.

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Conmencing the forepart of the present century and continuing to the present, an active interest has been taken to Christianize the Asiatic nations of China and Japan, and to-day Japan has taken her place in the ranks of the modern nations. She has a well-organized army and a navy of modern war vessels, well-equipt with the most perfect implements known for destroying her foes. Remember she has taken these lessons from those nations professing to be followers of the Prince of Peace,—believers in the Christ of the new dispensation. While not as one who is hopeless of better conditions believing that the war demon will forever be the curse of life, resting like an incubus upon human energies, turning the current of life downward; but that in the good time coming nations will learn war no more and their strength will be used for the upbuilding of the structure.

Everyone who loves peace and is anxious to see its principles become a permanent factor in human society must be saddened when he realizes how little an incident will stir the war spirit, even with the results so apparent which will follow in its wake. Europe to-day is over a volcano, ready at any moment to burst forth in a continental war. Longfellow in the poem, "The Arsenal at Springfield," asks;

"Is it O man with such discordant noises
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

Rev. C. A. Dickinson spoke words of truth when he said, "The only thing which will settle the turmoils and wars which agitate the world to-day is a proper respect for one another."

When the divine Master prayed that his disciples might not be taken out of the world, but be saved from its sins as they had a mission to perform in presenting to the world a better way; its appropriateness to the present time is apparent, especially to our own Church. The testimony that Believers have held forth has been, first pure, then peaceable. The causes producing war are in their primary origin the results of the violation of the law of divine purity. If any one doubts these statements or thinks them over-drawn, let him peruse the criminal records of our newspapers and he will be convinced. The prayer that can with propriety be offered by all who have been shown a better way is that the temple of life may be cleansed from its unrighteousness, and then will be heard the beautiful benediction pronounced by our Lord,—"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

"Down the dark future through long generations,
The echoing sounds of war grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations
I hear once more the voice of Christ say peace.
Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

Shakers, N. Y.

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LAY DOWN THY LIFE.

By Frederic M'Kechnie.

Lay down thy life, if thou wouldst live!
I heard a heaven-angel cry,
Lay down thy life! and they shall give,
God's holy ones who dwell on high,
The life that nevermore shall die.

Lay down thy life! with all the lust
To have, to hold, to fight, to win;
And for thou willst, not for thou must,
Put far away each darling sin,
And let the power of God come in.

Lay down thy life! small is the loss,
But large the prize and great the gain;
Thou carriest but a passing cross;
And bearest but a little pain,
For joys that wax and never wane.

Lay down thy life! they call for thee;
The valiant souls who steadfast stood;
Shake off thy fetters and be free,
They say, who faced the fire and flood,
And gave ungrudged their heart's best blood.

Oh heed, my soul, and let the world,
The foolish world, drive blindly on,
No longer in its eddies whirled,
On with thine armor, and be gone!
A kingdom waiteth to be won.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

DAYS OF YORE.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

IN the long ago, when we used to have our good and pleasant Union Meetings, Brother R. W. Pelham and I were sitting one evening in one of them, near a table, on which lay a slate. I wrote on it the following couplet and handed the slate to him, viz. "*How fondly clings the mind,*
To days and scenes of yore,"

He replied under them,——"*But we must leave these scenes behind*
And press to scenes before."

O. C. H.——"*But what if they were sweet,*
And pleasant to the mind?"

R. W. P.——"*Yet their results they did complete,*
And must be left behind."

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And so we went on for some time, each saying the best he could for his own side. Since that ancient time I have come to think he was not far wrong in his sentiments on the subject. Altho there is no harm in the memory of good that has past, yet it is well to depend upon the good of the present, and the hopes of the future, for our peace and consolation. But to learn this is a great and almost invaluable attainment. What we want to gain, is a complete dominance over our environment, so that no vicissitude of the present, can interfere with, or destroy our peace of mind. Let us suppose we were there now. What then? Why it would make no difference how much vituperation might be uttered against us either truly or falsely;—our tranquillity would not be interrupted at all by any amount of it. All the ordinary vexations and annoyances (and they are legion, to the undisciplined mind,) of this present existence, would flee away forever and leave us in the possession of invulnerable tranquillity. Suppose we had arrived at the condition of mind and spirit, that Jesus declared himself to be in when he said, "I and my Father are one!" This must be possible, for our Savior said,—"Verily verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do."—John xiv., 12.

Now we know that the Father is ever tranquil in mind and can not be annoyed or affected with pain, sickness or sorrow. So from this promise we ought to be thoroughly convinced, that this tranquil condition is possible for us; not only the spiritual perfection, but thaumaturgic element of power, by which he healed all sickness and even raised the dead. This is a most glorious promise set before us and can we do better than to travel into it as soon as possible and really come into the possession of the peace that is in Jesus the Christ? If we shall be so happy as to gain it, then how soon will all the little contemptible silly annoyances of this life, (and all future existence) flee to "the uttermost parts of Egypt," never more to return.

O let us as one, direct all our efforts and energies to that one point: that is, let us learn to be one with the Father and try to feel just as he does in every vicissitude. I read an article in a little book of religious precepts and admonitions, one chapter of which was headed "God's Chariots." The author called all trials, great and small, and all sufferings so many of God's golden chariots, for our safe and pleasant conveyance away from all sorrow and suffering. And that if we would only get up into them and ride with him, (that is become positive to, and dominate and reign over them,) we should soon dissipate all the sting of their character and feel the same as the Father did toward them.

This was setting forth the virtue of resignation in a new and interesting light and since that, I have tried it, and find it a very comfortable policy to pursue under all circumstances. Once more;—if we will take a little trouble to daily retire into the recesses of our Divine Inmost, (where Jesus

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located the kingdom of heaven,) and there concentrate our minds upon the counsels there to be communicated from the Infinite fountain, we may at least seal our peace and tranquility for that day. And our Savior said it was best to take one day at a time.

Union Village, Ohio.

[The following article was sent to us, by a dear friend, from the far away city of Los Angeles, Cal. but the writer comes only the distance of five miles, from the Village of Loudon. We publish it in part. Ed.]

A VISIT TO EAST CANTERBURY, N. H.

THE writer, a poor, sick old Boston musician, whose health has greatly suffered by years of battling with the inconsistent freakiness of the elements, and his purse equally so by speculating in, that is to say, in buying and disposing of many and various medical compounds termed "sure cures," has been summering in the little town of Loudon, N. H., just three miles from the Shakers, at Canterbury. May I hope to entertain a few of the readers of these columns with a brief description of trips numbers 1 and 2 with a small party to Shakerdom? Now here, as did we, is what the visitor must do. After hitching your pony, go direct to the trustees' office. After registering you will probably be met by Brother Arthur Bruce, who is one of the trustees, a kind and courteous gentleman, and, as well, a musician. But do not be surprised should you find him drest, not as your mind had previously pictured all Shakers, in broad-brimmed hat, stiff neckwear, high straight-cut vest, long gray coat and homespun trousers. Oh, no! the younger Shakers do not dress so now; nor do they wear their hair banged in front and long behind; but on the contrary, they just dress as they please, like us world's people. Brother Bruce will kindly procure for your party a guide, who is, I think, always a Sister; who may be a typical Shakeress, sedate and prim, but always the courteous lady. Or it may be a Sister younger in years, intelligent and sprightly, but in any and all cases the Sisters will be found to be kind and faithful guides.

Our visit No. 1 was what is usually termed a flying one, we having no definite aim. Upon this visit we were taken in charge by Eldress Eliza Stratton, a beautiful woman, rather on the shady side of life, but whose sweet face was plainly indicative of purity and love, and whose soft speech was golden. A grand and noble lady, and patiently and faithfully she performed her duty. Visit No. 2 was more of a business one. Now I could tell of lots of things that we saw, but space in these columns is valuable, as is time to the reader. Moreover, Shakerism is old and its origin dates far back, to France in 1689. To the time of Ann Lee, born 1736 in England, and died in America in 1784; to the time of the first community in America, at New Lebanon, N. Y., 1787, and to the time of the Canterbury, N. H. Community formed in 1792, Shakerism has been much talkt and written about by able minds. I could have much to tell of the great barn, length 250 feet; of the forty splendid cows that give forth sixty to sixty-five gallons of milk daily; of numerous—as the ladies remarkt—darling little bossies; of the three silos, capacity of each one hundred tons. Of the neat and tidy creamery and dairy, with its tiny cream separator, its churn and its butter worker, all run by steam-power. At this point I would remark that every known labor-saving device is in use in the various working departments.

I could tell of the lovely opera cloaks made by the Sisters. It does look strange

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in print. Shakers and opera—but there are many of them that would—mind I only think this—enjoy a fine opera. Of the knitting room, where are made—much Australian wool being used—sweaters of the finest, also golf and bicycle stockings.

Of the laundry, with all the latest improvements. Of the printing office where are many presses, both of ancient and modern construction, and where are printed their paper, their magazine and many pamphlets, and even their church music is set up and printed here, the Sisters doing the work. Of the kitchen work, its patent ovens for baking bread, pies, etc. Oh yes! they eat pies, but not pork apple pie. Of the immense stove, in the oven of which could be stowed away a ten-year-old boy. And such nice bread as they make! We bought some. Of the dining-hall, where one could literally eat from off the floor. We know that Shaker neatness is proverbial. I could tell of the bright, sunny and cosy little schoolroom and its blackboard sketches in colored chalk, one being our ill-fated ship Maine. Of the sewing and music rooms, where were seen many bits of landscape and flower pieces in oil, the handiwork of the Sisters.

Here we come to the crowning feature of our visit. At our special request we were kindly permitted to enjoy the excellent singing by the so highly praised quartet of Sisters, who kindly sang three admirable and pleasing selections. To illustrate their musicianly qualities, I would say that one piece was a beautiful and intricate arrangement by the Sisters themselves. Being a musician, I would, space permitting, like to dwell longer upon this subject, but will close it by saying that one would have to travel far and wide in order to hear better singing than that which afforded our party so much delight, and which was so beautifully and tunefully rendered as a quartet by Sisters Sarle, Fish, Wilson and Evans, and as a quintet with the addition of Brother Arthur Bruce's admirable baritone voice. Thus ended our visit to the Shakers, and all agreed to the fact that it was an instructive and a most enjoyable one.

Before parting we were cordially invited to call again. Much has been said and written of these quiet people that is unfair, unjust, and, as well, untrue; still, they plod along in their inoffensive way and say nothing. It is true that in many ways they are peculiar, but not more so than those of various other sects. I would ask, how many of their faith are to be found in our penal or pauper institutions?

For all moneys received from the world's people they return a fair equivalent. The rules which govern them are not so inconsistent as many may imagine. Neatness, tidiness and perfect system are forcibly evident at every turn one makes. Now the question is often askt, "What if all the world were Shakers?" Well, all the world are not Shakers, nor ever will be. Yet when we read of the misery, vice and crime, all of which are so common with the world's people in densely populated places, one might be led to think that it would be well if at least one-half of the world could be Shakers.

DUTY faithfully performed opens the mind to truth, said Dr. Channing. There is nothing which may not be attained by repeated effort and continued and diligent application. Attempt nothing until you have first counted the cost, then having decided, bend every energy to accomplish your purpose, set heart, mind and every fibre of your being in vibration to respond to the call of duty. Then will the mind be opened to truth—Truth which is an emanation from the God-head itself. The end crowns the work, and "the truth shall make you free."—*Selected.*

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THE MANIFESTO.

JANUARY, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

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REMITTANCES for subscription by Money Order should be on the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

November.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897.	38.13	7.25	8 in.
1898.	39.07	3.125	11 "

Highest Temp. during this mo. 60 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 18 " "
Number of rainy days " " 6
" " snowy " " " 3
" " clear " " " 8
" " cloudy " " " 13

Dec. 1898.

The wheel of time pursues its annual round,
Revolving seasons in their order placed,
By the Omniscient Ruler of all worlds
And systems infinite; and gave to each
Its periodic revolution, so
Wisely planned, that ne'er a clash occurs in
All the circling universe of globes. To earth,
First came florescent Spring with life replete,
Unfolding beauteous germs of flowers and fruit
Prophetic of perfected sheaves of golden grain
And luscious fruit on plants and bending boughs.
Next came the glorious, gladsome Summer
Enlivened by the sun's effulgent rays;
Crowning the teeming earth with harvest field,
And gardens robed with plants and fruits
To recompense the faithful laborer's toil.
Next came fair Autumn with perfected stores
Of earth's abundant produce, ready to
Be safely stored for our support, through all
The dreary, cold, inclement winter hours.
Yet Winter has its rightful place in the
Great wheel of time's unceasing revolution;
Giving rest for Earth's recuperation.
Thus every season acts a part in the
Grand circuit of each perfected year,
Declaring thus the wisdom, power and skill
Of the great Architect Omnipotent.

When the wheel of Time has made twenty-seven more revolutions we can bid adieu to the year 1898 with its visitations of storms, cyclones, tornadoes, volcanoes, typhoons, electrical disturbances, floods and destruction of lives and property on land and water. Seldom does a year contain such an amount and variety of sad catastrophies as the year 1898 chronicles. In ages past, when superstition over-awed the human mind, calamities great or small were held to be dispensations of chastisement direct from the hand of God as a special punishment for obdurate, sinful humanity. Why these dispensations had no respect for persons but swept all, both good and bad, into the great malevolent abyss of destruction, was a problem they could not solve. Progress has made people wiser and more scientific.

1898 is indelibly stampt upon the memory of millions of earth's inhabitants. Who can fail to give thanks that escaped these terrible convulsions?

We have a State Road in line of construction, that is intended to make our transit over the Berkshire Hills easier than in the past. The road is not where we would like it nor where we would have it. Much of the travel will be out of the village, especially the rougher characters. So far, so good. An improvement is in

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anticipation in our cemetery by placing honorable head-stones to the graves. Tho multitudes have past from earth to the Spirit world the present year, yet in our ranks we have no deaths to record.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

Dec. 1898.

THE last days of the Old Year are fast approaching and soon we must say our hurried good-byes and pass on to welcome the New Year with its blizzards and showers, its sunshine and flowers. Oft-times with a flood or a drouth, but we'll welcome it here the happy New Year that smiles on the north and the south.

The first snow-storm of the season came this way Thanksgiving morning like a silent benediction, frequent showers of snow have fallen since and many merry sleighing parties have improved the snowy opportunity for making "music in the air." The skaters too have gone on their wintry travels around the ponds spending many mirthful hours in the healthful pastime, thus each rising son becomes a Knight of the Skate and the ice.

We are busy indoors repairing and preparing for the spring-time, for "old things must pass away and all things must become new." We've no time to lose, for we must work while it is day and faithful be to watch and pray.

Representatives from the Granite State have added much to the brightness of the fall. Nov. 15th Eldress Emeline Hart of East Canterbury and Eldress Rosetta Cummings of Enfield honored us with their presence for a few hours. Our doors will ever stand ajar for their return when the good time comes.

Geneviere DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Dec. 1898.

THE year has transmitted to the Accountant of Time a record of its transactions. We hope and trust that in the compilation of the balance-sheet, the credit side will have the supremacy; and that the weary and burdened hearts opprest by the antagonistic forces of life have had those blessed angels, hope and courage, enter into the innermost chambers of their soul as loving companions to cause their despondent lives to renew their strength and purpose to grapple with the questions and problems of the coming time which will demand a solution, with earnestness and strength.

While the principle of peace, and the arbitration of all disputed questions is the highest and most civilized method of dealing with the affairs of life both at home and abroad, we have seen our beloved country employed as the instrument of higher intelligencies to overthrow the adverse conditions that have existed for centuries and proclaim religious and political freedom to those who were in bondage.

As Believers in the higher law of peace on earth and good-will unto all of the human family; giving our earnest prayer and labor for its blessed consummation, we can endorse the results that have been accomplisht while deploring the necessity for the arbitrament of war as an instrument used in its consummation, tho recognizing the fact that the seed which nations as well as individual entities have sown must have a harvest-time. Father James Whittaker once remarkt "that the time would come when all wrongs would be righted," and tho the mills of God grind slowly they grind exceeding small.

As we are entering upon the burdens and pleasures of the New Year we wish all of our friends and enemies too, (if it is admissible to recognize the fact of such an existence) a happy and prosperous year.

May its close witness the successful advance of human thought and life one step farther toward the desired result, the universal unity of all races in the bonds of a permanent fellowship and an abiding peace.

Hamilton DeGraw.

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West Pittsfield, Mass.

Dec. 1898.

When this message shall have reacht the members of our Home Circle another year will have opened to us. O that we might pause on its threshold to cast a glance backward at the pathway along which the old year has led us, and forward, into the way which stretches before us—the new.

But nay! the pendulum ceases not its endless swinging as each moment passes; nor does the sun pause in its constant journey, all nature pushes onward, and we must join the moving throng.

Let "onward" be our motto, throughout the New Year. Even as we journey we extend the hand of fellowship to our comrades on the march, with loving greetings for the Year, for tho our fields may be widely separated we are following one great leader who has said, "Lo I am with you alway."

To friends in northern, pine-scented forests; or beneath southern palms; or on broad prairies of the west; or verdant mountains of the east, we send our best wishes for a blessed New Year, and glorious march in the battle of life. We know that victory crowns the efforts of valiant soldiers in the cause of right, and so we press on "for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus," trusting in the fulfillment of the promise for "strength according to our day."

Thanksgiving morning came, bringing to mind our many blessings, illustrated by the myriads of snow-flakes filling the air. From the next day to the present, sleighing has been quite satisfactory.

This snow also drove the live stock from the pastures, indeed they had predicted its arrival and sought shelter about the middle of November. This wise company numbers two hundred cattle including eighty calves that were bought last June.

Fifteen horses and colts have also been purchased and commenced the task of emptying our large barns of the immense mows of hay.

Our saw-mill has been undergoing repairs, preparatory to its winter's work. A new pen-stock 16 ft. long and 6 ft. in diameter, made of steel, with connecting gates etc., has been erected, and other improvements made. The steam-boiler at the Office, which for years has faithfully performed its work, of heating the halls and rooms, suddenly collapst and consequently a new one is in process of construction.

But while these workers have been so busy out-of-doors, equally as busy have been the active fingers within. The house-work with its necessary details, form the prominent points of each day's picture, but the many corners and empty places are filled with the work upon fancy articles manufactured, and we are now busily sewing the seed for next summer's harvest.

Let us determine to make this year, 1899, a glorious, crowning year in the history of our lives, our homes, our cause. Glorious, because filled with the radiance of the "life hid with Christ in God."

Fidelia Estabrook

Narcoossee, Fla.

Nov. 1898.

In times of depression or when competition has grown too heavy,—the cultivation of staples may cease to be remunerative and the unfortunate producer be compelled to adopt some other means of livelihood. Such a misfortune may overtake the farmers of the United States.

The western farmer who relies on his crop of wheat or corn for a living, is met with an overloaded market and to save the crop from utter ruin, he lets it go at a reduced price. It may barely pay the expenses. Such is competition the world over.

The expences in Florida to get the produce into the northern market is exorbitant. This has killed all the courage of the producer.

There is but little compared to what ought to be in the fruit and vegetable line, shipt out of the State. The R. R. are

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held by two monopolists,—Flagler and Plant system. The prices are fixt to meet their demands, instead of an encouragement to the laboring people.

Some of the leading minds are now working for a change. They see that unless this one thing can be changed, Florida is doomed for another set-back in civilization. All through the state we can see people tilling the soil for a living, and the increase is small compared with the labor. For that little increase they want some compensation if they keep the wolf from the door.

As many are miles away from the market where they would be glad to dispose of their produce, they are forced to accept the mercy of the railroad Corporations. As the inhabitants are so few and their means so limited but very little can be obtained through that channel.

I understand that one of our neighbors sent a car load of melons to some northern city, and when everything was settled he realized twenty-five cents. Many acres of melons are left on the field, just for this reason.

Through the goodness of some leading minds of the State, a Bill has been brought before the Legislature and Commissioners have been appointed to correct the error. There is still a hope for the poor man in Florida.

Andrew Barrett.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Dec. 1898.

THE words of the Quaker poet seem in keeping with the present times wherein he says;

"Let the north wind strong
And golden leaves of Autumn, be
Thy coronal of victory,
And thy triumphal song"

Most certainly it seems that the victims of the wreck of the Portland who were destroyed by the furies of the North wind, a short time since, must need some assurance; some coronal of victory, which no doubt they received after their souls were wafted to a more friendly port, where the furies of such fearful tempests are unknown.

While we are enjoying the winter holidays we will not forget to extend greetings over the banks of snow to our precious kindred in other homes, neither will we forget the needy who are always with us.

We are deeply interested in the account of the visit of Lafayette to Watervliet, as narrated in the December MANIFESTO which has just arrived.

Sister Genevieve gives a delightful description of her visit to the Church family, which makes us feel envious as we have no other family near us to visit.

Winter has set in uncommonly early and cold; bringing some sickness, but we trust all are convalescing.

Ada S. Cummings.

Enfield, N. H.

Dec. 1898.

"Home sweet home, God's precious gift to me
Home sweet home, my life shall honor thee."

As we look at our home, not viewing especially the lovely picturesqueness of nature's associations, but at the more precious treasure ,—its inmates, we may well waft heart pæans of gratitude to God for the many blessings that are ours. For kindred, as beautiful in character as the flowers we admire, as solid in principle as the rocks of the hills about us and as constantly serving good as the stream that courses down the mountain side. Souls tested by the power of divine truth and affliction, ever self-sacrificing for the good of home's inmates, transmitting influences of pleasantness and bespeaking wisdom's works as genuine as the stars spangling the blue dome of the heaven above.

As works advertise our condition and faith, to enrich home, we must blend with the realities of to-day. Dissect, construct and adjust matters in harmony with principles that lead on to victory over sin. The mortal so working has a sacred treasure more beneficial and more worthy of

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adoration than any sacred relic incarcerated in cathedral, palace or institution.

Our Thanksgiving Service was "brim full" with soul-inspiring testimonials, which with the hymns, added strength and good cheer. In the evening an hour and a half was given to an entertainment by twenty-eight home folks. A beautiful feature of the event was the numerous pictures of arisen ones of our other Communal homes, decorating wall and piano.

The last of the month we had with us, friends, Dr. G. Goding, of Christian Science school and Mr. Galen Fish, of Randolph, Vt. Mr. Fish a student of the Detroit Training School of Elocution and English Literature, gave us an excellent entertainment, rendering many dramatic and humorous recitations. As intermissions, the modern marvel Gramophone afforded pleasure.

George H. Baxter.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Jan. 1899.

GOD bless the survivors of 1898! May they realize a prosperous "Happy New Year" is the fervent wish which sounds through our ideal "Alpine horn," as we seek to communicate with our sister societies east, west, north and south, across the snow-clad Union. Yea, let the message of good cheer reach from New England's hill-tops and vales to the heights and levels of Kentucky. Let it wing its way to New York, thence to far Narcoossee, thus wafting a breeze of comfort to every Christian home between these distant points, and finally reaching out to the "whole, whole world" to which we ever have a duty.

The busy old year is gone—its material harvests are stored—but we have many benefits to recount as we reflect upon the past. Were we to try to number the common blessings of a day even, how futile would be the attempt!

The blessing of daily association with a large household of true friends, is not of small value. Plenty of honorable employment always at hand precludes the necessity for soliciting work which yields the "daily bread." Toiling at our several tasks by our own pleasant firesides, where are none to "molest or make afraid," is certainly an added mercy.

Greater than this is the conscious integrity of striving daily to grow in grace by the unselfish performance of duty in its varied aspects, helping the *many* rather than the *few*, thus gradually outgrowing the narrowness of innate selfishness.

Let New England, therefore, breathe the "home notes" of musical content, even though the blizzards have come and the summer warblers have flown. We love the birds, the summer breezes, and the flowers, but—listen! A chickadee is singing even while we write his name. Every syllable of his evening hymn is enunciated as clearly as a profest elocutionist could utter them. He seems to say,

Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee,
The drifting snows don't trouble me,
There's lots of fun in yonder tree,
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee
The bobolink can't rival me,

and so he seems a perfect impersonation of content. Truly, "A contented mind is a continual feast."

The storm which proved so disastrous around the coast of the Bay State reacht us on the 27th ult., but no loss of life or property is recorded for this vicinity.

Asenath C. Stickney.

[*Contributed by Ezra J. Stewart*]

I WILL BE WHAT I WILL TO BE.

I MEAN to tread this narrow way,
Whatever may betide;
I care not what my flesh may say,
In all its lordly pride;
I will be what I will to be;
From all the chains of sense set free.

I will to be at one with God—
And that and nothing less—
In everything with full accord
I will in His ways press.
E'en tho He say the flesh must die;
At once that flesh I'll mortify.

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If I am weak, what matter that?
The Master's leal and true.
His spirit's leadings have begat
What can but bring me through.
Ne'er as a coward will I flee
The strife which sets my inmost free.

I am determined to pursue
The course I have begun;
And with abounding life in view
All down that course I'll run.
Hinder me not, you fearful crew;
To all that's good I will be true.—*Sel.*

[*Contributed by E. B. Gillett.*]

A DREAM OR VISION.

OVER two years ago I dreamed that I saw three beautiful cloudy pillars of pure white. I was so delighted I turned to call another person to see them, when I lookt again the pillars had assumed the shape of a most entrancing white city surrounded by a high wall of pure white. Overcome with delight I dropt to the floor exclaiming "O my God, I love thee."

Oft have I grieved as to the signification of the three pillars. Lately it has come clearly to me. The three pillars are significant of the three aspects presented in the true spiritual family. First, parent to child. Second, child to child. Third, child to parent. All was pure white.

—*Selected.*

A Discipline that has life.—The Catholic University of Notre Dame, at South Bend, Ind. with 1500 students is in Prohibition Territory. "Two students while on a visit to the City, became intoxicated. It came to the ears of the President who expelled them by telephone. They were not permitted to return to the College and their trunks were immediately sent to the depot."—*The New York Voice.*

☞THE Episcopalian bishops are at variance on the subject of Marriages and Divorces. The church tries hard to make it a divine institution, but it still remains in the hands of the civil law.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE STUDENT'S JOURNAL is devoted to Graham's Standard Phonography. Publisht by Andrew J. Graham & Co., 744 Broadway, N. Y. THE STUDENT'S JOURNAL is the oldest and best phonographic Journal in America. Each number has eight pages of lithographed phonography. News of importance to phonographers, portraits, biographical sketches, and facsimiles of the reporting notes of prominent phonographers are frequently given.

☞ONE book firm advertises for sale, "A Shaker Bible," and the statement is quite misleading. The Shakers use the same version of the Bible as is used in all the Christian churches. The Book which some are pleased to call a Shaker Bible is largely a history of the Catholic and Protestant churches.

"KIND words are the music of the world, they have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. No one has ever been converted by a sarcasm, crusht, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough, but drawn nearer to God, never."

☞THOSE who write for "Home Notes" should not forget the order of that department, and write an essay on either religion or domestic duties. An article of 350 words will do quite well.

The above is from THE MANIFESTO of May 1895, page 119.

Deaths.

Philip J. Mayer, at Ayer, Mass. Dec. 1, 1898. Age 89 years and 9 days.

Brother Philip has been an active member of the Society at Harvard for thirty-five years. He was a man of sterling integrity and we mourn the loss.

M. E. McL.

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THE MANIFESTO

FEBRUARY, 1899.

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AND

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Books & Papers.

The Rev, Irl R. Hick's Almanac. Pub. by the WORD AND WORKS Pub. Co. St. Louis, Mo. Price 25 cents. The book contains more than one hundred pages, and illustrates the "Rising, Setting and Meridian Passage of Planets. Eclipses of Sun and Moon. Chief Cities in time belts. Full exposition of Calendars. Constellations and signs. Sun slow and fast explained. Storm and weather forecasts. Sun spots and what they prove," etc. etc,

The recent death of Senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, the oldest member of the Senate, gives a special timeliness to the publication of an excellent portrait of Mr. Morrill which is contained in an article on the methods and character of the United States Senate printed in the January Magazine Number of THE OUTLOOK, under the title "In the Seats of the Mighty." The article was written before Mr. Morrill's death. It is evidently from the pen of some one well acquainted with Senatorial precedents and political and social peculiarities, and is written in a light and even amusing vein. ($3 a year. The Outlook Co. New York.)

After Spain, it was natural to speak of the markets in the ex-Spanish possessions—Porto Rico and Cuba. As I had just come from both these places myself, I mentioned first the market life in Porto Rico. All burdens are carried on their heads by the native women. Saturday being the great market day throughout the island, the roads leading to all the villages on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings are thronged with men, women and children, leading donkeys loaded with fruit and vegetables, on their way to market. The women, old and young, march along straight and erect upon their heads loads varying in weight from fifty or more pounds, downward. They travel without shoes, many coming from long distances. On arrival they seem as fresh as when sighted miles away. The same distance has to be traversed at the close of the market day. All have a pleasant word for the traveler and generally a courtesy thrown in. The market is a large frame structure open on all sides and on payment of a small fee a place can be obtained wherein to display wares. Bananas, oranges, yams, bread-fruit, cocoa, plantain and other kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables abound. The greatest regularity and good behavior prevail among these native women, and nine-tenths of their customers are of their own complexion.—*Gilson Willette, in January Donahoe's.*

The same supreme power that demanded this war will demand the complete fulfillment of its purpose. It will demand in tones which none can misunderstand and which no power or party can be strong enough to disregard, that the United States flag shall never be furled in any Spanish province where it has been planted by the heroism of our army and navy. Call it Imperialism if you will; but it is not the Imperialism that is inspired by the lust of conquest. It is the higher and nobler Imperialism that voices the sovereign power of this nation, and demands the extension of our flag and authority over the provinces of Spain, solely that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Such is the Imperialism that has become interwoven with the destiny of our great free government, and it will be welcomed by our people regardless of party lines and will command the commendation of the enlightened powers of the old world, as it rears for the guidance of all, the grandest monuments of freedom as the proclaimed policy and purpose of the noblest government ever reared by a man or blessed by Heaven.—*Col. A. K. McClure, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

NUMBER IN NATURE, by Edward White. The object of this Lecture is to present "an evidence of Creation Intelligence," in the use of numbers. That the creative plan has been wrought out by a wise Master-builder, and is not the work of chance or of a blind force.—Published by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

We have before us a beautiful Calendar for 1899, just received from Hyde Park, Vt., the home of Gov. Carroll S. Page. It is printed in bright colors of red and green, and is on sheets not less than 22x28 inches. The figures are nearly two inches and may be easily seen across a large room. A fine picture of the Governor is on every sheet of the Calendar, and those of a social mind can make him a pleasant visit each month of the year. With an eye to the interests of his special business, not the least available space is wasted. The Calendar means business well worthy the attention of all who buy and sell. For the Office Shop or Store this will prove to be equally as ornamental and more useful than many articles of much greater cost. Send ten cents in silver and obtain one of these beautiful Calendars and you will have a pleasant companion for the New Year. Address,—C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vt.

THE CHRIST QUESTION SETTLED, or JESUS, MAN, MEDIUM, MARTYRS, by J. M. Peebles, M. D.

This is a recent work from the pen of Dr. Peebles. It is written in the interest of that Spiritualism which is the spirit of truth as found in a Christian life. The work is a powerful advocate of the existence and spiritual mission of Jesus, the Christ, and must interest that large class in every Christian denomination that would live in the light of the present day. The Doctor calls to his aid witnesses from many lands and from every shade of religious belief in order to prove the soundness of his positive assertion. His three journeys around the world have afforded him a fund of knowledge on this and kindred subjects

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX. FEBRUARY, 1899. No 2.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

THE DISCIPLES OF JESUS. THE CHRIST, ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

THE above statement seems almost paradoxical, as the disciples were taken from the walks of life common to all other people. Most of them, probably, were poor fisherman living near the sea of Galilee, and as their laborious work for a frugal living kept them so closely confined, they gave but little thought to anything higher, or interested themselves in a spiritual experience. They were in this world and had never thought otherwise.

Suddenly, as they were engaged in the mending of their fishing nets, a man salutes them in these words.—"Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Such a remark no doubt, astonisht them, as fishing for men must have been a novel idea, and a perplexing enigma.

At this time they were subjects of King Herod and living in the kingdom of Judea. So interested, however, were they in this invitation of Jesus and expecting, withal, to find an increase of wealth, they at once left their nets that they might accompany Jesus and secure the promist treasures that he so liberally proffered. It must have been quite a sacrifice to these poor fishermen to leave their boats and nets to engage in an enterprise so beclouded in their minds, and which at this time they could not understand.

Possibly, these Jewish laborers may have the vague idea or rather the exalted thought that Jesus would be a new king, as he told them that in return for every sacrifice that they made, they should receive an increase of an hun-

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dred-fold. If they gave up their one house, with its acre of land, they would receive through him an hundred houses and an hundred acres of land. Such an offer with its subsequent explanations was not to be slighted, and there is evident reason to believe that they became deeply interested in the new mission.

This may have changed somewhat as days past on, and the lessons of a spiritual life were unfolded to them. The hundred-fold of houses and lands, and boats and nets did not materialize so fast as they had anticipated. At this anxious moment they must have interrogated Jesus, as he soon makes this remark, while speaking of those who accompanied him as disciples,—"They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."—John xvii., 16.

Then he gave them to understand that his kingdom was spiritual, and altho his followers might, by some, be considered as soldiers, they were harmless, as their warfare was wholly spiritual and on this account his soldiers would not fight. Gradually, the disciples accepted the ministration of Jesus and learned that their mission was to be one of peace and not of war. That there was a higher life for man to live than the cruel and merciless killing of each other, for an avaricious gain.

It is generally conceded, however, altho in very loose terms, that Christ's people or his church are not of this world, and that there must be some sacrifices to ensure a fellowship in his company, while very few may have a fixt thought to bear any distinguishing mark to the mind.

The first sacrifice of Peter and Andrew, as they left their boats and fishing nets on the shore of the sea to follow Jesus was more than many would care to make even at this present date, while assuming to understand fully the whole mission of Jesus. When he informs his disciples of the different relations that exist between his people and the world, and that to be a Christian they must deny themselves and take up their cross daily and follow him, they soon find that he is leading them where the children of this world can not go.

As the world loveth its own, it would not be expected to favor that which manifests an opposition to its worldly course. As it was bitter and envious in its remarks about the divine Teacher, it could not be expected to be otherwise in regard to those who accepted a communion in his life. Jesus understood this so well that he informed his disciples that as the world hated him without a cause, it would also hate them after the same unreasonable manner.

There was no occasion for dislike of him as an individual which so often culminated in persecution, as Jesus is said to have increast in wisdom, and even grew in favor among men. But it was the doctrine of the cross, and the system of self-denial which he taught that was so intensely hated. It was the establishing of a new religious belief, and the preaching of righteousness that if they would be the children of God they must accept the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. That his doctrine would establish peace on earth and good-will toward all. That wars and rumors of wars would

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cease, and that the vision of the prophet would be gloriously fulfilled when men should beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and the nations should learn war no more.

We are well assured that the church of God must have a living testimony and that there must be a discriminating line between that church and the people of the world. This will be so distinct that all doubt will be obliterated as the faith and the works become manifest in their presentation. It may not take much time for any class of examiners to determine the position that is occupied by the church. Those who reject the first Adam with his God-given works of generation, and have put on Christ, through the baptism of the holy spirit, will according to promise, be raised from the dead by the glory of the Father and at the same time be able to walk in newness of life. And if "we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be [raised] also in the likeness of his resurrection."

It is not at all singular that the world loves its own, or that it has a hatred to that testimony which destroys its influence on the minds of men. Following the course of nature in which it was establisht, its life is the fulfilling of the desires of the flesh and of the mind. It is the work of the first Adam and can not otherwise than lead the children of this world to marry and to be given in marriage.

This is quite different from the manner in which the followers of Jesus are led. As they are with him in the resurrection, they neither marry nor are given in marriage. These two classes are placed in sharp contrast with each other. One is called "The children of this world," and they are engaged in the selfish work of mine and thine. Their foundation is laid in a life of generation and they are married to sustain it.

The other class like Jesus have consecrated their lives and all they possess for the peace and prosperity of their fellow-men. Their foundation is laid on the principle of righteousness, and having put on the Lord Jesus Christ they make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof. Many who through profession have renounced the first Adam and entered into Christ, are still actively engaged in the interests of the world and can manifest no discriminating line between the flesh and the spirit, and none between the church of Christ and the world.

"The Angel of Mercy flew over the church
And whispered, 'I know thy sin:'
Then the church lookt back with a sigh and longed
To gather her children in;
But some were off to the midnight ball,
And some were off to the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons
So she quietly went her way."

We are quite well assured that the separation of a man from the spirit of the world is in his acceptance of the cross of Christ, and in the living of a

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new life, free from sin and from sinners. It would be as impossible now as it was in the days of Jesus for a man to serve two masters especially if Christ is to be one, and the world is to be the other, "for he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to the one and despise the other."

But a new day is dawning upon us and it comes as a precursor of light to lead us into the beautiful pathway of righteousness and man will care for his brother man, as he will by nature care for the interests of his own personal existence.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE ORDER OF MEDIATION.

By Elder John Lyon.

THE order of the old creation was entirely different from that of the new. The second dispensation of the old creation was one of types and shadows, while the mediatorial office was the foundation of the new creation and established in the first appearance of the Anointed. "If the foundation be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"—Psalms, xi., 3.

The order and foundation of the old creation:

Man was created a rational soul, and this made him a free agent and lord of creation.

How did God make known his will to man?

Man was not made to plan for himself what he should do, or what he should not do. Had he been made to be his own director he could not have been an agent for another. That he was made for an agent, under God, to rule the natural world, is evident. Not being endowed with omniscience, he was provided with attendant spirits, to suggest to him how to act without controlling his free agency.

On the other hand man was more or less influenced by spirits from the opposite source who were trying to seduce him from his dependence upon the Creator. Being placed between these two agencies, gives man a fair opportunity to exercise his volition and free agency in choosing which to follow. If he chooses to follow the good, the evil agents must step aside, but if he chooses to follow the evil, the good agents will withdraw. Herein lies the accountability of man, and the freedom or his choice makes the action his own.

Man was made a free agent, but it does not appear that there was any visible order of mediation. That patriarchal authority was established by the law of nature, is very true. It was established in the law of nature, both in the human and brute creation, for the parents to have dominion over their offspring.

Jacob could no more expiate the sins of his sons before God, for their murderous attempt upon Joseph, than could Isaac that of his son Jacob for

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his deceit in relation to his brother Esau. God made the vine of the earth to bring forth its fruit in clusters, and it was designed by the Creator that man should leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they should become one flesh. As soon as the human race had borne children, under their parents, they became parents themselves, and the head of their respective cluster. This was, and still stands as the order of nature for all the children of the old creation.

When the time arrived for the opening of the second dispensation, about 1491 years before that of the new creation, God chose one people out of all the branches that sprang from Noah, and he made them a type of this new creation. He appointed Moses a mediator to stand between himself and the people, and to him the will of God was made known. Moses was anointed the Messiah with all the elements and principles of that day, so that there were no further requirements made by God, nor by angels, nor by prophets. When the people had gone astray, they must return again to the commandments. Moses was appointed the perpetual mediator as long as that typical work should endure. Through this medium a soul could find access to God.

Moses was something more than a man—he was an anointed man. And God said to Aaron and Miriam; "Hear now my words. If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream. My servant Moses is not so, who is faithful in all mine house. With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches; and the similitude of the Lord shall he behold; wherefore, then were ye not afraid to speak against my servant Moses?"—Num. xii., 6, 7, 8. Aaron was the high priest, and Miriam was a prophetess, the highest, visible officers that ever stood among the Jews after Joshua. What was Moses that these two high functionaries could not claim an equality with him? Moses was the Lord's anointed, God manifested in the flesh, to typify the great mediator, the Author and Finisher of eternal salvation.

God chose one people through whom to show, in a figure, how he would lay the foundation of his work, to save man from his lost state and raise him to an order above that which is earthly. All the rest of the human race were left under the universal laws of creation or nature to be directed or influenced by spirits, to regulate them according to the law of nature, or else to be influenced to an opposite course. This typical nation was to be led by invisible spirits, but God placed his requirements in an earthern vessel where they had his will continually before them. He required them to adhere to the person he had appointed, and to obey the law given through the human mediator. In doing this they were serving the one living and true God.

They were forbidden to turn from the order of God's appointment after other gods, angels, spirits or their own ways for a director. But "were all under the cloud, and all passed through the sea, and were all baptized unto

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Moses, in the cloud and in the sea. And did all eat the same spiritual meat and drink the same spiritual drink, for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was the anointed."—1 Cor. x., 1, 2, 3, 4.

They were all baptized unto the anointed mediator to whom they were to look if they would receive anything from God. This people were not left to set up for themselves a god to serve, agreeably to their own inclinations, nor to seek after spirits to direct them in a way congenial to their corrupted propensities. They were placed in a situation where there was no alternative for them if they would enjoy the blessing of God.

If they turned from it they fell under his displeasure. After God had anointed a mediator in whom he could deposit his requirements, he gave his laws and ordinances through this earthen vessel which was calculated to curb their immoral desires. These laws typified a work that could consume the element of the flesh, the fountain from whence all immoral desires and actions proceed.

The great desire of the people was to know whether it was God who required obedience to these laws, or whether it was the man Moses. All they knew of these laws and requirements was, that it was the man Moses who required obedience, and while he was in the mount receiving the law, the people began to show that opposition which reigns in man, against submitting to God through a mediator. The people gathered themselves together unto Aaron and said to him, "Up, make us gods which shall go before us; as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of Egypt, we know not what has become of him."—Ex. xxiii.

All that had been done for them from the time that they left Egypt until that day, they ascribed to the man Moses, not to God, because it came to them through a mediator in human form. They could make for themselves a god of their jewels and through this acknowledge all the benefits that they had received. "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt."

There is nothing so repugnant to man's nature, as to acknowledge God in his order of mediation. They could accept God in a piece of wood, in a stone, in gold, silver, brass, and lastly in themselves, where there is no submission or reverence of any kind required, but to acknowledge God in a mediator of his own appointment was too humiliating and an opposition to the mediatorial order of God was the point at which all their rebellious and derelictions from the order which God had appointed commenced and was the source of all the misery and calamities which afterward befell them.

(*To be continued.*)

DEFEND the character of the absent, even of those that are bad, as truth will permit; the rest conceal unless duty absolutely require its exposure.—*R. W. P.*

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PSYCHE.

By Martha J. Anderson.

O SOUL, in the smallest globule sent
From the innermost soul's bright portal,
With infinite purpose and life intent
When fledged are thy wings immortal.
No folding thy powers, when once they have sprung
From the chrysalis that confined thee,
From life's first note is the pæan sung
Of the ages that enshrined thee.
Thy breath in the atom first is felt,
Rock, plant and tree enfold thee;
Dissolving matter may freeze and melt
Yet its various forms all hold thee,
Progressing toward the destined height
Through mineral, plant and creature,
Till man appears as a God of light
Perfect in form and feature.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

[*The Boston Sunday Globe of Oct.* 30, 1898, *has publisht a very interesting article haring reference to Eldress Eliza Babbitt, who is now in the ninety-third year of her age.*]

ELDRESS OF THE HARVARD SHAKERS.

IN the several Shaker communities in the country, there is one venerable Shakeress who is especially well known—Eldress Eliza Babbitt of the Harvard community. This particularly gifted woman is highly regarded by those of her faith for various reasons. She is appreciated because of her long association with the community, with which she has been identified nearly all her life, having been a member quite seventy-nine years. Eldress Babbitt is now in her ninety-third year, and retains in a remarkable degree those characteristics which have made her presence so unmistakably felt in the administrative and executive affairs of the Harvard Shakers.

Eldress Babbitt received The Globe reporter with that graciousness which to those who know well the average Shakeress seems so much a part of their nature. She talked very entertainingly of her life in the community, evinced a deal of pleasure in tracing some of the humorous phases of affairs, and manifested a keen and witty disposition. A warm, sympathetic and conservative nature has made her a woman greatly admired by her associates, who have showered upon her such positions of trust and responsibility as were within their power to bestow.

When it was intimated that in her prosaic life there could not have been much room for the romantic or the dramatic, she replied with energy that there had been both, and then referred in a very interesting manner to the rise and decline of the community, to the radical departure from the volume of business at one time carried on at the settlement to the comparative quietude of to-day to the change in the methods and customs of those of her faith, to the kaleidoscopic transitions which have taken place in the outside world, all of which, she remarked, must, to the keen observer, seem both romantic and dramatic.

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She is said to be the oldest Shakeress living. When she was fourteen years old her mother, with six children, came to this community from Norton, where they had been living. Her father died five years before. The eldress said that her mother, having visited in Harvard, learned much concerning the life of the Shakers, became greatly impressed with their ideas and mode of living, and so took up her abode with them. She volunteered the information that so far as the financial standing of the family was concerned there was no necessity for such a course, as there was sufficient to support her mother and her children comfortably, but her mother believed devoutly in the ideas of the Shakers and decided to cast her lot with them.

In her early life Eliza Babbitt learned the tailor's trade, and for twenty-three years she cut and made all the clothing worn by the male members of the community, of which she was for many years one of the trustees. So ably did she discharge the duties of that position that she was chosen to fill a vacancy among the elders. Her success in that order so thoroughly stamped her as a woman of exceptional abilities that she was installed into the office of the ministry, a position which she has held for quite forty years. She became superior eldress in 1872.

It is the duty of Eldress Babbitt to know all about the financial affairs of the community, which she does thoroughly, having received not a little of her business training during the seven years she was in charge of the office of the community. It is a part of her duty as minister to decide questions relative to the conduct of affairs, and to determine who are eligible for admittance into the little settlement. She is the balance power of the community. Her sagacity and keen insight into business matters has made her an invaluable member of the little colony.

With her it has been a cardinal principle never to venture an opinion upon any matter which involved differences of thought until she had fully heard all sides, and her decisions upon vital questions touching the community's welfare have ever been satisfactory. She has been retained in the ministry, as was frankly stated by her associates, because there is no one to equal her in judgment and in nice discrimination as to what is right and just and for the best interest of all.

This venerable woman finds not a little pleasure in showing some of the results of her handiwork of the past three years. In that time she has made twenty-eight log-cabin quilts, and because of severe trouble with her eyes much of the sewing was done by feeling the seam as the work progressed, but the quality of the labor does not indicate that it was performed under other than the most favorable circumstances. These quilts are to be left as legacies to her friends. Besides making these quilts she has done much in the line of crocheting. Aside from failing sight her faculties are as alert as ever.

Eldress Babbitt talks very entertainingly of this Shaker community when it was at the height of its prosperity, a condition which she aided materially in creating. At that time a lively business was done in making brooms, while a great amount of milk was sent daily to the Boston market. Herbs in immense quantities were collected, pressed and packed for the retail trade,and that branch of work is still carried on to quite an extent. Here were raised for the market in great quantity garden seeds, while the Shaker apple sauce is still well known as the best of its kind. In those days cloth for the dress of both sexes was all of domestic manufacture.

At that time there was a large saw mill, a tannery, a blacksmith shop, there was much done in fruit preserving, braiding of palm-leaf and straw, and in supplying the market with wool. There never was occasion to question the weight, measure or quality of the articles sent out from the community. The community prospered then, and as the result of that time it is highly prosperous to-day.

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Sarah Babbitt, a cousin of the eldress, gave to the world the benefit of several inventions evolved from her active brain which revolutionized some branches of labor. Sarah, with her father and sister, joined this community. She became known as sister Tabitha. To her genius is due the introduction of the cut nail. She got the idea from watching the operation of making wrought nails. She conceived the idea of cutting them from a sheet of iron when it should be rolled to the desired thickness. Her idea was put into practical operation and found to be a success, and the wrought nail became a thing of the past.

One day while watching the men sawing wood, she noted that one half the motion was lost and she conceived the idea of the circular saw. She made a tin disk, and notching it around the edge, slipped it on the spindle of her spinning wheel, tried it on a piece of a shingle and found that her idea was a practical one, and from this crude beginning came the circular saw of to-day. Sister Tabitha's first saw was made in sections and fastened to a board. A Lebanon Shaker later conceived the idea of making the saw out of a single piece of metal.

One can hardly believe that the people who comprise this community, at the head of whom is Eldress Babbitt, with their quiet, peaceful, unobtrusive ways, are the successors of others of their faith who helped make for Harvard the most exciting and sensational pages of its history. Here was one of the places in the east where Mother Ann Lee made her appearance, and here her great power was very forcibly felt. When she came she said she had some time before seen the place and the people in a vision. Many of the people of the town knew her as the female Christ. She had many followers, and whole families became imbued with her ideas.

So powerful was her hold upon a certain element in the town, and to such an extent were the ceremonials of the sect carried, that the devout enthusiasts of other religious faiths became alarmed at what they termed the fanaticism of Ann Lee and her converts. A town meeting was held in response to a petition "to determine on some means to remove the shaking Quakers." The town voted to prosecute them and appointed a committee to carry the vote into effect. The local military company marched to the Shaker rendezvous of that time and warned Ann Lee and her followers to leave before a certain hour. Mother Ann Lee left and returned several times.

Upon one of her visits a day was set when the Shakers were to be driven out. Notices were posted in the villages bidding people to assemble on Harvard common for that purpose, and two barrels of cider were furnished those who responded to the call, to stimulate their zeal. Heeding wiser counsel, it was decided to waive any demonstrations at that time, but later the threat to drive out the non-resident followers of Ann Lee was carried out, and over a route of ten miles, the Shakers were subjected to many indignities and cruelties. Scourging formed a part of the persecution on this memorable day. After one offender had received half the number of blows to be administered, James Haskell, a highly respected citizen of Harvard of that time, rode to the scene of brutality, dismounted, took off his coat, and offered to receive the last ten blows. His action so filled the persecutors with shame that they released their victim, who had borne himself with great fortitude.

The feeling toward the Shakers greatly changed as the years rolled on, as attested by the fact that the late elder, Elijah Myrick, was a member of Harvard's school board for ten years, besides being honored in many other ways. To-day, no one is more highly esteemed in the town than that bright, lovable leader of this community, Eliza Babbitt, whose beaming face is an index of her philanthropic nature.—*Boston Sunday Globe, Oct.* 30, 1898.

I seek not selfish ends, but greatly desire the end of self.—*R. W. P.*

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THE MANIFESTO.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

December.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1897.	29.97	4 in.	2 ft. 9½ in.
1898.	30.2	.75	17 "

Highest Temp. during this mo. 54 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 4 below "
Number of rainy days " " 1
" " snowy " " " 7
" " clear " " " 7
" " cloudy " " " 16

Jan. 1899.

THE closing day of 1898 gave a farewell serenade to the exodus of the expiring year. The incipient ceremonies opened with rain, which changed to sleet, and then to snow which at New Year's dawn was a foot in depth, which has given us a diversified storm as a farewell to the retiring year, and a pure white robe to adorn the infant New Year.

We willingly bid a long and eternal farewell to 1898 with its tornadoes, whirlwinds, hurricanes, typhoons, volcanoes, floods, electric bolts, sun-bursts, and all its destructive machinations of life and property of every kind on land and by ocean's foaming, dashing billows.

Columbia County has had its full share of destruction by the angry elements and many thousands of dollars will fail to repair the damages. The storm apparently spent its fury in prostrating S. J. Tilden & Co's new steel smoke-stack to their New Laboratory.

The N. Y. State Road is less than one half done. At the present time, preparation for putting an iron bridge across the gulley east of our machine shop pond is being executed. The intention is to have it accomplished before Spring opens.

There is some physical inability among us, but no death to record. I ran a narrow chance of passing the fatal ordeal, but I feel at present that I can stand quite a brush with the grim monster. Even so let it be.

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

Jan. 1899.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone and standing on the ridge dividing the Old from the New Year, we sniff some of the savor of saltness from the dawning century just beyond—a century of whose coming the poets and prophets have written.

The usual religious Services marked the morning and the usual festal entertainment the afternoon and evening of Christmas Day. At 10 o'clock a. m. we met our friends of the Church family in their pleasant chapel, spending about two hours in singing, reading and speaking. All the services partook more or less of the spirit

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of the day. In the afternoon a number of the Church family made our entertainment the more enjoyable by their presence and showed a cordial appreciation of its program, with the usual Christmas features, singing, recitations. etc.

At the close of the exercises, a simple luncheon was served to all. We must not omit to mention that our beloved Eldress Harriet and Eldress Augusta were among the welcome guests. Altogether our Christmas day was full of Jesus, His life, His work and we trust His spirit.

G. Ada Brown.

South Family.

Jan. 1899.

THE Old Year 1898 was completely frozen out, while the New Year of 1899, has become thoroughly frozen in, with the mercury ranging from 10 to 12 deg. below zero.

Our years they come and go
All too quickly here below,
But we wish they long might stay
For the good they've sent our way.

Leaving blessings at our door
Daily giving more and more,
So the years they go and come
Benefitting ev'ry one.

The holidays, as usual, were scenes of spiritual and social communion, Santa Claus & Co. made their annual tour of gift distributing; each member was remembered by good old Santa and his honored staff—St. Nicholas—noted for benevolence and a marvelous memory.

By invitation from our Second family friends, a delegation from this family were present at their Christmas festival on the afternoon of that day. The chapel was decorated with evergreens. The vocal and instrumental music was highly commendable. The reading and recitations were conducted most admirably.

The singing of a German Christmas song with an autoharp accompaniment was pleasingly executed by Brother Albert, who not long ago hailed from that far away land of music and song.

At the close of the entertainment a bountiful repast was served in the family dining-hall and all were merry as the Merry Christmas. The following is the program given;—

"Words of Welcome," by the Elders. "Round the Christmas Fire." Song by the Congregation." Recitations—"Lo! I Am With You Always." by Lillian. "Know Thyself." by Lena. "Fear Thou Not." Song by Congregation Recitations,—"Family Greeting." by Henry. Dialog,—"Daily Hints." "Peace and Praise." Song by the Quartet. "Whispering Hope." Song by Eugenia and Alma. Recitation,—"Hope Why Mockest Thou." by Alma. "Evening at the Farm." by Three Little Girls. "Four Little Sunbeams." by the Little Girls. "Any How." by Earle. "Tale of a Sun." by Curtis. "Song of the Months." by William. "Christmas Bells." Song by the Quartet. Recitations,—"Man and His Shoes." by Mabel. "Bearing Other's Burdens." by Lena. "Natural Laughter." by Clarissa. "Little Nut People." by Bessie. "A Little Girl's Wish." by Flora "Babe of Bethlehem." by Jennie.

Geneviere DeGroat.

Shakers, N. Y.

Jan. 1899.

THE Christmas and New Year celebrations, in their active manifestation, have past away, but their remembrance and the joy of their participation will last through the year.

Christmas evening we had an Entertainment of one and a half hour's duration which was both instructive and entertaining; and as our beloved Editor and assistants were not here to share in its pleasures, we will, if not crowding other members of the home circle, present the program. [It would have given us all much pleasure to have been present.—Ed.] March.—"Coronet Band." Cantata.—"Birth of Christ." Recitations—"Gentle Words." by Ethel. "The South Wind." by Byron. "Boy's Suggestion to Teachers." by Arthur. "The Snow's Masquerade." by Lottie. "What Time is it?" by

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Chester. "Drum Corp's March." Music, by Lulu. March, "Cornet Band." by Esther. "A Model School." by the Class." Recitations—"Kittie Knew." by Nellie. "How the Squirrel got his Stripes." by Fred. 'The Two Orphans." by Agnes. "It was Cracked Before." by Ella. "Ring, Ring, Ring." Song by All. Recitations—"The Sweetest Charity." by Jennie. "Not So Easy." by Eddie. Dialog, by Arthur and Wright. Recitations—"Patrick's Colt." by Louise. "The Yankee Boy." by Robert. "Carve That Possum." Song by J. L. L. C. Recitation—"A Lost Type." by Daniel. Duet—Instrumental Music, by J. and L. Recitations—"A Discourse on Apples." by Charlie. "How to Cure a Cough." by Luella. Dialog—"A Minister's Donation Party." Recitations—"At Christmastide." by Mabel. "Always Some One Below." by Samuel. Cantata.—"The Sister Graces." "Joy! Joy!" Closing Song by All.

On the evening of the 26th we met to receive the distributions from the Christmas tree, and hearts were gladdened by the mementos from dear friends. Such seasons of pure enjoyment bring those who are striving for the right into a oneness of spirit, and make them strong in their efforts for good.

While listening to the recitations of our Christmas party and realizing the ability manifested, our thought in prayer was, Heavenly Father and Mother, bless the rising generation! May their affections be inclined toward Thee, that they may be the ministers of the new dispensation; for only a little while and they will be the directors of that spiritual power which will be called upon to wrestle with the mighty problems which the twentieth century will present for solution.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Narcoossee, Fla.

Jan. 1899.

LEAF turning on New Year's day is somewhat conducive to good habits. Doubtless there are many to-day holding a rehearsal over their life's book. As page after page is reviewed, and the blots and blemishes stand for account, new resolutions are made to be more careful the coming year.

To turn over a new leaf is not an easy task, when erratic conduct has blotted many pages. Strong and determined resolutions and long and continued efforts will help us to succeed. We may turn the pages of each Year book with pleasure.

On Christmas we sang a hymn in remembrance of our friends in the homes of our childhood. We hoped that the same inspiration that overshadowed them would reach us in our wilderness home. We would wish that it might help us, with them, to usher in the New Year with such strong resolution of heart that the pages of life's book will not be sullied by one blemish.

On the 1st of January we dug our fall crop of northern potatoes, and on the 6th we planted the same ground for another crop of the same kind. What a contrast! Our friends who write us from the north, tell us of the snow banks that cover the land, and of the task of keeping the paths open from house to house. Here we are basking in the sunshine of summer weather. The thermometer ranges from 60 to 80 deg. almost every day. We have had but one frost that has done any damage. Then the mercury fell to 40 deg.

These occasional frosts make winter gardens very uncertain, and for this reason many do not plant after September.

We send greetings to all.

Andrew Barrett.

Enfield, N. H.

Jan. 1899.

NEW YEAR'S day dawned bright, 16 deg. below zero, yet, despite the frosty air our morning Service was well attended. With the new resolves given to be and to do what duty demands the Service was more of a memorial, sacred to the memory of our arisen, noble, gifted coworker, Eldress Joanna Kaime, who for

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about thirty years, was closely connected with our Society's welfare.

To give full recognition to so complete a life of righteousness, no poem or eulogy could tell the half of her richness of character and worth to the cause of human regeneration. A life, so fruitful of good virtues, qualities and thoughts, all forming a noble, intellectual and strong individuality, can not be minimized to "Well done good and faithful servant." Eldress Rosetta Cummings and Sister Nancy A. Morse, carried to our sorrowing kindred at East Canterbury, our wreaths of respect, fastened with the bow of fellow-sympathy.

Personally, I think that if articles were inserted in THE MANIFESTO, referring to the experiences, capabilities and graces, acquired and cultured by the truths of the Christ spirit, of such souls as Eldress Joanna Kaime of East Canterbury and Eldress Ann Taylor of Mt. Lebanon, and others who have honored our Church, they would scintilate sparks of spiritual encouragement to the young people of our Societies.

We commenced Christmas festivity the evening before, with a social gathering, the unlading of a well-stockt tree of gifts, for the young people, and a supper of fruit, assorted cake, ice-cream and coffee.

Sabbath morning's Service was rich with messages of the Spirit of Christmas, telling of the beauty and benefit of the Christ spirit and mission, also that spiritual and industrial action are the culturing forces of life, as well as the means of spreading peace and good-will to man. In the evening, a concert, appropriate for the day, afforded profit and pleasure to invited friends and home relations.

To all our friends who dwell
In torrid or frigid sphere,
We send a New Year's message;
May you have a glad New Year.

George H. Baxter.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Jan. 1899.

CHRISTMAS cheer and good-will reigned in our home during the holidays, and the good-will we hope to retain throughout all the days of the year before us. On the eve of the 26 ult. the young people gave an entertainment which pleased all who attended, most especially our good friends from Poland Springs who favored us with their presence.

Sister Aurelia is now in Farmington, Me. where she is superintending the publication of her book upon the life and light of Believers. We wish her every success as she has always been earnest in her efforts to have the life of a Shaker better known.

School is in progress and the Singing Classes are working with untiring zeal to further the work so nobly started last winter.

We extend kind thoughts and loving sympathy to our dear friends in Canterbury who are now suffering the loss of their good and faithful Leaders, Eldress Joanna and Eldress Dorothy.

Ada S. Cummings.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Jan. 1899.

IN hushed tones the New Year's greetings past from lip to lip in our saddened household, for the last moments of 1898 bade us lay to rest our beloved Eldress Joanna J. Kaime. At the funeral service held in the afternoon of the 31st ult. Eldress Rosetta Cummings and Sister Nancy A. Morse were present in behalf of the Society at Enfield; and grateful tributes, written and unexpressed, rose from the hearts of all. But the current of true appreciation for the beloved Mothers called from our midst, runs deep in the hearts of their people, who best understand the solemn burden of the withdrawal; yet we feel the pulse of our Zion in sympathy and kinship. The old year passes on, its foot-prints lie deep in our memories, yet we clasp hands with the New Year, realizing that whatever the grief or burden, "underneath are the everlasting arms."

* * * * * * *

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The storm of Dec. 31 and Jan. 1 covered the line of demarkation between the old and the new years, but the newly printed calendars put everything right; and by the 3rd inst. the ice harvest opened in cold earnest with marking and ploughing. Within the three days devoted to the business, a January thaw and a snow-storm crowded themselves in, but at the close of the 5th an ample bulk of ice, tho not of A No. 1 quality, was in place of storage. With the mercury slipping down to 10 deg. below zero, we do not feel the immediate need of King Winter's bounties, but by Independence Day we can tell better whether we are really dependent or not upon these wise provisions of nature. It is well that this is not the visiting season, for even the horses turn a "cold shoulder" to us.

School closed on the 11th inst., the winter term of sixteen weeks having drawn to a successful close.

Jessie Evans.

From the Bible Classs.

WANDERING IN THE WILDERNESS.

By Eva Walcott.

It took the Children of Israel forty years to reach the land of Canaan. Some writers say they might have reached it in much less time had they obeyed the commandments of God.

The journey of the Children of Israel is a type of the journey of the soul. Every soul must take this journey in order to reach the land of Canaan, but it depends on the obedience rendered to the landmarks given by the heavenly guide, as light and understanding increase, that determines the length of time needed for the journey.

When a soul is convicted that living in Egypt, or being a slave to an earthly, sensuous life does not bring him peace or satisfaction, the first words of comfort that he hears are,—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

When realizing the peace that is enjoyed in the Christ life, which gives those who live it, an eternal home in the land of Canaan, he longs for that life more and more. Here the first guide appears,—"The first step of a Christian life is obedience."

After reading this he finds he must obey the convictions received and leave Egypt, or the worldly life he is living, but he is still uncertain what to do. He desires the enjoyment of the higher life, yet he is not reconciled to give up the pleasures of the lower. He wants to enjoy both. Here the guide says,—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Having obeyed this counsel he receives strength to take the next step. Though he has decided to serve God and seek the righteousness of the kingdom of Heaven, and has started on his spiritual journey, yet when he sees the sins and passions, (his enemies) to which he yielded in Egypt following him, he, like the Israelites of old, murmurs and doubts, and longs for his former slavish life; yet warnings again appear,—"Agree with thine adversary quickly." "The way of the transgressor is hard." "Except a man forsake all that he hath he can not be my disciple."

By prayer to God he is able to cross the Red Sea of doubt, and conquer his enemies. With new courage he presses forward with the comforting assurance,—"Lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

To him, this is the cloud by day and night. Happiness is insured to him when he continues to watch and pray lest he be lost in the desert of sin. Feeling a loss of the support of the eternal presence he may become hungry and thirsty; losing faith in the promised help, he murmurs; but through divine mercy water is sent, reassuring him that God is ever near. By lack of faith the water is bitter; not until he fully obeys do the waters taste sweet,

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for—"Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Being careful to put on the whole armor of God, with earnest prayer and supplication for mercy and strength, he passes victoriously on his way, with the assurance that now, all is well. He takes little thought lest he fall, and becoming weary in well-doing, returns to worshiping the idol of selfish ambition, the golden calf of the Egyptians. For a time this gives him the pleasure sought, but how bitterly he now understands the Savior's words;—"Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

Through the strength of temptations resisted and victories won, he is able to advance more swiftly to the Land of Canaan. By sending out the spies of Truth and Light to view the land he sees the successes and failures to be met in the way, though he hears the report from Doubt and Fear who tell him that he will not be able to conquer the land. Still, he hears the good report from the Caleb and Joshua of Light and Truth who assure him that the land is equal unto the promises of God. Before he can reach that land, however, he must cross the river Jordan. As the pure in heart only can enter, he must first pass the Jordan and be cleansed from all impurity by an honest confession, and through his humility the waters divide and he is led forth, forgiven. Before he can gain a final victory he must become repentant. This means a conscientious walk in right and duty until at last he will have "Come up out of great tribulation," and will stand crowned as a victor and rejoice in the presence of the Eternal Father, for "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out, and I will write upon him the name of the city of my God which is New Jerusalem."

East Canterbury, N. H.

STRIVE to do good rather than to be too conspicuous.

Sanitary.

A PHYSICIAN who is connected with an institution in which there are many children, says:

"There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. For some time I had been so fully assured of this that I determined for one minute at least to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in a hospital of the institution. By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them simply to hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children entirely recovered from the disease.

Constant coughing is precisely like scratching a wound on the outside of the body; so long as it is done the wound will not heal. Let a person when tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts as an anodyne to the mucous membrane, allaying the desire to cough and giving the throat and lungs a chance to heal. At the same time a suitable medicine will aid nature in her effort to recuperate."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

NANSEN, the greatest living explorer of the extreme North-land says:

"My experience leads me to take a decided stand against the use of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds, from tea and coffee on the one hand, to tobacco and alcohol on the other. The idea that one gains by stimulating body and mind by artificial means betrays, in my opinion, not only ignorance of the simplest physiological laws, but also want of experience or perhaps want of capacity to learn from experience and observation."

WHEN overcome by bodily fatigue or exhausted by brain labor no stimulant, so-

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called, serves so well the purpose of refreshment and rest, both bodily and mentally, as milk. When heated as hot as one can readily take it, it may be sipt slowly from a tumbler, and as it is easily digested one feels very soon its beneficial effect. Few pers ons realize the stimulating qualities of this simple beverage.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Medical Record, an English Journal, thus comments on the injurious effects of anger.

Anger serves the unhappy mortal who indulges in it, much the same as intoxicants constantly taken do the inebriate. It grows into a sort of disease which has various and terrible results. Sir Richard Quain said, not long ago: "He is a man very rich indeed in physical power, who can afford to get angry."

This is true. Every time a man becomes "white" or "red" with anger he is in danger of his life. The heart and brain are the organs mostly affected when fits of passion are indulged in. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent, that is, every now and then it drops a beat—much the same thing as is experienced by excessive smokers.—*Selected.*

We have pity for the Spanish youth who have been compelled to fight and die in the Spanish army and navy, and we have had, with thousands of others, great sorrow for the sufferings inflicted on our own soldiers and on our army horses and mules, to large numbers of whom death has been a happy release—and we wish there could be posted in every schoolroom of our land those words of James Russell Lowell:—"War is Murder!" and these words of Gen. Sherman:—"War is Hell!" —*Our Dumb Animals.*

☞The Audubon Society of Mass. protests against the slaughter of little birds.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.

I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with resolute will,
Over and over again.—*J. Pollard.*

Deaths.

William Johnson, at Shakers, Albany Co., N. Y. Dec. 18, 1898. Age 59 years and 6 mo. He has been a member of the Community twenty-one years. We mourn the loss, but he has gone to reap the reward of his faithful labors. J. B.

Andrew Bloomberg, at Pleasant Hill, Ky. Dec. 26, 1898. Age 80 years. Br. Andrew was born in Sweden, but has been a member of this Community during forty-three years. He was a pure, true and honest man. J. W. S.

Eldress Joanna J. Kaime, at East Canterbury, N. H. Dec. 29, 1898. Age 72 years, 2 mo. and 10 days.

Hulda McGaughey, at Pleasant Hill, Ky. Jan. 11, 1899. Age 78 years and 4 months.

Sister Hulda has been a member of the Community thirty-nine years, and a very conscientious, good Sister. F. M. P.

Philinda Minor, at East Canterbury, N. H. January 17, 1899. Age 81 years, 2 mo. and 25 days.

Polly C. Lewis, at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. Jan. 14, 1899. Age 83 years 2 mo. and 3 days.

Sister Polly was brought to the Society at Mt. Lebanon, from Savoy, when only two years of age. For many years she was the principal business manager in the South family. She was the friend of all, old and young. S. A. C.

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which enables him to speak with authority. A perusal of this work of 370 pages will assure the reader that the Doctor is in earnest and there need be no doubt of the position he occupies on the question. The Spiritualism that he accepts, as given in his own words, "is that it seeks the truth wherever found. It strikes at the root of all things, demands the genuineness of all phenomena, the reasonableness of all philosophy and the highest authority for its theories of the present or of the elder ages." Those who have read the former works of Dr. Peebles need no words to induce them to become the possessor of this interesting volume. Pub. by The Banner of Light Pub. Co. 9 Bosworth St. Boston, Mass.

PEASANTS IN EXILE. From the Polish of Henry K. Sienkiewicz. Published by Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C. Notre Dame, Ind.

This little book of nearly two hundred pages contains a wonderfully pathetic story. It pictures a forced journey from Poland to America and the unsympathizing spirit that is met in this world among strangers. It is an elderly man and his daughter, a young girl. "What were they? Any one could tell at a glance—Polish Peasants." The storm at sea was a fearful experience, "The gathering tempest murmured round the ship like the wind in a forest, and gaining force howled like a pack of wolves." They reach New York, two strangers, without money, without friends, and with no knowledge of the English language, they find themselves, surrounded by wealth. They find a lodging room at last. "The walls are covered with mould. The room has a worn-out stove and a three legged stool. In the corner is a little barley straw that serves as a bed. The landlord, an old, ragged mulatto with lowering brow had his cheek plugged with tobacco." Even in this hovel they could find no rest. The landlord pushed her into the street and threw her bundle of clothes after her. This, in the Christian city of New York Obtain the book and read the thrilling story of these exiles in America. Address, The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind. Price, 75 cents.

To have the men who have demonstrated their organizing ability by great business successes tell their secrets of organization, is the object of the editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN. That he is succeeding, is proved in the Jan. issue by the article from Chas. R. Flint, who is regarded in New York as one of the three or four ablest organizers in America. He is president of the Rubber Trust and the head of the great mercantile house of Flint, Eddy & Co., which has its ramifications in almost every port of the world. Mr. Flint tells very openly what makes for success in the organization of business. His article may be read with interest by the Rockfellers, the Armours and the Wanamakers, as well as by the humblest clerk seeking to fathom the secret of business success.

In the same line is an article, also in the Jan. COSMOPOLITAN, telling how Mr. Platt organized and conducted the campaign for the election of Roosevelt. It is by a gentleman who was actively engaged at the Republican headquarters during the campaign, and who gives a vivid picture of the perfection to which political organization has been carried in New York State by the most astute of managers. The wary old Senator who has been a lifetime in politics and the youngest political aspirant will alike find food for reflection in Mr. Blythe's article.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE, New York, which is the lowest priced magazine in America (20 cents a year) and which is owned by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, the eminent American orator, wants a representative in this vicinity. It is a good opportunity for one of our ambitious young men or young women. Applications should be addressed to the Subscription Department, THE PENNY MAGAZINE, Temple Court, New York City.

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Books & Papers.

The question of handling the wires and gas, water and drainage pipes in great cities, and even in towns, is becoming with each year one of greater importance. A prize was offered to the engineers of the United States by THE COSMOPOLITAN magazine for the ablest article suggesting a scientific, economical solution of this problem. The paper of Henry F. Bryant has been selected by the committee as the one most ably meeting the conditions. It appears in the February COSMOPOLITAN. Some Plays and Their Actors.—Without Prejudice, is a new department in THE COSMOPOLITAN. The names of the contributors are not given, but in the staff are embraced the majority of the leading critics of the country, including David Belasco. It is interesting to note that in these days of competition in the magazine field the editions of THE COSMOPOLITAN have gone from three hundred thousand for February, 1898, to three hundred and fifty thousand in February of this year.

Portraits and sketches of men who are now prominently before the public abound in the February Magazine Number of THE OUTLOOK. Thus, there is a very fine portrait of Dr. N. D. Hillis, who succeeds Dr. Lyman Abbott as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; an illustrated article on Kipling by Robert Bridges better known to many readers as the "Droch" of "Life;" a finely illustrated article about Kitchener of Khartoum; a Lincoln birthday paper that contains a strong original poem a portrait and a picture of the house in which Lincoln was born; a thoroughly readable article by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson about My Literary Neighbors; and an article by John Burroughs on Nature Study, which is in an entertaining way autobiographic, and has a portrait of the author. Half a dozen or more other illustrated articles make up a number of unusual variety. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York.)

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY for Jan. 1899 has a very excellent paper on the Science of Life by T. V. Gifford, M. D. "Proper habits of life that are in accordance with Nature must be observed in every division of life to bring about a normal generation and its results, which are health, strength and happiness." Publisht by Dr T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

Almost anyone would be interested in "The Tales Tim Told Us." Tim says, "I'm a Limerick man myself" and the author of the little work of some one hundred and fifty pages, Mary E. Mannix, gives us in an enchanting form the legendary stories, as brought forward by Tim, the famous story teller. The Rival Cloisters stand first, and no one will leave the poor, fun-loving monks till the last word has been spoken. Nine more stories will be told with equal interest before Tim bids a final adieu to his eager listeners. Publisht at Notre Dame, Ind. Price 75 cts.

HOLY ANGELS. We have just received from the publishers a copy of the above named Religious Reverie, suitable for piano or organ, composed by George D. Wilson. The retail price of this piece of music is 60 cents. All readers of our paper will receive a copy of it, by sending 25 cents in silver, or postage stamps to the Union Mutual Music and Novelty Co., No. 20 East 14th St., New York.

The first hymn recorded in the New Testament is that wonderful "Magnificat" of the Virgin Mother, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." This song, combining as it does the promises of the past with the assurance of present realization, is a prelude preparing for the great symphony of Christian song which comes swelling down through the ensuing ages. The "Magnificat" was the first of a noble triad, the song of the priest Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," and the song of one who, standing on the outermost edge of this mortal life, cried out, "Lord now lettest Thy servant depart in peace." All of these songs have stirred the great musical cians of the world to their noblest efforts, and naturally so, since they tell of the very deepest, most sacred emotions of the human heart. The hymns of the early Church are for the most part shrouded in obscurity, but much has been written of the medieval hymns. Some of them are new editions, as it were, of earlier hymns, as the "Pange Lingua" of St. Thomas Aquinas, in which the opening lines are identical with that composed by Venantius Fortunatus in the sixth century. The "Pange Lingua" of St. Thomas which celebrates the glory of the Blessed Eucharist, may be regarded as one of the last great songs of the unmutilated Church, when dogma was not, as Luther tried to make it, distorted into the mere fancifulness of symbolism, and the heart of Christianity had not been lacerated by the wounds of conflicting sects.—*Mary Josephine Onaham, in February Donahoes.*

The first twenty-five of The Prettiest Country Homes in America are shown in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*. There will be over one hundred of these photographs, and they will picture in detail the most attractive and artistic country and suburban homes in the United States. The pictures that will constitute this series were selected from the photographs of seven thousand of the prettiest American homes. A competitive contest for a photograph of the prettiest house in this country brought a picture of every home having any claims to attractiveness and beauty, and from these the very best for publication in *The Ladies' Home Journal* exclusively. Houses of all sizes, from every section of the country, of various costs, have been selected, and the series will be valuable for suggestions to those who contemplate building a house or remodeling an old one.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX. MARCH, 1899. No 8.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

TRIFLES.

By Jessie Evans.

"*Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.*"

DID it ever occur to you to trace the happiest moment in your life to its foundation, or to question the cause of the deepest sorrow you have experienced? Passing backward in thought, leaving behind the windings and ramifications, you may be surprised to find how slight was its source. The turning-point in many a life has been perhaps a smile, a hand-clasp of fellowship, when seemingly all others passed by "on the other side;" a word of encouragement in the silence of despair, or a whispered prayer in the hour of danger.

In our rushing, ambitious life, crowded with much that engages the mind only because it is beyond our power to attain, we often lose sight of the glory of our possibilities, often forget the value of so-called trifles. We are quite too busy to give attention to the little courtesies of life, too eager to be fortified against the great trials that seem likely to assail us to be mindful of the little vexations of every day, that consequently creep in and overpower us—us who were so perfectly on our guard against less insidious enemies.

It is one thing to be constantly anticipating what will never come, and quite another thing to meet what actually occurs, with patience and discretion. A pivot is but a trifle, so common parlance has it, but if perfectly adjusted it may balance a mighty weight. A helm is tiny compared with the bulk which is guided by its skillful manipulation. A word is but a breath, but it may be freighted with fragrance or with poison, with life or with death.

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Faultless we cannot expect to be yet, but the fault of underrating the value of little things will not long survive among the thoughtful. Thought urges upon us the responsibility which attaches to the ever present minutiæ of life. It takes great minds to recognize the magnitude of littleness, small minds seem to be ever dreaming of unattainable greatness. Nature is not at fault in this respect. Her smallest works are often the most wonderful. The beauty of the green sward is not marred by carefully analyzing one blade of grass, indeed it is enhanced by the knowledge that the whole is a multiplication of just such wonders. The microscope reveals a world of beauties unknown to the naked eye. Note a snow-flake, an insect wing, a rain drop. Who can do so without looking "through nature up to nature's God?" Campbell truly says, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," but there is a charm equal, if not greater, in the analytic when compared with the synthetic. The stem of an apple—how tiny compared with the fully developed, juicy, red-cheeked fruit; yet by the soundness of its almost unnoticed fibres, the magical union is established between root and fruitage. Yet we grasp the fruit and despise the stem; and too often, alas, we carry out this policy in the daily growths of our human life, unmindful of the *cause* in our enjoyment of the *effect*, forgetful so often of the "bridge that carried us over."

Only occasionally does a Washington, a Lincoln or a Napoleon arise. To one Washington there are thousands of untitled privates, but what could the General accomplish without that phalanx that merges its conflicting individualities, into the one electric stroke that vitalizes his verbal command! A page in our national history ascribes the loss of a battle to the disobedience of one man. A trifle? Perhaps so, but *if* so then just such trifles have moved the world.

The stroke of a pen is a little thing, but it may mean emancipation to thousands of suffering hearts or it may seal the doom of a waiting convict. A "grain of mustard seed" is in itself a trifle, but this quantity of pure Christian faith is a remover of mountains. A sling and a stone in the hands of an unarmored David brought a sneer to the face of the mighty Goliath, but when they were exercised "in the name of the Lord of hosts," they accomplished no trifling work. Such trifles make history, such trifles make men.

Our Savior showed a beautiful appreciation of small things. The lily, the sparrow, the little leaven, the cup of cold water, the branch in the vine were *great* in his divine sight; and while the proud and haughty were allowed to pass unaccosted, "Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them" as a text to that wonderful sermon upon true conversion, in which he let fall the words: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." The two mites cast timidly into the Lord's treasury by the poor widow did not escape the eye of the gentle Master ever so watchful for the springing up of the gospel seed which he had sown so liberally in the heart soil all around him. The *spiritual much* that hallowed the giving of the *ma-*

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terial trifle called forth the approval: "I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all."

The significant lessons from Scripture, from history, and from the every-day battle fields teach us that no thought, expression or action should be deemed trivial until its *effect* proves it so. Someone has said, "Fidelity in little things is the great test of life." How true!

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE ORDER OF MEDIATION.

NO. 2.

By Elder John Lyon.

IT is well known that every time the Israelites disregarded the law which God had given them through him, God manifested himself to them in displeasure and showed them by his judgments that inasmuch as they rejected His anointed mediator, they rejected Him. When God found his typical people outside of their order, He sent messengers to call them to their duty. He sent angels, spirits and prophets, and if they rejected these, He would send His judgments upon them until they were humbled enough to return to their duty. When they were found beyond the order of mediation and blending with the world, God visited them as He did the children of the world.

They had no need to call in spirits either good or bad, to teach them their duty; this was given to their mediator in his anointing, and there was the place for them to look. The Lord said unto Moses, "Gather unto me seventy men of the Elders of Israel whom thou knowest to be the Elders of the people, and officers over them, and bring them unto the tabernacle of the congregation that they may stand there with thee, and I will come down and talk with thee and I will take of the spirit which is upon thee and will put it upon them and they shall bear the burden of the people with thee, that thou bear it not thyself alone."

And Moses told the people the word of the Lord and gathered the seventy men of the Elders of the people and set them round about the tabernacle. And the Lord came down in a cloud and spake unto him and took of the spirit that was upon Moses and gave it unto the seventy Elders, and it came to pass that when it rested upon them they prophesied and did not cease.—Num. xi., 16, 17, 24, 25. God did not say that He would send seventy spirits to take possession of the men, but told Moses that He would take of the spirit that was upon him.

The order of mediation was the rock which followed them, and this rock was the foundation on which the typical dispensation stood. "If the foundation be destroyed what can the righteous do?" It could not be destroyed as God had laid it, although the people of Israel could and did swerve from

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the foundation and lost the blessing of God. God was faithful to his promises. "You only have I known, of all the families of the earth; therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities."—Amos, iii., 2.

Moses told them that they would lightly esteem the rock of their salvation. He also told them that they would sacrifice unto gods whom they knew not. "Of the rock that begat thee thou art unmindful, and hast forgotten God that formed thee."—Deut. xxxii. This the Lord saw and he abhorred them. When they disregarded the foundation on which they stood, they disregarded God, and if they attempted to worship God under the rites and ceremonies of the law, it was an abhorrence in His sight, as He spake by the prophet Amos, "I hate, I despise your feast days and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies." "Though ye offer me burnt offerings, and your meat offerings, I will not accept them, neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. —Amos, v.. 21, 22.

When this typical people disobeyed God in the order of mediation, they were left to reap the fruit of their own doings. Paul says,—"Now these things were our ensamples to the intent we should not lust after evil things as they also lusted."—Cor. x., 6. We have the plain evidence in this dispensation of types and shadows that God was true to His promise. Moses did not sanctify the Lord before the people, by acknowledging that it was God through him that brought the water out of the rock; instead of this he sanctified himself and his brother Aaron, saying, "Hear now ye rebels: must we fetch you water out of this rock?"—Num. xx., 10. For this disregard he was debarred from entering the promised land.

Eli was a high priest and his sons were ministering priests to the people, yet they were not suffered to go unpunished, any more than the lowest of the people. It will be said that Moses, Nadab and Abihu, Aaron's sons, and Eli with his sons were in the line of the anointed. Very true, and it shows clearly that God's order of mediation can not be trampled upon with impunity by any class of people. It also shows that each will be rewarded according to his works; to whom much is given, of him will much be required.

Nadab and Abihu, soon after they were established in the priesthood, trampled upon God's law by disregarding the order given to them by the mediator; and fire came forth from the Lord and destroyed them. The sons of Eli profaned the anointing that was upon them and disregarded the law given by the anointed mediator. Their father knew this but did not restrain them preferring his affection for his sons above God, till God's wrath fell upon him and his whole house. 1 Sam. ii., iii., iv.

The order of God could not be violated with impunity, but God would sustain the honor of the order of His appointment. God said to Eli, "Them that honor me, I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." This was verified by judgments that fell upon him and his house. Eli fell backward from his seat and was killed. His sons were both slain in

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one day. Abimelech also was slain with eighty of Eli's line of posterity, and all were driven from the priesthood. 1 Sam. xxii.

(To be continued.)

Tribute to Sister POLLY LEWIS.

PASSING AWAY OF THE ANCIENTS.

By Cecelia DeVere.

When the ancients of the city pass away,
Sorrow gently mingles love with pain,
And the sombre portals dim and gray
Vibrate with the angel's lifting strain.
Golden latch and golden hinges are not slow to ope,
And our glorious banner's fringes glow with cheering hope,
Yet we feel a human sorrow and a human cross,
And we know that earth's to-morrow holds our heavy loss.
Ah! we miss the forms we cherished thro' the vanished years,
Long for voices that have perished 'mid our falling tears.
She whose soul was pure and lowly as the sweetest flower,
With a faith divinely holy walked in dauntless power,
No display of gift or treasure brought she vainly forth,
Yet we could not guage the measure of her innate worth,
'Twas a daily revelation in her temporal place,
As her spiritual salvation shed translucent grace.
In the mart of custom standing, meeting with the world,
Honor's highest meed commanding e'en where folly whirled.
Lightest minds grew staid before her, wild emotions settled down,
'Neath the halo shining o'er her, she was never known to frown.
"Dear Aunt Polly" strangers named her, with a reverent look and air,
While they felt the light that framed her was the circle of soul prayer.
Fragile form and quiet bearing yet a tower of strength,
Labor's heavy burdens sharing through her brave life's length.
Round the loved ones she is leaving in her little central home,
We our tenderest thot's are weaving that some signal good may come.
While the ancients of the city are a potent unseen band,
To life's changes bringing pity, and the wise and helpful hand.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Count not that time lost which is spent in holy meditation and prayer. *B. W. P.*

Speak well of all, do good to all, and ill to none.—*B. W. P.*

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KIND REMEMBRANCE.

By Andrew D. Barrett.

AN atmosphere of love promotes harmony and favors health of body and mind. It fills the soul with peace; it encourages every ennobling function; it carries with it the dignity, gentleness and refinement of true culture. In the ebb and flow of the ever moving tide we see a lesson of human life. We see that love must be the magnet in winning souls to God. When the soul is so filled with love that it can go out to help the needy, it has reached a degree of true culture far more exalting than all intellectual training.

These thoughts have been pressed upon my mind on hearing of the demise of our beloved Eldress Joanna J. Kaime. As I was a resident of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., for some twenty-five years I became acquainted with Eldress Joanna, as she quite frequently visited that Society in the capacity of a minister. Her Christian kindness made a permanent impression on my mind, and increased my love toward goodness and truth. Now the voice says,—Go and do likewise.

Olive Branch, Fla.

GROWTH.

By Fidella Estabrook.

ARE you growing, daily growing in the likeness of the King?
Does His love, so strong, so lasting in your heart with fervor spring?
Does the life of Christ, our Savior, thro your life with brightness glow?
Does His spirit dwell within you? Do you daily, hourly grow?

Are you growing as the seedling, sending forth strong roots of prayer,
Gaining strength and careful guidance from eternal sources there?
Are you pushing to the sunlight leaves of earnest, Christ-like deeds,
Are your plants of worth and beauty, or but tares and worthless weeds?

Are you growing as the lily, trustful, pure, in grace each day?
Caring not for coming morrows, pushing upward all the way,
Leaving death, and doubt, and darkness, looking to the light above,
Catching rays of richest blessing, and reflecting beams of love?

Are you growing in the Savior? Are you drawing from the vine
His own strength, His love and power, making truly His will, thine?
Are your tendrils ever clinging to the promises, so sure?
Will the harvest yield the fruitage that forever will endure?

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Are you growing in His meekness? Are you growing in His love?
Never resting, never doubting, pressing toward the realms above.
We must die to selfish pleasures, die, that true life we may win,
Only by complete surrender does the perfect life begin.

Perfect life—'tis found by growing, first the seed, then blade, then ear,
Each one perfect in its forming till the perfect fruit appear.
Growing, when the days are cloudy, growing when the hours are bright,
Since we ever must be growing, may we grow but in the right.

Growing thro' the bitter trial clean and pure, from self-life, free,
Growing with each well-borne testing, more, O Savior, like to thee.
Growing, when the storms of sorrow beat in tempests, far and near,
And when God's rich Bow of Promise writes above us, "Do not fear."

Growing in His peace, so precious, rooted, growing, deep and free,
E'er abiding in His presence, I in Christ, and Christ in me.
Hidden in His life, forever, may my life His glory show,
By His cross in daily bearing, I to perfect stature grow.

And when dawns the day of harvest, and the reapers shall appear
Gathering to the Master's garner souls from out earth's garden here.
Tho ours may not be the blossom, or the fully ripened grain,
Yet may we be found still growing, till perfection we attain.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

By Alonzo G. Hollister.

HOLY, set apart to the service of God, sacred. Free from sinful affections. Pure, guiltless.

When about to leave the world, Jesus said to his disciples, I will not leave you comfortless. I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth that she may abide with you forever. I have yet many things to say to you, but ye can not bear them now. But when she, the Spirit of Truth is come, She will lead you into all Truth. She will glorify me, because She will take of mine and declare to you. She will show you things to come.

People who uphold a system which excludes woman from all ministration in holy things, falsely represent the Holy Spirit in the masculine gender, whenever referred to as a personality. In Hebrew, the language of the people who first used the term, it is feminine, and so regarded by the Primitive Christians, as the best informed writers and scholars, like Farrar and Westcott, agree. The attempt to falsify the record is an artifice of Antichrist to exclude woman from her rightful place and office in the work of redemption.

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Any class of people that holds woman in bondage to man, whether by marriage or legislative enactments or by public opinion, do thereby prove that they are of the world, and the spirit of the Lord Jesus is not in them nor with them, for where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty of body, soul, mind and conscience.

The only free conversation which Jesus had with a non-Jew during his ministry, that we find recorded, was with the woman of Samaria. To her he confided this important truth,—God is Spirit, not a spirit. The hour cometh and now is, when they that worship the Father, must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth—or in the spirit of Truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. The last sentence conveys the impression that such are few.

They must first receive of His Spirit. Then only those who are thereby drawn to seek Him, will retain, or be found in it. He says in Joel—I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh created in my likeness. That is, after certain days, evidently after all our sins are purged away in the judgment.

Jesus sent the woman of Samaria with a message to her people. It was a woman also whom he first commissioned to bear a message, after he came forth from invisibility to be seen only by witnesses, chosen before, of God. Ann Lee was a chosen witness, anointed with the Holy Spirit of Truth, who purified her own temple by the word of God and the daily cross, abolished in her own person the curse of the great transgression, brought life and immortality to men and women who had sought it in vain in the nominally Christian churches, and became the free, joyful Mother of spiritual children, who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus against all sin.

These are the woman's seed who crush the serpent's head of fleshly lust, or sexual attraction. For this is the grim giant which stands till conquered between every soul and its final inheritance with saints in light. It must be overcome and destroyed by the daily cross, or it will enslave the soul, prevent advance to the higher, and eclipse if not destroy all prospects of happiness in a life to come. All who have escaped victors from the Beast described in Revelations, through obedience to Mother Ann's testimony, do bear witness in their lives that her testimony is true, and they are many in one Holy Spirit of life everlasting. She did, what Jesus said the Comforter would do, convict the world of sin, of righteousness and of Judgment.

Of sin, by reproving certain actions as sin which the world does not condemn. Of righteousness, by works of righteousness which she obeyed and taught others to follow. Of Judgment, by making souls feel the necessity of self-judging and confessing their sins before an appointed witness, and forsaking them forever. Those who do this escape the post mortem judgment of condemnation, because in so doing they pass from death unto life while clothed in mortal bodies.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

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AN ILLUSTRATION.

By Elder Abraham Perkins.

AMONG the good words spoken by Elder Henry C. Blinn in our Service, I was deeply impreſt with his reference to the testimony of Eldress Polly Reed of the Ministry of Mt. Lebanon, who years ago said to us in this place, that we are to be individually our own Elders, yet we realize the liability to so construe and apply it in a manner as to remove us entirely from the foundation of genuine Christianity.

The remark was simply and altogether an illustration of the making of Christian life practicable by so cautiously guarding all our thoughts, words and acts, so completely controlling our spirit, that no emanation or influence from our lives should leave a blot on our character as Christian disciples or work weakness in other souls by drawing them into a condition of independence, thus removing from the school of Christ its members, who are to become as children easy to be taught and to be subject to the order and polity of the institution.

Elder Henry carefully added in his remarks, the necessity of a pilot at the helm, a guide to preserve the harmony of the body, which among the truths of the gospel is an essential item for the safety and redemption of the Christian traveler. To the disciples of Jesus, it was his closing and special charge that his baptism was to be their baptism, his life and testimony they were to handle and preach, giving the assurance that he who accepted and received it receiveth him and Him that sent him.

No clearer revelation could be given of the order of a central ministration in the house of God, unto whose teachers he gave the power of loosing and binding on earth as is the order and law in heaven and the means alone for heirship and rightful claims in the heavenly kingdom.

East Canterbury, N. H.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

By Annie R. Stephens.

A CLOUD o'erhangs my way; I can not see;
A darkening trial fills my soul with dread,
And every doubting step my feet must tread,
Leads but to labyrinths—uncertainty,
Where weird-like shadows flit unceasingly.
O faithless heart! O blinded sight that's led
Where phantom shapes their ghostly presence shed.
Anoint thine eyes with faith and thou shalt see.
Shalt see the cloud fringed with hope's radiance bright;
Shalt see thy woe an angel sanctified,
That gently leads thee on through sorrow's night,
If thou but calmly trust, in faith abide,
Ope wide thy soul, let in the holy light,
And lo! thy inner life is glorified.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

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THE MANIFESTO.

MARCH, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

January.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1898.	25.45	1.25 in.	3½ ft.
1899.	26.8	1.125 "	17 in.

Highest Temp. during this mo. 54 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 6 below "
Number of rainy days " " 3
" " snowy " " " 2
" " clear " " " 12
" " cloudy " " " 14

Jan. 1899.

IT can not be said of this month, we have nodeaths to record,—at 11 o'clock a. m. Jan. 15, Sackett Root. At 7 o'clock 45 min. Jan. 31, Sister Mary Hazzard. At 5 o'clock p. m. Jan 14, Sister Polly Lewis.

January has been a very sickly month in our Community. Very few have escaped its malarial attacks. Once in thirty-three years or there abouts, our planet is subject to be afflicted with some kind of disease which ends the mortal life of an unusual number, as the records show. February is destined to be a sickly month and thus far it has been.

Temporalities in the business line are prospering. We have the major part of our year's stock of fire wood at home ready to be sawed. We have 175 tons of ice securely housed ready, when summer comes, to cool our milk and broth.

Men are working on the State Road, building the bridges and putting in the 4 ft. cylinders to conduct the water in the ravines under the road bed.

Our highway roads are rather changeable, wheeling intersperst by sleighing; at times the snow would be dissolved and the sleighing would be destroyed. At present six inches of snow covers the ground and sleighing is used in transportation.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

Feb. 1899.

COLD continues loud winds blow
And anon comes down the snow,
Shall be glad when winter's through,
Wintry days are never few.
Oh! for summer days to come
When we hear the glad bird's song,
When again the earth is seen
Not in white, but robes of green.

La Grippe has past through here and shaken hands with many in this section; we hope he will soon depart never more to return; he came uninvited, and uninvited he will go, an unwelcomed guest.

Our dear Eldress Annie has been shut in for a few weeks; a patient La Grippe patient but through the skillful management of our local physician, Dr. Cleland, she is daily improving much to our satisfaction, we trust she will soon be restored to health and activity again.

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Since our last writing we have witnest the ascension of three of the "Ancients of the City," Sisters, Polly C. Lewis, Mary Hazzard, and Sophronia Dole. Sister Sophronia was one of a noble family who united with the Community at Sodus, and with them removed to Groveland in 1836, where she lived a long and useful life doing good to all around her. Sister Laura Dole is the last surviving member of that family; years of faithful service has markt her record, we trust that peace and prosperity may attend her declining years.

One by one they're passing on,
Friends we long have known;
But we'll meet them all again
In our spirit home.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

Feb. 1899.

We endorse without reserve all that Br. George H. Baxter has stated in February Manifesto in reverencing the character of those departed saints, but would kindly suggest the following amendment. While it is beneficial to the individual soul to contemplate the example of those who have past over to the other side; be it resolved that we will not wait for that time to arrive but remember those pure and brave souls who are at present in the battle of life and gather from them that blessed inspiration which flows from those exalted lives and who are waiting patiently to be seen and appreciated.

Those who have past to the evergreen shores faithfully performed their duty. We are here to perform ours; to be strengthened by their noble example. But to those weary and overburdened souls who are ready to give their lives for the truth, a kind word and a sympathetic look is accepted with a blessing; let us give it in overflowing measure.

Day by day as we watch old Sol's advance as he moves northward, we are reminded that time is swiftly passing and soon Spring will be here with her inspiration in song-birds and flowers, and with toil on the farm and garden. The efforts that have been made in the later years to lift agriculture and horticulture out of the rut where it was supposed any ignoramus who was not fit for anything else could be a farmer or gardener, are bearing excellent fruit. Farming is classed with the most advanced scientific attainments, where brains and an intellectual training, as well as physical development are the factors that make the successful farmer and gardener.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Enfield, N. H.

Feb. 1899.

The past few weeks we have battled with humanity's enemy, La Grippe, who crept in among us and placed his debilitating power upon many of our folks. At date of writing, Feb. 8th, La Grippe has less weight and we are seeking his speedy banishment.

On Jan. 30th, the bell of Immortality pealed forth its notes of "Come up Higher" for our loved Sister Zelinda Smith, who for many years honored our North family with Christly culture and faithful work. In her life we have an example of nobility safe to imitate. On the following day, our valued Brother Thomas Steadman, responded to the higher summons. Sixty years of noble consecration to our cause, forms his priceless diadem. As overseer of our large barn and stock, he ranked the best. In that realm where man is judged, not by scholarship, position or profession, but by his life acts, Brother Thomas will reap a rich reward.

Two more vacant places. Upon the horizon of coming events, we perceive the on-coming messenger for others who must soon pass beyond Eternity's curtain that obscures from our sight the "Land of Souls."

Even death has its message to us not only hope for better things, but also as old laws and materiality pass away work for the readjustment of society's conditions to the new changes less individual strength createth.

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If we as a class are to keep our God-given estate free from the monopolizing greed of the world, and are to pass on God-ward, we must work as the heart of one for the good of all. Waste no time soaring in the heaven of sentimentalism, predicting evil and debating upon non-essentials, to the neglect of the spiritual and industrial parts of our body politic. Let us train ourselves to greater endurance in fulfilling the responsibilities which the honor of our Church demands.

George H. Baxter.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Feb. 1899.

CANDLEMAS DAY dawned "fair and clear" so, according to the prophecies of the ancient weather-wise, we are still to expect winter. One storm came into line on the 7th, as if to verify the time-honored couplet;

"If Candlemas Day dawn fair and clear
Beware, for winter has not been here."

At date, 14th, the elements are conspiring to furnish us with an old-fashioned blizzard, which opened its first act Sunday a. m. It brings one keen disappointment on its snowy wings, however, since it necessitates a postponement of the long-anticipated visit of our beloved Central Ministry, who had agreed to be with us on the 15th. Still, "the storm will not always last," and our loving welcomes are safely deposited in the bank of Heart and Home, which issues all payments with compound interest.

Despite the inclemency of the weather our worthy Brother, John Bradford, has found his way from Enfield, N. H., and is now securely environed with us on the hill from which, happily, there is no escape for him at present. We are always much pleased when our good friends call this way, and when *our* influence is not strong enough to hold them we willingly accept foreign aid even when it takes the guise of huge snowdrifts.

Jessie Evans.

Narcoossee, Fla.

Feb. 1899.

THE balmy breezes for the past two months are having a salutary effect upon the fruit trees of Florida. The peaches in many sections of the state are in full bloom and some blossoms have even fallen.

To pass through an orchard of one or two thousand trees, and inhale the sweet fragrance, is a thing to gladden the heart of every lover of nature. The last orange crop has nearly all been gathered, and the nursery men are now fertilizing the trees for the coming crop. Sweet potatoes will not be ready for market before June. The long, dry season since last spring prevented their growth.

If our crop of potatoes does not mature in one season, it is left in the ground and begins a new growth the coming season without the least injury.

Every year tells a little better for the lands we are cultivating. We are now trying our luck on a crop of onions and from present appearance we anticipate a good crop. Hope on, hope ever, is the motto for Florida.

Andrew Barrett.

In Memory of Sister SOPHRONIA DOLE.

By Louise Bussell.

OUR Mother has crost the dark river,
Been called to an eternal rest,
And joined with the angels in singing
The song of the ransomed, so blest.

Like a ripened sheaf, she was ready,
Her toils and her labors were o'er;
And gladly she heard the sweet summons
To rest from all care evermore.

She spent a long life in God's service,
Was one of the faithful and tried;
A pillar of strength, she was ever
A soul who all sin had denied.

Her words were like balm to the weary,
She blest every one in the right,
Gave courage and strength to the doubting
And bid them to walk in the light.

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And now as we tender love's tribute,
How brightly her virtues do shine,
Inciting us onward ard upward,
To joys that are pure and divine.

And O, in our hearts is erected,
By her life so noble and pure,
A monument strong in its structure,
For truth is its corner-stone sure.

We love thee, and bless thee, dear Mother,
For the seed of good thou hast sown;
And for all thy toiling and sowing
A harvest for thee has been grown.

Go, reap the reward of thy labors:
The angels have welcomed thee home,
I hear them proclaim the glad tidings,
No more on the earth shalt thou roam

But ere thou dost enter the portals,
Remember the toilers below,
And wave o'er our pathway thy mantle,
Thy love and thy goodness bestow.

O, help us to live for the gospel,
To swerve not from duty's straight line,
To carry aloft the bright banner,
And work for the cause that's divine.

We want to be blest with a fullness,
Of goodness, of mercy and love,
We plead for a power that is mighty
For the strength which comes from above.

That we may be true to our calling
Be workers in Zion's rich field,
Devoting our all to God's service,
That our lives rich blessing may yield.

Shakers, N. Y.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y. JAN. 8, 1899.

DEAR ELDER HENRY:—I mail you the following poem thinking it may please and interest some of the many readers of THE MANIFESTO. It teaches a most valuable lesson, one we should ever keep in view on our journey through life.

Kindly your Sister,
Polly C. Lewis.

ALWAYS SOME ONE BELOW.

By Ella Higginson.

ON the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And lookt up in the dim, vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,
I climbed till my brain was on fire,
I planted each footstep with wisdom
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference
And that one was glazed with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another
I found under velvet a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning
And my heart strength began to fail,
And the flush of the morning's excitement
Ere evening commenced to pale.

But just as my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last gained round,
When my hopes coming back from the future,
Were sinking again to the ground,

One who had climbed near the summit
Reacht backward a helping hand
And refresht, encouraged, strengthened
I took once again my stand.

And I wish—Oh I wish—that the climbers
Would never forget as they go
That, tho weary may seem their climbing,
There is always some one below.—*Journal of Education.*

THE FOOD WE EAT.

By Elder H. C. Blinn.

THE position that is occupied by the human family in its claims for existence is, indeed, very peculiar. Just how far man has adhered to the original plan, will no doubt, be very difficult of solution. If we can entertain the thought that the race came into existence on the same plane as did all the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, and that each order accepted the food that nature provided, then we only have to study the other animals to see what would naturally be the drift of the human.

While the beasts, birds and fishes, in all probability, eat very much to-day as they did on the day of their creation; man by having a progressive mind, has made many changes.

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This may well become a quandary in the minds of those who are interested in what man should eat. If he was intended for an herbivorous or graminivorous animal he has certainly departed to a sad extent from the original plan. If it was anticipated that he would become an omnivorous animal, and appropriate as food every thing that he could obtain on the land or in the sea, then his present position may be more readily understood.

Specialists can easily work out a theory in accordance with their religious or scientific views, and after long and labored dissertations it may prove satisfactory, especially to themselves, that man was made to subsist entirely on the fruits, vegetables and grains.

Another class, equally as religious, and no less intelligent, are positive that man was made to live on a mixed diet and to accommodate himself to that which happened to fall into his possession. The first theory is strengthened by Biblical authority, "I have given you every herb bearing seed, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." It is also claimed in defense of this position, that the teeth of man are made for the eating of the varied kinds of fruits that are grown in the vegetable kingdom.

The advocates of the second theory, place man among the omnivorous animals whose food is obtained from both the animal and vegetable kingdom. If an animal crossed his path, it was at once slaughtered for food, and if fruits were to be obtained, they also were accepted.

This class also quote the Bible as a witness of the position they occupy, and say that one of the first acts after the creation of man, was the slaughtering of some animals, and the skins were made into garments for those who lived in Eden, and in all probability the Edenites ate the meat—and Noah's first offering to God, on leaving the ark, was the fat and blood of slaughtered animals.

Soon after this date man seems to have become a universal scavenger in accordance with the Biblical command,—"Every moving thing that liveth shall be food for you." Certainly all believers in the Bible and in flesh eating should have respect to this remarkable provision of food for man. Whatever may have been the divine plan in regard to the human economy, it is safe to say that we are quite well informed of the custom that prevails among us at the present time and our health and prosperity claim our earnest and special interest.

Those human beings who inhabited the earth, on the first days of creation should have no more influence upon us in regard to our food, than in regard to our language or our general habits or customs. Mankind has grown, through thousands of years of valuable experience and the savagery of eating and drinking as those did, either before or after the flood, would hold us among a class of semi-civilized beings. The moral quality that has been developt in the mind of man, has given rise to many questions, and the subject of food preparation must find its legitimate place as essential and imperative for the prosperity of mankind as are the questions concerning right and wrong in civil cases or in matters of religious belief.

If we look at the several classes of animals, we find them as they always have been so far as we may know; the herbivorous eating the same kind of food as in the day of their creation, while the carnivorous or flesh eating animals continue to devour all they can capture. Even this savage, animal nature has had a place among some of the races of men and they have signalized themselves as cannibals by even killing and eating their own species. Aside from the mere habit of taste, one creature may be as acceptable as another and essentially so as it was the command of the Bible, that "Every moving thing that liveth shall be food for you."

The world is not so old but this command still continues more or less in active operation, as the Christians and Heathen contend with each other to see which shall secure the largest number of moving things to be used as food. We have only

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to interest ourselves with this subject, in order to find that so late as the closing of the 19th century, but few things live and breathe that are not appropriated by man as food.

Even tho it should be proved, that man did for thousands of years live as an omnivorous animal in common with all other creatures of that same order, we are interested to know that a change came so soon as it did to give evidence of a better way.

(To be continued.)

Sanitary.

FOOD AND TEETH.

"It is a remarkable fact," said a prominent New York dentist recently, "that the teeth of the poor are stronger and usually last longer than those of the well-to-do classes. The reason for this is that what food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make bones and teeth. This food consists of the outside of all the grains of all cereal foods, that contain the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthy salts, all of which nourish the bony tissues and build up the frame. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require they can not possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley, and the like, or the bran, so called, that we sift away and feed to the swine that the teeth require for their proper nourishment.

The wisdom of man has proved his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more fragile and weak. Our modern flouring mills are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partakes of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and phosphates of lime in order that they may provide that fine, white flour which is proving a whitened sepulchre to teeth. Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint-like and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children never allow any white bread upon your table. Bread made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran, which contains the minute quantities of lime, is present, is best. Nothing is superior to brown bread for bone and tooth building. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts and should be on every one's table, hot or cold, twice a week."—*Selected.*

BRUTALIZING AND INFAMOUS.

Massachusetts has the first law prohibiting vivisection in the schools, and in defence of it W. W. Niles, the Episcopal bishop of New Hampshire, says:

"The torturing of dumb animals in the presence of a class of young people for the purpose of instruction is inhuman, brutalizing and infamous. Far better is it for both society and the individual that the scholar should know nothing that is taught in the schools than that he or she should be thus degraded and turned into a brute. The monster in human form who could give such an exhibition to young persons or defend it in another ought not one hour longer to be tolerated for a teacher of youth. He ought to be dismist instantly, and a superintendant of a school board who could tolerate such a wickedness ought not longer to be suffered to misrepresent a community of men and women. Words fail me to express the horror with which doings of this kind fill my soul."—*Journal Transcript.*

WEAVING.

Yes, I'm a weaver, and each day
The threads of life I spin,
And be the colors what they may,
I still must weave them in.
With morning light there comes the tho't
As I my task begin—
My Lord to me new threads has brought,
And bids me "weave them in."

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Sometimes he gives me threads of gold,
To brighten up the day;
Then sombre tints, so bleak and cold,
That change the gold to gray.
And so my shuttle swiftly flies,
With threads both gold and gray;
And on I toil till daylight dies,
And fades in the night away.

Oh, when my day of toil is o'er,
And I shall cease to spin,
He'll open wide my Father's door,
And bid me rest within.
When safe at home in heavenly light,
How clearly I shall see
That every thread, the dark, the bright,
Each one had need to be!

—*Christian Advocate.*

MY BEST.

I MAY perform no deed of great renown,
No glorious act to millions manifest;
Yet in my little labors up and down
I'll do my best.

I may not paint a perfect masterpiece,
Nor carve a statue by the world confest
A miracle of art; yet will not cease
To do my best.

My name is not upon the rolls of fame,
'Tis on the page of common life imprest
But I'll keep marking, marking just the same,
And do my best.

Sometimes I sing a very simple song,
And send it onward to the east or west:
Altho in silentness it rolls along,
I do my best.

Sometimes I write a very little hymn,
The joy within me can not be represt:
Tho no one reads the letters are so dim,
I do my best.

And if I see some fellow-traveler rise
Far, far above me, still with quiet breast
I keep on climbing, climbing toward the skies,
And do my best.

My very best, and if at close of day
Worn out, I sit me down awhile to rest,
I still will mend my garments if I may,
And do my best.

It may not be the beautiful or grand,
But I must try to be so careful, lest
I fail to be what's put into my hand,
My very best.

Better and better every stitch may be,
The last a little stronger than the rest,
Good master! help my eyes that they may see
To do my best.—*From Womankind.*

☞THIN spirals of paper are wound around each interior telegraph wire. The cost is much less than rubber.

☞AT an auction in London, 400,000 skins of humming-birds were sold in one week.

Deaths.

Tabitha A. Hardin, at Pleasant Hill, Ky. Jan. 24, 1899. Age 78 years.

Sister Tabitha has been a member of this society for more than sixty years. Of her we can say, "She hath done what she could." J. W. S.

Zelinda Smith, at Enfield, N. H. Jan. 30, 1899. Age 79 years.

It was the birthday of Sister Zelinda, who had been feeble for several months.

Thomas Steadman, at Enfield, N. H. Jan. 31, 1899. Age 77 years, 8 mo. and 16 days.

Sophronia Dole, at Watervliet, Ohio. Jan. 31, 1899. Age 84 years.

Mary Hazzard, at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. Jan. 31, 1899. Age 87 yrs. 2 mo. and 19 days.

Maria L. Ward, at Hancock Mass. Feb. 1, 1899. Age 82 yrs. 6 mo. and 2 days.

Sister Maria came to live in the family in 1881. I. R. L.

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Lincoln arose! the masterful great man,
Girt with rude grandeur quelling doubt and fear,—
A more than king, yet in whose veins there ran
The red blood of the people, warm, sincere,
Blending of Puritan and Cavalier.
A will whose force stern warriors came to ask
A heart that melted at a mother's tear—
These brought he to his superhuman task;
Over a tragic soul he wore a comic mask.
He was the South's child more than of the North;
His soul was not compact of rock and snow,
But such as old Kentucky's soil gives forth,—
The splendid race of giants that we know,
Firm unto friend, and loyal unto foe.
Such birthrights all environment forestall,
Resistlessly their tides of impulse flow.
This man who answered to his country's call
Was full of human faults, and nobler for them all.

Henry Tyrell, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for February.

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Books & Papers.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY for February, 1899, continues the interesting serial "The Science of Life," by Dr. T. V. Gifford. Among the many "Gems of Thought" presented, is this truism; "Song is an absolute necessity of life. We can never be in this life nor in the life to come, all that we ought to be if we fail to exercise in some way the power of song." Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind. (75 cts. a year.)

Major-General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., will continue the leading article to the April number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, published March 20th. "The Philippine Campaign" is the subject of General Merritt's paper—the foremost topic of the hour, treated in masterly fashion by the commander of the United States Military forces which, in conjunction with the navy under Admiral Dewey stormed and took the city of Manila, August 13, 1898. This article, like all others in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, is richly illustrated, constituting one of the most notable contributions to magazine literature.

Ian Maclaren, who is now on a lecturing tour in this country, begins in an early issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* his latest piece of literary work. It is a series of popular articles in which he defines the relation that a minister holds to his congregation; how a preacher is helped by his people; how a congregation can make the most of a minister, and other phases of the most satisfactory attitude of a congregation to a pastor.

Address H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., for a copy of "Israel's Messiah" or "Why the Jews reject Christ," if you have not already read it. Jew and Gentile will be interested in its perusal. The gospel has a noble defender in the author and his pen keeps the truths of Christianity in perpetual circulation.

We have just received from "The Missionary Herald," a neat pamphlet entitled "Ceylon, A Key to India" by Mary and Margaret W. Leitch. It is beautifully illustrated and its graphic personal experiences can not fail to attract attention from the reading public. To the thoughtful, mission loving mind it strikes a dual chord of victory and warning, the former recognizing the noble accomplishments of the present and past, the latter questioning, What of the future? The educational and medical features of the work particularly reflect credit on the consecrated womanhood that has entered the field. The gifted authors of the book have our thanks and earnest prayers. May God prosper our home and foreign missions! Missionary Herald—Extra Single copies, postpaid, 10 cts. Address Chas. E. Swett, No. 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The event of the literary year will be, undoubtedly, the great novel upon which Count Tolstoy has been laboring in order that he may devote the proceeds to the transportation to Canada of three thousand Russian Quakers. It is generally believed by his friends that this work will probably mark the conclusion of Count Tolstoy's literary career. Not merely on this account, but because of the subject treated, it will attract the widest attention the world over. It is a profound study of the life of man and woman and treats of the three phases of love—that of the youth that of the young man, that of the man in mature age. THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE announces that it has secured the sole right of publication.

An original article by Washington Irving is an unusual event in magazine literature. THE OUTLOOK has been fortunate enough to obtain through representatives of the Irving family, a heretofore unpublisht article by Washington Irving, called "A Festal Day in Rome." It has intrinsic interest, which is increast by an introductory sketch showing how Irving's literary ambition came into being and by a fine portrait. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York.)

The night salutation, besides "God give you good-night," is "Sleep safely to-night" and "God bring you safe from the death-sleep of night!" I have heard both these frequently in the Western islands, and they are also used in the outer Hebrides. The last one shows the Catholic desire to die after due preparation, not to be taken unawares;

"Bas Criostaidhe, ola's aithrighe
Go bhfaghaidh ar n.anam booht!
A Christian death, with unction and penance,
May our poor souls receive!"

is a frequent prayer. Then there are many beautiful Gaelic hymns to be recited when "raking the fire," and on other occasions. Some of these collected by Dr. Hyde, myself and others, will appear in Dr. Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht." When the last candle is put out at night the prayer is "God be good to the souls of the faithful." The dead are always remembered in Ireland; no one would dream of passing by the roadside without a short prayer for those who rest there, who in Gaelic phrase are "on the path to truth" and are numbered with "the host of the dead." In the Highlands they say of a dead friend, "Rest and ease to him who lives not;" in Ireland, when speaking English, "God be good to him!" or "God be with him!" in Gaelic "The blessing of God with his soul!" and "The light of Heaven to him!"—*Donahoe's.*

SKETCHES OF SHAKERS AND SHAKERISM. A synopsis of the UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS in Christ's Second Appearing. Illustrated. By GILES B. AVERY. Price 15 cts.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX. APRIL, 1899. No 4.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

THE HIDDEN MANNA.

By Jessie Evans.

AMONG the breathings of God given for the courage and heavenward perseverance of souls, perhaps none is more precious than the sublime promise: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna." It seems to add a sequel to the Savior's words: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

Much has been experienced and written of the conflict through which the soul must pass in order to merge the selfish will into the divine will, sacred writ is flooded with light to lead the soul to an attainment of this all-important result, yet the desirable blessing remains to many still afar off. The world is full of wranglings and unrest, and the sea of human life is crested with many billows. Creeds are dissected and discarded, the church vainly seeks a remedy for its scant assemblies, the pulpit is derided for proclaiming too much or too little truth, or rather because it does not present that type of truth(?)which is elastic enough to circumvest personal pride and still ease the pangs of a sleepless conscience. But a revelation of this nature has not yet come from God, and those who defer the vital decisions of salvation until a day of legal compromise will wait in vain.

The voice "crying in the wilderness" awakened some who had "ears to hear" and the "Lamb of God" followed to find a few souls waiting for his immortal doctrine. Will this doctrine ever please the public ear? The text seems to point to the negative view.

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The overcomer referred to is not a passive character who has acquired a title without toil; he is in every sense of the word a reformer, a transformer. Into his life has been received, willingly or not, a powerful, pungent testimony, which, received from the lips and life of the uncompromising Savior, and sealed by the Fatherhood which authorized the Christhood, puts to the sword all the enemies that refuse to surrender. Narrow, selfish affections dissolve in the broad universal love which the new commandment signalizes. Personal preferences are gradually, often painfully, merged into the all-absorbing yearning to follow the divine appointments. This is not the work of a moment, nor the bauble of a child. The sinews of his manhood are daily tested by a law before which human strength is weakness, in whose even balance the least shall be the greatest, "a little one shall become a thousand and a small one a strong nation." The fibres of his self-will vibrate with many a thrill of suffering unechoed by the world, the tears of his soul he conceals behind a placid countenance lest men should gain his spirit's secret and cloud the horizon of his pure sacrifice with their weak human sympathy. But the struggle escapes not the slumberless One, God is ever cognizant, and his perfect law provides for the safety of his wrestling children lest at any time they dash the foot against a stone, human or otherwise. Though of the earth, earthy, they have established in their hearts a new kingdom where an enlightened conscience is enthroned, to whom every faculty of body and mind gives honor in willing subservience.

While resident on the earth, they are not "of the world," their minds have risen "above the blue" into the hidden pastures by a path that "no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen;" and a "highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it," not because the redeemed guard the holy spot from intruders but because the force of God's law is inexorable.

The overcomer enters into a wonderful inheritance. He finds himself, by divine promise, an "heir of God" and a "joint heir with Christ." "The fruitfulness of the earth insures the maintenance of the natural man, that which conduces to the health of the body springs up on every hand." But the Lord is mindful of his own, he remembers his children," and his grace is richly provident of the good things invisible that sustain and build up the soul. Famine comes only to the prodigal, husks are eaten in the "far-off" countries, "bread enough and to spare" is in the Father's realm.

They who meet the discipline of sorrow and realize the blessedness of the refining processes outlined by the law of eternal right, enter into a community of soul, whose open doors "no man can shut." Kindred souls find each other sooner or later, a common bond attracts them, a freemasonry of spirit exists among them, and the signs and counter-signs invite a confidence never misplaced.

To such, who are strangely always in the minority, if God's side can ever

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be a minority, the prophets speak in comforting tones. The richest promises of God rise from the pages of sacred history for their consolation. The strife between practice and principle having ceased, the Christian feels the power of peace resulting from the relinquishment of his life forces to divine law. Surrounding influences exert a great power as he awakens to the responsibility of adapting his little life to the larger life around him that God's glory may be the issue of every hour. Godly lives corroborate his experience, holy counsel confirms his faith, thoughtful prayers strengthen his courage, and a brother's hand of fellowship communicates a vigor that gives a firmer ring to his voice, leaves a deeper furrow behind his plough of daily service, and imparts a richer hue to his consecration. Contrary influences, on the other hand, try and rivet his faith, they test the resisting capacity of his steadfastness, under the strong wind of adversity like a sound tree he strikes his roots deep and wide to withstand the force, and in the storm he best learns the use of his anchor, compass and sounding-line. So the Christian loves his friend and his enemy. Both foster his spiritual growth, both fulfill a wise design in the divine planning. One strengthens his virtues, the other exposes his weaknesses. Neither must be evaded if the growth be symmetrical. Truly, God's wisdom has provided good friends for the Christian.

But all this points outward. Away from the strength that circumstances and associations bring to him, there is in the heart of the overcomer an abiding substance, a living presence, a divine entity, which proves true, at every mile-stone of his ennobling journey, the sacred promise quoted by the Revelator. His spiritual senses recognize this invisible reality, this necessity. His soul accepts with avidity the blessed food, that tones up its tissues and empowers it for renewed activity, and looks never in vain for its constant bestowal. Every day the manna drops from heaven into the inner wilderness and his soul freely gathers it in according to its need. Once this precious manna puts vitality into a man's inmost being and the hunger is gone forever, for the supply never fails. He who feeds his soul energies upon this food shall live forever, for as the natural manna repaired the waste of the physical man, so this "hidden manna," bestowed by an all-wise Providence, contains all the elements for the upbuilding of the spiritual man. As he prays "Give us this day our daily bread" and his hands earnestly labor for the "meat which perisheth," his soul reaches upward into the goodness of God's promise to secure its daily supply of that "meat which endureth unto everlasting life." If he gather much in his mental voracity he has "nothing over," and if in humble sorrow he gathers little he knows "no lacks," for He who sends the precious food supplies just what is needed, and the soul is permitted to appropriate only what is for its nutrition.

Our Savior said, "If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever." But reception only is not sufficient. This must be followed by the slower, more permanent processes of absorption and assimilation, and where the "stature

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of the fulness of Christ" is maintained, the hygiene of the soul imposes *fasting* as well as feasting days. Spiritual law is wonderfully adapted to the health of souls, all so similar in need yet so strangely different in structure. "One man's meat is another man's poison" as really in the spiritual as in the physical economy; and the relish of the soul is directed intuitively toward that which is for its best good. Hence we can not follow with impunity the regimen of others. Were we dependent upon others' givings for our soul supplies, the problem of capital and labor might intrude itself upon the religious as upon the material world, but monopoly ceases when we enter the new birth. Here it is man for man. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall *he* also reap." We may do good for and to each other, and the world cries out daily for more of this philanthropic spirit, but the law of eternal equity metes out to the giver the measure of his giving and to the receiver the measure of his receiving, "God is not mocked." Influence does much to fashion individual character, but when in the history of souls judgment is laid to the line and "righteousness to the plummet," the spiritual stature of man—will it not be determined by the "measuring rod" of personal power, aspiration and attainment?

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of," the Savior said, and to the solitude of the mountain he repaired for his soul feast. As did he, so should his disciples do. Christian silence marks the hour of truest worship, for then the soul is eloquent, and in holy communion it feasts on the bread broken and blessed by its "Author and Bishop." All the real things of God are invisible to the natural eye, and unspeakable in human syllables. We may speak *of* them, but we can never describe them. So the heavenly manna is known only to "him that receiveth it," but the life which it supports, the eternal energy which it establishes is destined to people the Christian world with manhood and womanhood, citizens worthy the name and nerved to meet the crises of the times without blenching.

Are you still hungering in spirit? Christ says to you, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

East Canterbury, N. H.

[*Contributed by Elder John Whiteley.*]

THOUGHTS PENNED BY AN INVALID.

"*Give us this day our daily bread.*"

WE are too apt to dwell on the future rather than in the present moment! How frequently we hear people say, "I will do such a thing to-morrow" or next spring or fall or the coming year. I heard some one say a few days since, "We are talking over our plans for next summer" and the

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thought came to me "Ye know not what a day may bring forth for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Man goes forth in the morning full of strength and hope, and before the evening comes, he is cut down and the place that knew him knows him no more!

How important then it is for us, my gospel friends, that we should guard and improve the present, for upon this day and moment the future must rest, for the *now* will soon become the *past*, beyond recall—and as we reflect upon it we should ask ourselves "if we have quit ourselves like men."

In order then to obtain a proper spiritual frame, our souls must be fed with that bread of life which cometh down from Heaven, seeking only for that which is highest, purest and best.

Too many persons are apt to think that when we ask for our daily bread, it means simply, that which supplies our physical wants! But it means more, for while we should see to it with scrupulous care that nothing enters into the "temple of the living God" that would debase or weaken it, we should be all the more impressed with the great importance of having our spiritual natures furnished with proper food and nourishment, and that regularly and constantly. How often are we inclined to neglect to furnish by prayer and faith, the nourishment needed to fill our soul's requirements.

We say we will wait for "some more convenient season" which in many cases results in nothing being done. As the body becomes weakened and unfitted to do its proper work if it receives not proper nourishment, so must the soul that is neglected become dwarfed and enfeebled.

We then can not too urgently or frequently ask the good Father and Mother to send love into our hearts, for if we are filled with that, we have indeed the bread of life which will enable us not only to enter into the joys of this life, but will help us to journey on cheerfully toward the joys that belong to the home above, the delight of which we can but faintly imagine.

For there will be no tears, no separations, but love divine abides. May the daily bread of love, peace, faith and joy ever be found on our life's table, and the loving Father and Mother its constant guests.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SISTER MARY HAZARD.

I WAS born November 11, 1811, in Hancock, Berkshire Co., Mass. My first known ancestor, Robert Hazard, came from Wales, in 1640 and settled in Rhode Island. Some time in 1700, Jonathan Hazard, his grandson, and my great-grandfather with his family moved to Hancock, Mass., then a new country, where my father was born in 1775. My mother, Lucy Vaughn, was also born in 1775, and they were married in 1796. I was the youngest of eight children. My father, a Justice of the Peace, was called Squire Hazard. He represented the town and state and was for a time Senator of the state.

During his term in office there was great excitement about war, and all must enlist as soldiers or pay a heavy fine; and it was through my father's influence that the

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Shakers in Massachusetts were exempt, on account of religious principles, from learning war or paying the fine. The Brethren from the Shaker settlement frequently called to see him on business, and altho a child, I saw something in these Brethren which seemed so good and pure that I was very much attracted to them.

About this time I became acquainted with Mary Fairbanks, a distant relative, who had children among the Shakers. She told me much about her youngest daughter Olive, how happy she was, and once when returning from a visit to the Shakers, brought me a letter from Olive in which she invited me to visit her at New Lebanon. This invitation pleased me, and I wanted very much to go there and attend school. I askt my parents but my mother opposed the plan. My father being better acquainted with the Shakers, made no objection but insisted if I went that I should return when the school term closed.

Shortly after this two Brethren called on my father and he mentioned to them my desire to go to the Shaker school. They replied that he had done so much for the Shakers they would be pleased to have me come. "But," said they, "what if she wishes to stay?" He said he would willingly consent, but my mother was opposed to my going even for a short time. Nevertheless I continued my pleadings until mother consented.

In June 1824 two Brethren came again to consult with my father, and invited my parents to attend the dedication of their new Meeting house on the Sabbath, July, 4. They accepted the invitation and decided to grant my long cherished desire, to go with them and remain for the school term; and when I went to get my books I bade a silent farewell to my former school, feeling I should never return to it; which proved to be true.

As soon as I arrived at the village I felt perfectly at home. The next day being the Sabbath we attended the dedication of the Church. Afterward, my parents visited with the Brethren and Sisters, and my mother's opposition changed into love for the people, and she readily gave her consent for me to remain if I chose to do so and my parents both promist never to take me away and their word was as good as law. Living so near my parents, at their request I often visited them, and sometimes my young companions, just entering into society, would plead with me to remain with them and held out many temptations of the worldly life; but my love for and interest in my Shaker home was stronger than all their enticements and they past me by as the idle wind.

My parents always gave me good counsel and taught me to be industrious and prudent; be kind, and if it was my choice to remain with the Shakers, to live according to my profession. My father would say: "Mary, if you want to be a Shaker be what you profess, and don't be a hypocrite. Be careful of the company you keep for there is danger everywhere of young people gathering to those of weak moral character instead of the strong." My mother always said she took more comfort visiting me than any of her children, altho they were all well married and comfortably settled in life.

I have always had a double love and honor for my parents that they were willing to give me up to follow my own religious inclinations, and to strengthen me in my belief and altho I had everything in my father's house that I could desire, it was not to be compared to the happiness I enjoyed in my Shaker home with so many like myself, who had sacrificed the world for the pure spiritual life. During the thirteen years I lived at the North family, my parents provided all my clothing or gave me the money to use as I needed.

In 1837, there being several deaths in the Church family, I was askt by the Elders if I was ready for a fuller consecration, to leave my home at the North family

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and become a "Church member" which in those days meant more of a separation from my natural kindred. I replied that I would go. I then went with some of my Shaker friends to acquaint my parents with my proposed change, telling them I should not see them as frequently as I had done, all of which seemed right to them and when on the 7th of June I ascended the steps to my new home at the Church family, I felt like a virgin about to consecrate her life in the Temple of Holiness.

In the year 1846 I was askt to assist in the Office and in 1851 was appointed one of the deaconesses, where I remained until December 1896. In all my years of service I have aimed to be just in all my dealings and true to the Community whose interest I was privileged to guard.

Having signed the Church Covenant soon after my admittance into the Church, in all the years I have occupied as financial assistant I have never spent the value of a dollar for myself only as I shared with my Sisters. In my father's will which he often showed to me, there was much bequeathed me, but just previous to his death some who married into the family altered the will, in a way that I could have but a small portion unless I left the Shakers, and knowing I would not do that, they felt sure of being the gainers. By some unknown or unfair means they gained my father's signature to it.

But the $1000 I did receive in money, according to the Covenant I had signed I freely devoted to the interests of Community, and felt happy in giving my little to the home I loved, while I pitied those whose conscience must be troubled with what they had gained by fraud. Now in my declining years I have a conscience void of offence before God and man. I have naught but love and blessing for those who bear the heavy burdens of Community in this day, and I pray that they may be blest with wisdom in all their duties.

I love and bless all my faithful Brethren and Sisters, praying that my advanced age may never find me a burden where I have always determined to be a blessing.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

THE ORDER OF MEDIATION.

NO. 3.

By Elder John Lyon.

THE new creation is clearly typified by this dispensation, not only in the laying of its foundation in a mediatorial order but in its being sustained as God's mediatorial order, both with those who lived in obedience, and with those who lived in disobedience. God always so adapted the means to the end that when He laid His plans, it was from an immutable source, unalterable, leaving no alternative for man. He must comply with it or suffer the penalty. Man was created an earthly being, and was endowed with all the animal propensities like the rest of the animal creation. He was also endowed with a rational soul, capable of spiritual existence, and God evidently intended that when he had faithfully fulfilled his earthly duty he should rise to a spiritual order.

The law given to Adam was to govern the earth, and by ruling his own nature, he ruled the earth. Had Adam kept the law and remained in sub-

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mission to God, there could have been no possibility of the powers of evil leading him away from God. As man did not keep his rectitude it was necessary that a way should be provided to effect a resurrection. In the fullness of time, God introduced the creation of the new heavens and earth, by creating a new man, with all the animal propensities like Adam. God gave to him power to rule his own life, and left him to his own free choice, either to obey the will and command of his Creator, or rebel, and be subject to his animal inclinations.

In the resurrection state he was called the second Adam, and became the resurrection to whom all souls must come, and was called Jesus (Savior) because he should save his people from their sins. Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life."—John, xi., 25. When Jesus was about thirty years of age, God anointed him with wisdom and power, and gave unto him the elements of eternal life. "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It was at this period of his life that he began the work of regeneration, and for the space of three years he "trod the wine-press alone."

God appointed Jesus as a mediator between himself and man. To qualify him for this office God put all things into his hands relative to the order of the New Creation. As Jesus said unto Thomas, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me."—John, xiv., 6.

Jesus did not come in his own name, but God, his Father, sent him with the proclamation to the world, "No man cometh to the Father but by me." To show that the mediatorial agency was given to man, Jesus called himself the Son of man. Scripture, at length, might be quoted to show with what power God anointed him. Jesus declared that he had power to forgive sin. He is Lord of the Sabbath and of all things in relation to the New Creation. He declared to his followers that he who sowed the good seed was the Son of man, and that the harvest was the end of the world. When he should come, he would sit on the throne of his glory, and that all nations should be gathered before him, and that he would separate them, as the shepherd the sheep from the goats.

THE FOUNDATION WORK.

We will now take a view of the principles by which Jesus laid the foundation of his work. His kingdom was submission to that power by which he was appointed,—"I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me."—John, vi., 38. I can of myself do nothing, as I hear I judge and my judgment is just, because I seek not mine own will but the will of the Father who sent me. Jesus taught his followers the impossibility of entering this kingdom without submission to God and as God has appointed a mediator, how is it possible for anyone to be in submission to God unless he is in submission to the mediator? Whoever sets at naught those appointed in the mediatorial order of God, have no God.

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Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xviii., 3. He taught them the importance of humility on entering the work of regeneration. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." It is true that Jesus taught many moral precepts in order to prepare the people to enter the work of regeneration. "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth me, and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me."

After Jesus had established this foundation, no one who belonged to the order of regeneration, ever found access to Jesus or to God through him unless they found him in an earthen vessel. Perhaps some will say that Saul found him on his way to Damascus when he saw a bright light and was struck to the earth. This agent was to put Saul in a situation to find the Mediator.

(To be continued.)

KEEPING BUSY.

By Joseph A. Wilson.

IT is a peculiar part of human nature for the mind to be continually active. No matter how indolent, improvident or careless an individual may be,—if he or she be possessed of a healthy brain,—his or her mind is continually employed, either for good or evil. The mind is never dormant, like time, it keeps moving on, and unless properly busied, it will find its way into mischief. A very prominent gentleman once said, on being asked how he managed to be successful and happy, that he always managed to keep just a little more work ahead of him than he could comfortably do during any given time. He kept employed.

The moment one becomes idle the brain still works on, and, unless better employed, will find its way into difficulties. Under such circumstances, and at such times, one dreams over real or fancied troubles,—broods over the dead past, or sees and points out the faults of others. By keeping busy one must not necessarily be employed at some manual labor. Not at all. A good book or some errand of mercy will do as well. But anything that enables one to rise above the petty jealousies, and refrain from the annoying gossiping that often mars life, and ruins its sweetest charm, is good. A closer communion with the Holy Writ, and keeping well employed are commendable.

White Water, Ohio.

OH what is worth our thoughts, our labor, our affections while here, but that which will tell for eternity.—*R. W. P.*

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THE MANIFESTO.

APRIL, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

February.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1898.	29.5	½ in.	23 in.
1899.	24.43	⅜ "	37 "

Highest Temp. during this mo. 50 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 10 below "
Number of rainy days " " 1
" " snowy " " " 7
" " clear " " " 6
" " cloudy " " " 14

March, 1899.

Lo! The winter is past with its cold chilling blast, but its direful effects still rest upon us, enfeebling many, among the group is numbered Eldress Dorothy Wright. Her first ailment was a sprained ankle. Her second is pleurisy. Hope this will be the last. 1899 thus far has been a season of affliction and sickness. Very few, if any, but what have had a draught of the bitter in some form.

We are engaged at present in putting a new boiler in our Extract Laboratory and repairing the building otherwise. As Brother Alonzo G. Hollister will soon be in your midst, he can give you all the particulars. Snow, ice, rain and slush form our variegated highways, which make traveling very unpleasant. A few hands are working on the State Road, but the work moves at snail pace.

I am putting the bit and martingale on my pen lest it writes more than 300 words and thus break the kind Editor's law.

"O, deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the tho'ts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

"Plant blessing, and blessing will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You may sow to-day, to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed,—the seed you sow."

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

March, 1899.

TIME'S on the march, the quick march too
And April, May, the same thing do;
To the march of time there is no end
Eternity with time must blend.
Our ice has proved a clear success,
'Twas clear as crystal, and the best;
From twelve to thirteen inches thick,
Gathered thoroughly and quick.
When come the days of hot July,
The healthful ice we'll not pass by,
'Twill have a place in drink and food,
And all will then pronounce it good.
Our fire wood is well secured
For one more year—we're well assured.
Our blessings all, we can not count,
To legions many they amount.
Sometime we'll have a new "high way,"
'Twill be cast up some future day,
For builders work upon the road,
While up and down men draw their loads.

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And some will sing and some will swear
The old road's steep—they just declare.
Some to their horses they are kind
While others, they are not, we find.
But oh! we wish that they could see
How wicked it is not to be.
Of Eldress Annie we can say
She is improving, day by day.
La Grippe has lost its grip, at last,
And gone with winter that is past.
We hope our friends both far and near
Have lost their "grip" and found good cheer.
We hope good health again may reign
From Florida to breezy Maine.
And to our Editor we send
Our best of wishes without end.

Genevieve DeGraw.

North Family.

March, 1899.

WINTER is usually considered a dull time, but this year, the latter end of it has been made almost too interesting for us by a visit from the grippe. Happily, he is now departing with the departing season, and tho he has done us little serious harm, we hope he will mislay our address, or do something or other that will prevent his ever returning.

Out of doors snow has lately been very much in evidence, and so, little has been done that required open air labor. We have had some eighty tons of hay baled, as that seemed to be necessary in order to make room for next summer's crop: and soon we hope to begin sawing up our next winter's supply of wood, which up till now we have been hindered from doing, one thing and another coming in the way.

Of spring's close presence we find ample proof in the arrival of plentiful lambs, white-faced some, and some black-faced, but all of them, chock-full of fun. Calves too are many just now. Our brother Floyd has some eighteen of them under his care at present, and is doing very well with them, and they are such clever calves too! On Christmas day, he informed us that they could eat hay when they were a week old, and added, that was more than we could do at that age; and we had perforce to admit such was the sorrowful case. Under Brother George's excellent care, our poultry continue to give a very abundant supply of eggs; considering the season of the year: and in such wise go our temporal activities.

We try to find in them avenues or windows through which to look out into the eternal, for it is only half using this beautiful world we live in, to let our sight be stopped by the object that it meets, and make no attempt to see further.

Frederic McKechnie.

Shakers, N. Y.

March, 1899.

EVIDENCES are rapidly accumulating as proof of the fact that the gift, or if we may use a more modern phrase the science of spiritual healing has not become a thing of the past, unable to manifest its power as a beneficent factor in the regeneration and resurrection of life in both the physical and spiritual domain. The increasing number of magazines, weekly and monthly, which are advocates of the truth of the doctrine of spiritual healing and advocate its application both for relief and cure of the many ills of life is proving the truth of the scriptural statement that "man can not live by bread alone;" it being interpreted from the knowledge that the externalities of life's manifestation can not satisfy the immortal spirit, neither are they capable of ministering the true resurrection to the physical, or can they place human life above the influence of drug medication whose advocates are at present seeking through legislative enactments to suppress the beneficent efforts of those who through the gift of healing are seeking to alleviate human suffering.

From all points of the compass; from Maine to Oregon, California, Texas, Florida and many other sections of the country we have received literature advocating the use of that beneficent gift and we can

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with joy exclaim, Lord our eyes are beginning to see the glory of thy salvation. May our days be long that we may witness the blessed fulfillment of thy promise, the healing of the nations.

The editorial in March number on "The food we eat," can be given no higher praise from our feeble pen than that it has spoken the truth on that important subject. How few there are that are blest with a healthy digestive organization capable of assimilating the food needed to build up a healthy body? and how few there are that give that important subject the consideration that it deserves. Let the good work go on; we will cast our mite into the mighty caldron of constructive thought that it may help forward the good time coming when human life will stand upright in its physical and spiritual aspects, the highest embodiment of the creative presence.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

March, 1899.

MARCH came in like a lamb, but no doubt we shall hear the lion's roar before he goes out. Thus far some of the days have been very fine. We have commenced our spring work in the greenhouse; seed-sowing, etc.

The Brethren have lately put a No. 2. Baby Separator into our cow-barn and this will lessen the dairy work to some extent. They are getting over 32 gallons of milk per day. The Separator cream tested 32 per cent butter fat, while the old creamery cream tested 22 per cent.

General Repairs is stopping with us. I notice the window blinds, of one house and then another, missing and find on inquiry they are undergoing a reformation of a new coat. So are many of the rooms in the brick dwelling, also sleighs, wagons, etc., which have been in with the General and come out looking quite new.

Our deserted Village, the Poland Hill Farm, has at last been sold to the Ricker Brothers, who will soon turn it into a very beautiful place which their guests will enjoy visiting.

The family have been afflicted with much sickness the past month, which was a great hinderance to our fancy basket-work. Nearly all have had La Grippe in one form or another, but at last all are safe and that is much to be thankful for.

Ada S. Cummings.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

March, 1899.

WE realize as the lengthening days pass that "winter's reign is nearly over," and that soon spring, the loved harbinger of birds and flowers will be with us, and with gentle smile and touch awaken nature's sleeping children to renewed life. We are willing to bid adieu to poor, overworkt winter. Surely his part has been performed faithfully and he should be awarded due praise. The snow has fallen thick and fast, the wind catching it has piled it in huge drifts here and there, the thermometer has reacht a lower point than for many years, and a genuine blizzard has been introduced to complete the record. But intersperst with this have been bright, sunshiny days when jingling sleigh-bells chimed merry tunes as the sleighs past over the smooth snow.

The ice, of fine quality, and plenteous in supply, was promptly gathered, for we find in spite of our dislike for winter we enjoy a little of its preserved essence during the warm summer months.

La Grippe laid seige to our home in February, and for a few weeks held us unwilling captives. Still we did not despair but rallying our weakening forces struck a final blow for liberty and rose to conquer. Day and night we waged warfare until the enemy beat a retreat, not being able to cope with our armed forces, who fought with pellets and plasters so skillfully. At present the wounded are nearly recovered and peace once more reigns.

The busy mill at the foot of the hill, and the buzzing saw in the valley, are at work all day converting once stately trees

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into boards and cords of wood for extensive uses. And so with its lights and shades time passes onward. Already nearly a quarter of the new year has become a part of the past. May the days yet awaiting be filled with blessing for our brothers and sisters in other homes, while unitedly we endeavor to raise aloft our banner whose motto is "Purity and Truth."

Fidelia Estabrook.

Enfield, N. H.

March, 1899.

"Nature is blazing with the light of thought
And mind effulgent with divinity;
For God alike through mind and matter wills,
Works, ultimates himself forevermore."

Who, understanding the growth of nature and the laws of progressive intelligences, can doubt that "God alike through mind and matter ultimates himself." Do not the achievements in every moral, educational and scientific department of life, as well as the more universal spirit of national and international union existing, all bear impressions of "mind effulgent with divinity" that evolves the crude into better; the triumph of right over wrong; of truth over error?

In our national arena of life, President McKinley and Gov. Roosevelt stand as men of high prestige, character and Americanism, whose aim for political incorruption, bears one phase of "mind effulgent with divinity." They are worthy recipients of a nation's homage, yet there are thousands who, though not named on the nation's register of illustrious countrymen, are as worthy of the epistles of commendation for well-doing, pledged to bear the Christian cross of self-denial and to extend the staff of life to the needy and teach them the way of victory over sin and self.

Over a century ago, our Church was founded by like Christly, stalwart souls, and to-day their noble successors fail not in receiving the coin of soul appreciation for merited work.

Since last "note" we welcomed our revered Ministry from Mt. Lebanon. They were accompanied by our valued Eldress Emeline Hart, lately appointed to the place made vacant by the ascension of Eldress Joanna Kaime, and Eldress Harriet Johns, appointed as associate with Eldress Emeline. A unanimous greeting was accorded Eldress Harriet. If we all blend with the eternal integrity and will-force of the Christ spirit as we feel its forces from within and from each other, we will know that "God ultimates himself in our lives and to the work of blessing others."

Winter is preparing his dirge of decadence, at which we grieve not, as we all long to hear the new song of balmy spring.

Snow enough to make sledding easy enough to draw from the hills 100,000 ft. of logs, 200 cords of fire wood, and 17 cords of ice from Mascoma Lake.

George H. Baxter.

Narcoossee, Fla.

March, 1899.

THE lessons that the Florida farmers and gardeners are learning are both pertinent and timely. And every one who feels to come to Florida for a home and live by agriculture should read the last five year's experience of the state.

It has taught those who are now living here that the greater portion of the state is unsafe for the culture of tropical fruits and winter vegetables with more chances against them than in favor of profitable returns, excepting in the sections below the twenty-sixth parallel or region not materially damaged by any cold up to date. There the orange, the lemon, the pine-apple, and guavas, with other tropical fruits, have never been seriously damaged by frosts. This is a small country compared to the area of the state and will always be until some of the great and noble minds who have the wealth feel enough for the good of humanity to open their purses as well as their hearts and spend a few thousand dollars in draining the Everglades.

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We have suffered little compared with many of our friends north of us. As our greatest aim has been in cultivating the pine-apple, our greatest efforts were turned in time of the freeze for the salvation of that crop, and at this date we have the consolation of seeing our efforts rewarded by about seven-eighths of the crop.

It is safe to say there is but little damage done to our cane field, excepting a small percentage of the stubble cane from which we made our last year's crop of syrup. It is generally expected that a reasonable crop will result from it the second year, but the crop we are depending upon was all planted before the freeze and received no hurt.

We also have a large piece of cassava which was planted at the same time that is in good condition. These are our three staple crops and should we succeed in saving these we shall feel that we have come out of the blizzard with but little damage. True, our winter vegetables, with the exception of cabbage, onions and turnips were all cut down and we have had but very few, but we are thankful for what we have had.

Andrew Barrett.

THE FOOD WE EAT. NO. 2.

By Elder H. C. Blinn.

FROM a very early date the growing, moral state of mankind has revolted against this vulture-like system of eating, and Abraham has the honor of being the first reformer in dietetics. Following him on this same line was that wonderful plan of reformation under the Mosaic Law, and its faithful continuance by the Jewish nation. Through the influence of that law many of the most objectionable animals as well as birds and fishes were prohibited as food.

And yet this moral discipline had no influence on the surrounding nations, as they continued the practice of an omnivorous diet, and we as children of those parents have largely inherited their tastes and appetites so that those who now profess to lead a Christian life, and those who make no profession are equally ready to justify the course that is taken in eating both fat and blood and also the flesh of all the clean and unclean Biblical animals.

Certainly, it can do no harm to give this subject a passing thought as there is not much danger that one or two degrees more of moral elevation will do us any special injury. The New Testament has but little to say on the subject of food, for the simple reason that Jesus and his disciples were all educated under the Jewish Law and were thoroughly disciplined in regard to the food they should eat. At a later date a disturbance arose among the Gentile Christians that gave the apostle Paul some little trouble before he could restore peace to the church.

When Peter fell into a trance and saw a sheet let down from heaven on which were all manner of fourfooted beasts, and creeping things and fowls of the air, and he was told to kill and eat he was evidently astonisht. He had up to this date received his inspiration from Moses and the prophets. We are not surprised that Peter was frightened at such an exhibition, as it would have frightened any Jewish Christian. It was enough for him to know the Law had forbidden the eating of unclean animals, but when he learned that it was intended only for a lesson to make him more charitable to the Gentile nation, he accepted the vision with good grace.

A thoughtful writer H. A. Bradbury, in the "World's Advance Thought" of Feb. 1895 writes as follows;—"A reform is needed that has a regenerative force to raise the being to a higher key of desire, —for man's desires are sensual, his appetites are depraved and he contracts unheard-of diseases; of passions and of worldly lust he is full. Animal flesh food stimulates the propensities from whose unbridled activity all the evil of the world results. If the thoughts are to be pure the environment must be pure. It will not do to mix dead flesh with live

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fruit nor make the stomach a disinfectant to digesting animal bodies."

A writer of this reformed order is establishing himself as one of the saviors of the race, and his influence for good is of great value. The Apostle in his love for man writes;—"To be spiritually minded is life and peace," and the Christian should study what may help him to become spiritually minded. With the above illustrations we may compare that of the Hottentots of whom the African traveler, Barrow, writes;—"Ten of our Hottentots ate a middling sized ox all but his hind legs in three days." The same authority says; "Three Bosjesmans had a sheep given to them at five p. m. which was entirely consumed before noon the next day. These people are equally filthy and gluttonous with the voracious vultures and are extremely sensual."

After such a picture of the human family we can very readily turn again to a class that stands on a higher elevation. Dr. L. Grossman writes in the Journal of Hygeio-Therapy, of Dec. 1894, as follows; "We observe that civilized man lives on fruit only in exceptional cases; in the main, however, he lives on a mixed diet, consisting of meat and plant foods." "In the long run this must prove injurious and the ever increasing disease and degeneration of our age, although in part due to other perverse conditions of life, teach with appalling obviousness that a mixed diet can not be the one ordained by nature to man." "Nearly all slaughtered animals are diseased, for fattening is based upon the principle of the symptoms of disease."

Man is learning that with an immortal soul he needs a more disciplinary care for his life than do the beasts that perish. Read what was written by Dr. L. M. Holbrook in the December Conservator:—"Is animal food necessary to health and the highest development of man? We do know that a very considerable portion of the race live without animal food, and even in those races of which a majority consume it, there are many individuals who do not seem to suffer very much, but rather gain by its non use." "We know that disease (dyspepsia) is most prevalent where most meat is eaten. The moral sense of the masses will never develop to that high degree of which it is capable so long as the slaughter of animals is considered necessary to supply our daily food."

After pursuing this interesting subject so far and obtaining so much that is valuable from these thoughtful minds, we accept this proverbial conclusion "Man is what he eats."

This is also the opinion of W. H. Galvani who wrote an interesting article on this subject in the R. P. J. of Feb. 1895.—"The animals that subsist upon other animals are savage, spasmodic and lack persistency of effort, while on the other hand the animals that subsist on such food only as is obtained from the vegetable kingdom are comparatively mild, endure continuous labor and possess persistency of effort. The craving for animal food is due to the presence in its composition of certain extractives, which are the source of its being of a stimulating character. Stimulating foods demand of the system stimulating drinks, and so develop a taste for liquors."

(To be continued.)

From the Bible Class.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part."—Luke, x., 41, 42.

By Rebecca A. Hathaway.

THE above mentioned words were spoken by Jesus at one time when in the home of Martha and Mary. Martha, who we perceive was earnestly engaged with household duties, was troubled because her sister was sitting at the feet of Jesus, listening to the wise and beautiful words which fell from his lips. We may trust that she was enabled to help some other soul, from receiving this added blessing of strength.

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"But one thing is needful,"—Martha was undoubtedly giving all her time and strength to the providing of perishable things, perhaps knowing no higher need, nor realizing the importance of the message being spoken by Jesus; Mary appeared negligent in duty, hence Martha's appeal to Jesus;—"Bid her therefore that she help me." Here was Jesus' opportunity to impress a lesson of the immortality of his teachings. "Martha thou art troubled about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part." Had he not previously taught, "Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed?"—Take no anxious thought, let your first and greatest concern be to "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all things needful shall be added."

We do not for one moment imagine that Jesus meant the needful things of life would be added to the indolent and selfish; but the Kingdom of Heaven sought first, is a safe guide leading and guiding us in the daily walks of life to follow where the Christ can bless, speak as the Christ would speak, and thus so beautifully combine service with worship, as to render the whole life praise unto God. Later in the second manifestation of the Christ spirit we have the guide, "Hands to work" and "heart to God."

The first condition, "Hands at work," may only signify toiling for an earthly subsistence; "heart to God," added as a guide to the hands enables us to fulfill by word and work the Savior's prayer,—"Thy kingdom come. thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

East Canterbury, N. H.

BE careful to leave your sons well instructed, rather than rich; for the hopes of the instructed are better than the wealth of the ignorant.

A WEAK mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but can not receive great ones.

THE BEST YOU CAN.

WHAT use to frown when things go wrong?
A frown won't set them right,
Be brave of heart, and sing a song,
To make the burden light!
That this is true I quite believe;
He is the wisest man
Who sings when care and trouble come,
And does the best he can.

The man who broods o'er trouble finds
His burdens heavier grow,
As he climbs up the hill of life;
The wise man does not so.
He gathers flowers beside the way;
He says to fellow-men—
"Let's make the most of pleasant things,
And—do the best we can."

In thinking of another's need
We oft forget our own;
So let us think of others more—
Not of ourselves alone.
Keep up a brave and cheerful heart,
'Tis aye the wisest plan,
To sing when care and trouble come,
And—do the best we can.—*Standard.*

☞JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL said, "War," (generally) "is murder" and Gen. Sherman said, "War is hell."

☞A BALTIMORE judge has decided that faith-cure doctors are not entitled to compensation.

☞DR. BROWN says, "Keep your feet warm, your head cool and throw medicine to the dogs."

☞THE influence of salt in any and all animal organisms is always destructive.—*Dr. T. V. Gifford.*

Deaths.

Elizabeth Copley, Sr., at Enfield, Conn. February 3, 1899. Age 82 years, 11 mo. and 7 days.

She came across the Atlantic Ocean on account of her faith. She was true to it to the end, in every sense of the word.

S. E. C.

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THE

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MAY, 1899.

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Books & Papers.

EGYPT IN HISTORY AND PROPHECY, by Robert Patterson. The opening paragraph of the book gives a better illustration of what might be expected, than anything that we might write. "Pharoah has risen from his tomb and ascended the pulpit at Alexandria. The Lord has summoned the nations by the roar of forty-ton British cannon, and the telephone and telegraph have repeated the sound around the globe. When God sends such a summons to the church, and puts such a preacher in the pulpit, the nations had better listen to the sermon." Published by H. L. Hastings, No. 47 Corn .Hl, Boston, Mass.

TEAPOT PHILOSOPHY, by Walter L. Linton, Price 25 cts. The author says that TEAPOT PHILOSOPHY was suggested by a Chinese teapot that he sent to his sister. The book also contains "A Plea for Humanity." Published by the author, 45 Rush Street, Chicago.

The following pamphlets, dealing with various phases of Vegetarianism have been received. RELIGION AND VEGETARIANISM, 5 cts. each, per doz. 50 cts. A DOCTOR'S IDEA OF VEGETARIANISM, 3 cts each, per doz. 30 cts. SALINE STARVATION AND HOW TO AVOID IT, by Charles D. Hunter, M. D. 5 cents each, per doz. 50 cts CLERICAL SPORTSMEN, 5 cts each, per doz. 50 cts. Published by the Vegetarian Co. McVicker's Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

WORD AND WORK is a monthly magazine published by the Christian Worker's Union, and edited by Abbie C. Morrow of New York, editor of the "Sunday School Lesson Illustrator." The May number contains by the Editor "Christian Science;" It is Un-Christian and Anti-Christian." It contrasts extracts from Mrs. Eddy's principle book with the Bible. "God's Lessons," and other articles, "Going Without Breakfast," by George Pentecost, "Proofs of Humble Love," by George D. Watson, "Persecuted," by Seth Rees, "Saved from Death," by Chas. W. McCrosson, etc. It has a full page photo engraving of the editor with her autograph and is filled with spiritual reading for old and young. Send five cents (stamps accepted) for a sample copy to S. G. Otis, Springfield, Mass.

"UNBELIEF A SIN" by Rev. Edmond Hill, C. P. Price 5 cents. Address, Notre Dame, Ind.

When and where the first attempts in the art of printing were made can not be with certainty ascertained because the earliest work printed by Gutenberg bore neither date nor name. The reason for this was obvious. The earliest printed books were made to resemble writing and sold as such. This much is certain—that movable wooden types were first employed by him about the year 1438. In 1443 he returned to Mayence and formed a great friendship with Johannes Fust, or Faust, who agreed to loan him eight hundred guilders at six per cent for five years, but four years passed before the wealthy goldsmith would advance the money because Gutenberg would not admit him into the secret of his business. In 1449 the first money was advanced and a printing office set up. It was necessary to have assistance in the printing office, and one Peter Schoeffer was engaged, "he being mechanical." Peter kept his eyes open and soon found that wooden types were too slow to make, and he discovered the art of cutting the characters in a matrix so that the letters might be cast singly. Instead of telling Gutenburg, his employer, he went to the money lender and persuaded him to advance more money so that Schoeffer might work at his invention apart from Gutenberg. So pleased was Faust that he gave Peter his daughter Christina in marriage.—*Donahoe's Magazine for May.*

Cardinal Gibbons, in answer to the question, Is the face of Christ as depicted in art a strong one? says, (as reported in THE OUTLOOK,) "The face of our Lord which I am most accustomed to see expresses both strength and kindness." Bishop Potter, on the contrary, thinks the art portraits "weak and inadequate," while Dr. Parkhurst says that they are "not only disappointing but repulsive." Rabbi Gotthell declares; "I have never seen a picture of the being called Saviour of the world in which strength was a marked feature, or even indicated. Naturally so, because the being was not a man of flesh and blood, but the creation of theological fancy and dogmatic construction." Many other clergymen of note join in the discussion of this question of THE OUTLOOK.

The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D. pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has become a contributor to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and a number of articles from his pen will appear in that magazine during the year. He is introduced to the *Journal's* readers through his article, "The Secrets of a Happy Life," in the May issue, which shows him to be a most forceful writer whose present essay one can not read without getting a better and more wholesome view of life. The worst antagonism to a happy life, Dr. Hillis believes, is modern pessimistic literature, "for unhappy indeed must be the community that feeds upon misery and daily takes its dose of pessimism."

Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, is the author of a very notable contribution to the forthcoming (June) number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, now a giant among the ten-cent magazines. It is entitled The Building of the New Navy; and is illustrated with nearly forty elaborate pictures and official plans, showing types of all the classes of United States war vessels, from the torpedo boats and destroyers to the most formidable first-class battleship, such as the new Maine, the Kearsarge and the Kentucky. In

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX. JUNE, 1899. No 6.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

"LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." *Jesus.*

This testimony of Jesus is without doubt the light of the world. Above all, he wants the disciples to make a good use of it. It is wrong, after having accepted it of God, to hide it away. Those who live in the light are made very conspicuous, and all that they may do is easily seen.

Jesus knew that his doctrine was of God and that it would save his people from their sins. He was anxious for his disciples to be stimulated, to let the light which they had received, so shine in their lives, in practical righteousness, that others not of his church, might be made better, by seeing these good works.

This new life required a special spiritual light which would harmonize with the life of Christ, and be a blessing to all who saw it. A little light is much better than none, and even this small amount may have cost the owner a great deal of burden. If you have but little light, and with this have been able to deny yourself of a little ungodliness, have been able to govern the tongue two or three times during the week, or so modified the temper that the voice has not risen above the normal key, then you can let so much light shine, and God will see all such good, commendable works, and our friends and neighbors will also see the same.

There may be those who actually hate the light, and instead, may prefer to abide in darkness. Of that class we can only repeat the words of Jesus;—

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"Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward." This reward, or the result of wrong-doing, must be very unsatisfactory even to those who have received but a very few rays of light.

It is quite evident that the disciples were to occupy a new position in the religious world. Their place in the Jewish church was in common with the whole nation and no special reference had ever been made to them. Now all had changed. They had become the recipients of a new spiritual light, but had not, as yet, learned how to use it. Possibly they may have been diffident, or may have been ashamed to be known as the followers of the Nazarene.

It must have been a deep struggle in the minds of those illiterate, simple fishermen, to leave their life occupation and become the disciples of a refined, religious Teacher, who would lead them into the City of Jerusalem, and into the company of the Pharisees and Sadducees, and even into the company of the chief priests. We need not wonder that they drew back from such an ordeal, or dreaded the publicity to which their new life had introduced them. Without doubt they did draw back from this public investigation, and hesitated to speak of the "good news" of the gospel.

At this moment, Jesus meets them and says,—Let your light shine that others by seeing your good works may be able to glorify God. He knew to whom he was speaking and that the disciples were able to testify to the truth of God with confidence.

Those among whom they dwelt could hear their language and knew quite well that it was chaste, and its influence upon other minds was for the promotion of good. Their general character was also well understood, and these were the good works so open before all people. This would inspire others so readily to glorify God, that it seemed but a simple lesson to learn. Let your light shine, can not be repeated too often, and especially among those who have accepted the mission work of the Christ.

East Canterbury, N. H.

REIGN OF TRUTH.

By Elder John Whiteley.

GOD bless the hope and longing for
A gift so much desired
By every child of Mother Ann.
And may he teach us what it is
In us that is required
To do, the best and all we can
While by his love inspired.

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Or patiently to wait and see
His will and work, divine.
The great salvation from our God
We know 'twill come in his good time.
Nor would we once repine,
To hope is joy—to wait is gain;
Till then, we'll kiss the rod.

The world hath need,—who hath not need?—
Of love and life divine.
The fount of good still overflows;
There is enough for every one
That wish Christlike to shine.
Let's do our best, and meekly say,
Thy will, O God, be done.

Shirley, Mass.

KNOW THYSELF.

By Elder Abraham Perkins.

OUR days, weeks and months are rapidly passing away, but they leave an impress, a concern for properties not attained. Unto mortals, what are the benefits of life? Just what we make them in conformity to rectitude and truth. In the work of the Eternal, there was a design in bringing into existence man, and also all other creations. Evidently it was for greater glory, for celestial honor, for completion of perfection of the heavens. The earth with its creations were for man's use, and, held in possession, provisional means calculated to qualify him for the enjoyment and happiness of the heavens.

So long as man is a tenant of earth, the things thereof are for his instruction and use; his rights thereto, depending upon the acts and character of his life, the manner of use he makes of the provisions designed for his wants and his happiness. Our powers should be given to work out the problem of life in a manner to bring peace and justification to ourselves, and so universal our interest, that our labors be also devoted to the interests and blessing of others. Our existence is not alone for self-pleasure; our duties are not merely for personal benefits; but as a link in the great chain of the universe, there is a responsibility to be manifested in life and a dependence upon the exercise of our powers for the maturing of the plan in the design of the All-Wise to accomplish a purposed end. With Deity man was to be a co-worker, obedient to the light and vision of duty revealed. Inability in man to conceive of all the devices of the Almighty, incapacity to fathom his creation and beginning, is without foundation of plea in favor of delin-

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quency in duty or argument in support of our wills or any selfish passion. It is enough, (absolute requirement if we would become heirs of the kingdom) to make our meat and drink in doing the will of our Father in heaven, as from day to day we learn the true and protective lessons of life. Into our hands a sacred trust is committed; may we never be found to fai in loyal service.

To study our personal creation that we may know ourselves, opens avenues to find that which we seek, to give entrance where we knock, and a baptism of the spirit through repentance, confession and consecration. The hand of the Lord is not shortened, that He is not as able to-day as in the past to lead and deliver Israel. All power is his to control and consummate his purposes and settle the destiny of man, when cometh the end of all rule, authority and power put down by the Messiah, and the kingdom delivered up to God. I Cor. xv., 24.

East Canterbury, N. H.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNISM.

By Blanche L. Gardner.

COMMUNISM apparently had its origin in the days of Abraham, for in that early period men dwelt in tents and held their property in common. In Ancient History is recorded many instances where communities have been organized on some form of communistic principles. Among this number we find Chrishna, the Hindoo Christ. He was very successful as a communist and had many devoted followers. They held all their property in common and drew their expenses from one general fund, thus, all shared alike having equal rights.

He taught many wise maxims which are worthy of remembrance,—"There should be no disagreement between your lives and your doctrine." "Above all things cultivate love for your neighbor." "A good, wise, and benevolent man can not be rich." And many more that proved he guided his people in wisdom, teaching them to love and have a care for the welfare of their fellow-men.

Moses sought to introduce the spirit of communism among the Israelites when he instituted the year of the Jubilee. "Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof it shall be a Jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession—the land shall not be sold forever."

This prevented poverty among the people, for at least once in fifty years the property was divided and returned to the original owners. The Essenes were another sect of Communists. It is supposed that they existed for thousands of ages. They are first mentioned one hundred and sixty years before Christ. Although they were the descendants of the Jews, they separat-

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ed themselves from their nation and formed themselves into a community. Their fundamental principle was purity of life, and they did not countenance the marriage relation, yet there were some among them that were unable to live "as the angels in heaven" consequently they were allowed to marry, but they could not be considered of the highest rank, and were obliged to observe special laws. Each person that joined the community was required to consecrate all he possessed for the support of the society. All expenses were drawn from the one treasury. Accordingly they shared equally, having neither rich nor poor in the community.

There seems to be a similarity between Essenism and Christianity. Many have supposed and believed that Jesus received his early education among the Essenes. After Jesus was baptized he began the formation of a community. He selected twelve for his disciples who were willing to forsake all and follow him in the regeneration. One of this number was chosen to take charge of the "money-bag" and keep account of the buying and selling of this little community.

Jesus Christ was the origin of Christian Communism. When the rich young Ruler came to Jesus desiring to know what he should do to inherit eternal life, stating that he had observed the commandments from his youth, Jesus replied, "One thing thou lackest, go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come follow me." Was not this communism?

All who became members of the Apostolic Church "sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need" for they "had all things in common." There were seven deacons appointed to look after the temporal affairs of the church. Many attempts of recent date have been made to establish societies upon a communistic principle with some form of religious belief as the bond of their union. Some have tried to maintain community of interests while retaining the marriage relation, but to date it has proved a total failure. The Shaker Church owes its success to the maintenance of these two principles,—Virgin Celibacy and Community of Interests, according to the example of Jesus Christ. Communism, without the religious life combined, has always proved a failure.

Natural inclinations lead us to seek for ourselves pleasures, wealth and worldly honors but those who enter the Christ life rise above these selfish ambitions and seek to love and serve others, consecrating all they possess to the welfare and good of others, as did the Christ who went about doing good.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Repentance, however difficult to be practiced, if it is explained without superstition, is easily understood. Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice from the conviction that it has offended God. Sorrow and fear and anxiety are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are too closely connected with it to be easily separated, for they not only mark its sincerity, but promote its efficacy.

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In Memory of Eldress ELIZA R. SMITH.

By Mary Ann Walker.

"In the midst of life, we are in death."

A sheaf fully ripened for the house of the Lord. The Harvest Angel has gathered it home. Our loved mother has entered her heavenly home, bearing palms of victory, and rejoicing in the conquest won.

She counted no sacrifice too great that would enable her to help other souls toward God. Hers has been a long life of usefulness in the gospel cause. We loved her for her many noble, Christian virtues. Her kind and charitable disposition toward all, won for her many friends.

Those who were privileged to live under her blessed ministration, know that she was a safe counselor, true and faithful in every duty. How we shall miss her cheerful smile and her kind words! For us she has toiled with unselfish devotion, that we might gain an inheritance in the kingdom of God.

Dearest mother, words can not express the love and gratitude which we feel for the parental love and care you have bestowed upon us. You have been to us a wall of protection, through the days of youth, and guided our feet in the path that leads to peace. Still be with us, to cheer and comfort us while on the journey of life. Take our pledge that we will work for the principles of truth.

Alfred, Me.

TRIBUTE.

By Stephen Gowen.

"BE thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii., 10. This is the promise to the faithful, and I know that our beloved sister, Eldress Eliza R. Smith, who has just passed from our sight, has been faithful unto death, and will receive a crown of life.

She has given her life through faithfulness and prayer, to assist others in obtaining the pearl of great price. Her interest was the temporal and spiritual interest of the gospel home, and her anxiety was that the young Brethren and Sisters might become steadfast in the life of Christ.

Her advice to those who had set out to win the prize, was to gain it by being true and honest. I trust we shall bear in remembrance, this worthy example that has so kindly been placed before us for so many years, and thus honor the memory of our beloved Eldress.

We read of those who leave large sums of money for some good cause, and we think of them as being very kind, but how much better has been this life to God, which our dear Eldress has given for the protection and happiness of other souls. Let us be faithful unto death, that we also, may win a crown of eternal life.

Alfred, Me.

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KINDNESS.

By Henry C. Farmer.

THE Christian religion enjoins, not only the loftier and more rigid excellences of the human character, but also those which are delicately amicable and tender; not only the masculine virtues, but also the feminine graces. It not only prepares its possessor to be a patriot in the great theatre of his country; a spectacle of heroic martyrdom to God, to angels, and to mankind, but a sympathizing friend in the social and domestic circle.

Love can either expand benevolence to the claims of the whole human family, or concentrate its emotions on one individual object of pity or affection. Love is kind. Kindness means, a disposition to please; an anxiety manifested to promote the comfort of our species. Pity commiserates their sorrows; mercy relieves their wants and mitigates their woes, but kindness is a general attention to their comfort. Kindness expresses itself in words that are calculated to please and to be useful.

As not only our words, but the tones of our voice are indicative of our thoughts and feelings, it is important that we be careful both as to what we say, and how we say it. Half the quarrels which disturb the peace of society arise from unkind words, and not a few from unkind tones. We should sedulously avoid a sour, morose, chiding mode of speech, and adopt a soothing, conciliatory and affectionate style of address.

A surly tone is calculated to wound, and offend, and love, which carries the law of kindness on its lips, will, consequently, avoid it. A snappish, petulant, scolding address is in the highest degree repulsive and dissonant in the intercourse of society. We may not have, it is true, the music of sound in our voice, but it is our own fault if we have not the music of love. We need not employ grimace, fawning, sycophancy, hollow and unmeaning compliments, but we may be courteous and affectionate, and we ought to "let our speech be seasoned with salt, that it may minister grace to the hearers."

What a fascinating character is that of the man or woman of distinguished kindness; they are invested with indescribable loveliness; they may not have the glory in which the patriot, the hero, or the martyr are enshrined, but they are adorned, in no common degree, with the beauty of holiness. They carry about with them the majesty of goodness, if not the dominion of greatness.

The light of their countenance is the warm sunshine to which the spirits of grief repair from their dark retreats to bask in its glow, and their gentle words are like soft melody to chase away the evil thoughts from the heart of melancholy, and to hush in peace the troubled reflections of the distempered mind.

As they move alone, distributing the pleasant and efficient expressions of their regard, it is amidst the blessing of those who are ready to perish, and

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the notes of the unfortunate which they have turned to joy. When they come unexpectedly into the company of their friends, every countenance puts on the appearance of complacency, and it seems as if some good genius had come among them to bless the party. As they look around the circle with a smile of beneficence that has found an abiding place on their brows, they present the brightest resemblance to be found, in our selfish world, of the entrance of the Savior among his disciples, when he said—"Peace be unto you" and breathed upon them the Holy Spirit.

Although they neither seek nor wish an equivalent for their many acts of benevolence, their gentle spirit receives, in a full tide, the stream of consolation which has ebbed from their own breasts to fill the empty channels of their neighbor's happiness.

Who can be unkind to those who are kind to all? What heart is so hard; what mind so cruel; what spirit so diabolical, as to wound those who never appear among their race but as ministering angels? There is a magic in their tears to melt to sympathy the stubborn soul of cruelty itself, which has a tear for no one else; and no less a magic is found in their smiles, that will relax and soften the hard features of envy, and reflect for a moment the sunshine of their joy.

While they live, every man and woman is their admirer. When they die every man and woman is their mourner. While they are on earth, their names have a home in every heart, and when they have passed away they have a monument in every memory—the record of their praise—and the inscription is "Kindness brings peace and happiness to others than yourself."

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

CULTURE.

By Frederic McKechnie.

THERE is such a thing as the lust of the mind. When intellectual activity is engaged in, for the sole purpose of enjoying the sensation it provides, without any regard to its effect upon the general welfare, and with no desire that it should do anything save provide this pleasurable sensation, we have what may fairly be termed the lust of the mind; and have, moreover, that which distinguishes beyond anything else, the educated classes of to-day. The activity of the press in providing the desired pabulum for these classes, is enormous.

Every year sees thousands of books published, which have no other object than the gratification of this appetite, the desire for a fresh sort of emotion, a new species of intellectual delight, and their readers busy themselves all the time in cultivating a keener and keener susceptibility to the emotions arising from the contemplation of new phases of human relationship, or in develop-

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ing the faculty of enjoying the cunning arrangement in words of the old phases.

Such is what they call "culture," and in the minds of the vast majority, there is no notion that culture need include anything more. But it is a mistake. We know what culture for a flowering plant, means. It means the perfect development of the perfect blossom. For an edible plant it means the perfect development of a perfect fruit. For both it is simply the bringing into perfect outward form, the best of which they are each capable. What then does the term culture mean, when applied to man? In his case, it can only mean what it means in the case of the plant, a full and perfect development of the best that is in him. And what is that best? Is it intellect, with its power of seizing and distinguishing the forms of the world of thought? Assuredly not. Those who have narrowly observed the workings of this principle, can not have failed to notice how arrogant, combative and self-assertive it is. Its tendency, in all cases where it has sway, is to divide men, never to unite them.

Nay, that in man, which is highest, is not intellect, but something that includes intellect and is superior to intellect, the Christ. The only culture that can rightfully be called culture, is Christ-culture. Intellectual culture may supplement this, but can never be a substitute for it, the perfect fruit of the human race is not a gigantic intellect, but a Christian, yea, a Christ.

All the various phases of what the world calls culture, are significant, only as they indicate movement toward this standard.

All the various products of modern civilization,—railways, bridges, churches, ocean steamships, are of value only as they provide outlet for energies which will one day be turned toward the ideal. They have no value in themselves.

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, * * * * shall dissolve, and, * * * * leave not a wrack behind." "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever," and whoso hath that word in his heart, he shall not perish though all around him pass away. And so, when the world brings before us, as it frequently does, in these days, its many shining examples in the domains of literature and art, while we can not in justice withhold the praise, that in many cases is so well deserved, as disciples in the school of the Christ, to our word of admiration yet this other word we must add, "one thing thou lackest." Yea, one thing thou lackest, and that, the one thing best worth having, to gain which the world is well lost.

"Everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing, but something else is obtained." Are we willing to pay the price?

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

OBEDIENCE is better than many oblations.

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THE MANIFESTO.

JUNE 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

April.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1898.	42.	3.5 in	8 in.
1899.	47.	½ "	2 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.			80 above 0.
Lowest " "		" "	20 "
Number of rainy days		" "	3
" " snowy		" "	1
" " clear		" "	16
" " cloudy		" "	10

May, 1899.

AT present we breathe in the aroma of vernal bloom which forms the interlude to summer and autumnal fruits. Since the opening of April, we have had but seven-eighths of an inch of rain. Although the clouds are dry, giving but a sprinkling of rain, yet the vegetable creation is donning its imperial costume. Although the winter and early spring were very trying to the human constitution, yet they proved a mantle of protection to the vegetable constitution.

Strawberry vines are strong and vigorous. If the season is propitious we shall have an unusually heavy crop. Much depends on that little word "If." Cherry and pear trees are in full bloom.

Farmers and gardeners are plying their vocation with might and main. If the weather is auspicious they should reap an ample harvest. It is excellent weather for killing weeds; clear, warm days cause them to shrivel and die.

We had our first clipping of asparagus this year, May 2nd, a fortnight earlier than last year. We have cool nights and warm days. As warmer weather displaces the cold, the health of the people keeps pace. There is not anybody in the family at present registered on the sick list.

Our Ministry arrived at our station Thursday, May 4th, where they conclude to stop for a few days.

A large company of men and teams are working on the New York State Road. The piers for supporting the iron bridge are well on the way. The Berkshire section is not commenced yet.

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

May, 1899.

SPRING has now fairly arrived. Winter tarried long, and departed as one loath to go, with tardy step, but there was no tardiness in Spring's movements. At the end of April she was far away, apparently. Then, one morning, the bare trees of the day before, were showing the least tint of green. A few days later cherry trees all about, fairly sprang into bloom, and now along with apple blossoms, make a right

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brave show of beauty around our hill-side home.

We are very busy, getting gardens ready for planting, and putting in a few early crops; repairing old fences, and building new ones; planting numerous fruit trees and bushes, the gift of a generous friend; destroying tent-caterpillar nests in the orchards. All these things claim our attention and help us to maintain our balance as inhabitants of a physical world.

In addition to the ordinary spring work this year, we have had to make various re-arrangements of our water pipes, owing to the operations of the contractor who is building the New State Road that runs through our lands. It has been "quite a job" for Brother Daniel to attend to this work, but the greater part of the work is now accomplished.

We are trying bee-keeping once more, and have made a beginning with five hives. Further progress in this direction will be duly chronicled.

Frederic McKechnie.

South Family.

May, 1899.

Birds, bees and blossoms,
Blossoms, birds and bees,
Form a merry trio
Our old earth to please.
Merry-making May month,
Glad it now has come;
Sad to part with April
For the good it's done.
Thirty days we've known it,—
Known it by its rain,
But it glided onward
With its loss and gain.

We again record the departure of a veteran of our glorious cause; one more valued member of the household of faith has joined the ransomed army,—Sister Laura Dole, another of God's noble women, has entered the immortal home, and heard the welcome "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Sister Laura was one of the Sodus pioneers; she united with that Society in 1826. There are at present three surviving representatives of that Community, Br. Horace Holoway, Eldress Polly Lee, and Sr. Elizabeth Dell.

And though feeble in body
Their spirits are strong,
They hope soon to join
With the justified throng.
They are anxiously waiting
The time to draw near
When angels will waft them
To the bright spirit sphere;
Where sickness and sorrow
And all earthly pain
Can never, oh never
Afflict them again.
The precepts of Jesus
They love to obey;
They testify plainly
It is a sure way
To keep us from evil,
And help us increase
In heavenly beauty,
In union and peace.

Br. John Strover is at present basking in the sunshine of Enfield, Conn. He left home Tuesday, the 2nd inst., for a visit among his old friends, the Canaanites. Sister Florence Staples, a member of that fraternity, is visiting her Mt. Lebanon friends. Joy and great gladness go with them. General good health attends our family, and all are active in securing the eternal riches.

Geneviere DeGraw.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

May, 1899.

On this beautiful Sabbath morning everything is smiling, for Nature is fully awake having taken a long sleep and now she is busy renewing her robes of verdure and in like manner the inmates of our home are making ready for the coming seasons; preparing gardens, etc.

Brother Washington Jones is at work among us in the fruit business, setting out trees and raspberry bushes, also assisting the Sisters in setting out a new strawberry bed of over 1500 plants. We find in him a faithful, interested worker, and although his tarry with us be long or

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short he has reared monuments of goodwill in the trees and vines which he has planted for our future benefit.

The flowers, too, form an important industry. The Sisters have a large piece already planted to sweet peas, which, with favorable weather, we hope will yield an abundance of bloom. Later the seedlings asters, pansies, verbenas etc. which were planted in March in the greenhouse will be placed in the ground.

The tomato business is pushing, and orders for the plants come in thick and fast. Luckily Brother Delmer Wilson has enough to supply the demand, that is, if the orders do not exceed over eleven hundred dozen. Brothers Chellis Wing and John Dorrington are busy planting early vegetables for market and home use. Brother Pliny Worcester is filling Brother Thomas Noyes' place in providing wood etc. for the cooks, and last but not least our good faithful Elder William Dumont has been assisting the Ricker Bros. in running the lines between the farms.

The summer term of school is in progress with twelve pupils.

Ada S. Cummings.

Narcoossee, Fla.

May, 1899.

A BETTER condition of things seems to be coming to the state of Florida. The present Legislature (styled the Iron Clad) have gone to Tallahassee fully clad in their armor, and determined to break down or make a change in the financial part of the Railroad monopolies.

The fare has been 5 cts. per mile and many think it should be only three. Express charges have been reduced. Now we think there is some hope for Florida. With all the floods and blizzards there seem to be ten righteous souls found to save the state.

On the 17th of April, the writer of these Notes, visited our gospel friends at White Oak, Ga. I remained eight days, and found the little Community, like ourselves, struggling to establish a Communistic home on the basic principles, "Purity of Life, Equality of the Sexes, and a United Interest."

Our cause needs assistance. Needs members who are willing to be harvested from the generative order, and become as Brethren and Sisters. But with all our needs we do not propose to take any backward steps by coming down from the cross of Christ.

On the 2nd inst. Br. Benjamin Gates and Br. Egbert Gillette, visited Jacksonville, to attend the Horticultural Convention, hoping to get a few notes of interest on the subjects of Horticulture and Agriculture in Florida.

On May 3rd the mercury stood at 94 deg. Fahr.

Andrew Barrett.

East Canterbury, N. H.

June, 1899.

"BE it ever so humble, there's no place like home" floats out upon the spring air to the rhythm of the scraping and scouring, the dusting and draping, the painting and polishing, which regularly succeed one another in the sweet symphony of our home life at this special season. We have indeed *stirring strains* in every sense of the term, muscular Christianity holds full sway six days in the week. The principle of godliness is evidenced by the practice of cleanliness; and we above all other people, purpose to prove its existence among us.

Vegetation has risen to the occasion, and bud and blossom are up to date. Six acres of potatoes, two early and four late varieties, are now planted. Green peas were sowed on the 20th ult. Asparagus fell under the knife the 11th inst., and rhubarb will, no doubt, be the next victim.

The spring term of school opened on the 2nd inst. under pleasant auspices. There are twenty-one pupils registered, and all have our kind encouragement in their important work.

Our good Editor has just establisht an interesting little institution near the child-

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ren's dwelling—a veritable summer-house for the birds. The purple martins are the invited guests, but the white-bellied swallows were present at the raising, watched the proceedings with keen interest then hastened to take the new quarters and would not be driven out though measures were promptly taken for evacuation. They pugnaciously hold the fort by right of discovery and the invited guests are happily unaware of the gross insult.

Kind greetings in advance we send to our good friends at Enfield, Conn., who have at last evolved the idea that intervisiting is a good foundation-stone in our church work. We recommend the idea for universal adoption.

Jessie Evans.

Shakers, N. Y.

May, 1899.

THE rhymster who undertook a transposition of Bryant's "Autumn," to the tune of "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," House-cleaning time is near; was certainly very wide of the mark in estimating what constituted melancholy days. House-cleaning time can not be classed in that category.

Imagine the condition of our domiciles if it were not for that periodical renovation! As it is in the material life so it is in the moral and spiritual house. How refreshing it is to enter into a habitation that has been through the cleansing, the very atmosphere seems fraught with the suggestion; keep clean,—keep clean. And how blessed it is to meet the individual life whose spiritual atmosphere reveals the condition of a house that is clean.

At present some are turning things topsy-turvy and with paint and kalsomine, our old house begins to shine. And some are on the farm and in the garden preparing the soil and planting the seed, hoping for the blessing of a bountiful harvest. Each one in the task assigned faithfully performs his duty, and receives the reward of well done.

At date of writing we have with us in the form only three of those veterans who united with the society at Port Bay, Wayne Co , N. Y. All the rest have passed over to the evergreen shores. Heavenly Father and Mother, we know that the ancients of the city are passing on; we miss them from our sight, but many times when walking in the shadow we feel their blessed presence, and we know they have laid up treasures where moth can not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

Hamilton DeGraw.

EASTER MESSAGES.

By Fidella Estabrook.

THE blest Easter is dawning in glory,
Its quickening life the vale fills,
It touches the hill-tops with beauty
And wakens the long sleeping rills.
It brings to the earth living power,
It wafts to our hearts richest love,
To each one it bears a sweet message,
To all, renewed life from above.

"Christ is risen," this is the glad message,
"Christ is risen," for you and for me.
Oh wonderful gift to us given,
Oh bountiful love, so free.
No more in the grave, then seek him,
For behold, he dwells not there;
He is risen, and reigning in glory,
He is risen,—go seek him with care.

Ye bells that are joyously ringing.
Tell it now to hearts lone and sad;
Bid them leave the ways of sorrow,
And arise, by Christ's blessing made glad.
For he all the journey has traveled,
He knows every trial you bear,
His comfort shall daily sustain you,
For he every burden will share.

Are you lost in sin's darkened pathway,
Groping long 'mid the shadows below?
Look above, there's a light held for you,
Angels bend a word to bestow.
Then listen, the voice sweet and tender
Calls,—Arise, leave the doubts of the past,

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"Come to me," to your true, waiting
Savior,
I will help, I will guide, to the last.

Has your lamp grown dim, my brother?
Does its light burn feebly and low?
The light of the world beams around you,
Touch it now, 'twill make your own glow.
Are you fainting and weary, my sister?
Take heart, your Savior is near,
And to you, as of old, he whispers,
I am with thee, my child, do not fear.

Oh ring bells, ring the glad story,
And swing lilies tall and fair,
Tell the whole world "Christ is risen"
He is reigning in love "over there."
"Over there?" not always—not ever,
But here with us now, to-day,
For he said, I will come again surely,
I will come and abide alway.

Then list, for the message is sounding,
There's a word for each needy one,
A comfort for each saddened spirit,
For the faithful a joyous "Well done."
What word have you from the Father?
What gift so precious and true?
'Tis coming, this wondrous blessing,
'Tis coming to me and to you.

There are treasures of strength and of
courage,
There are measures of love so free,
There is grace for the tried and tempted,
There is mercy as wide as the sea,
There is peace, heavenly peace for the
worker,
Toiling each day for the King,
There is joy unbounded, eternal,
For those who to his cross cling.

There is tenderest love for the erring,
Who repentant cries, "Save, Lord, I pray,"
There is comfort, and blessing, and glory,
And love, endless love, alway.
For from out of earth's dreary prison,
Christ arose, the once crucified,
That we too may rise in his spirit,
In his likeness awake, satisfied.

And in that house of bright glory,
A mansion he has gone to prepare,
A place which each faithful toiler
In his blest presence shall share.
Then let not your heart be troubled,
Nor fear your spirit e'er know,
For he is ever beside you,
To guide wherever you go.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

From the Bible Class.

BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

By Sadie J. Pineo.

We read that God sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust and maketh the sun to shine on the evil and the good.

So it is with the gospel. Salvation is offered freely to all souls who will come and drink of the waters of life, no discrimination being made between high and low, rich and poor, for our Savior said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." Souls having a knowledge of the higher life but being unwilling to walk in the strait and narrow way, realize the fulfillment of the text, "If the light that is in thee be darkness how great is that darkness." But those who accept Christ and willingly become his disciples, leaving all for his sake, become participants in the joy promised to the pure in heart, the meek, and those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. "E'en though stricken 'neath the rod," the true child of God is confident that the hand that chastens deals in tender mercy, for a divine parentage knoweth that we have need of these things.

The gospel takes souls from nature's garden and transplants them into the garden of Grace, where they are nurtured by the rain and the sunshine of Heaven. As the spotless lily comes up from the blackest mud, so the soul, touched by the power of the gospel, rises from the mire of a fallen nature, and blooms in fragrant beauty, having struck its roots so deep that neither storm nor flood has power to destroy it.

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The Christ spirit says—"Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up," hence the necessity of the injunction, "Watch and pray," lest while men sleep the enemy comes and sows tares, which, when grown will choke the good seed.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THF FOOD WE EAT.

No. 4.

By Elder H. C. Blinn.

THE Zulus use for food many of the wild, as well as, some domesticated animals, and should an elephant be captured very little of this wonderful beast would be thrown aside. After cutting a passage through the side of the huge creature, several men crawl inside and pass out everything as they can cut it away. The hot sun helps them in their work as they seem to prefer the meat after reaching the first stages of putrefaction. The intestines are emptied of their contents and then filled with blood and subsequently made into a pudding. That is quite like more civilized nations who on slaughtering the swine, clean the intestines and then fill them with scraps of meat and eat them as sausages.

"The trunk of the elephant is cut into slices and baked, and the feet are taken off and roasted."

"The stomach of the rhinoceros is considered a delicacy. It is cleaned and then filled with scraps of meat, fat, blood and other ingredients and then cooked. Scotch travelers say it is like a dish of their native land. Corn and millet are also included in the articles of food. Locusts are steamed in a kettle and then put in the sun to dry. They are then shaken till the wings and legs drop off when they are stored away in baskets, the same as they would corn. These locusts are eaten whole, and as a luxury they add a little salt."

"Several of the tribes in South America are omnivorous eaters. They make no discrimination of the animals which they eat, and the carniverous are devoured as readily as are the others. Many of these tribes have no use for salt or spices in the preparation of their food."

The Fijians and New Zealanders were cannibals, and yet obtained much of their food from the ocean. They were not especially nice, as the Fiji chief invited us to dine with him and each person was served to a whole baked iguana or lizard. Shrimps are placed between pieces of bread and eaten as sandwiches.

One account speaking of the Brazilians, says, they eat snakes, monkeys and iguanas. To dine on snakes and monkeys, might seem to be an heroic effort, even though they were served by a first-class cook, but an iguana pie or iguana steak, so much relished by the Brazilians would evidently be a little too much for a civilized stomach.

The iguana belongs to the family of lizards and sometimes grows to a large size, measuring some four feet in length. This repulsive reptile, is quite at home either on the land or in the water. Rev. J. G. Wood writes;—"From the aspect of this long-tailed, dewlapped, sealy, spiny lizard, most persons would rather recoil and the idea of eating the flesh of so repulsive a creature, would not be likely to occur to them."

They eat small fish, alive, without the trouble of removing any of the parts. They also eat rats and sharks, as they think their idol god dwells in them."

"Dr. Kane in his arctic expedition says that Esquimaux take the stomach of the reindeer, just as it comes from the animal and cutting it into slices, place it upon the table."

An African king was invited to dine with some white people, and was presented a dish of beautiful strawberries with cream and sugar. This was a new dish for the King and he expressed his pleasure by saying, "This, is very nice," but as he thought of his rare dish at home, he remarked, "But did the white man ever eat any baked ants?"

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In the above we find two dishes of delicious flavor, and it is a matter for custom and the nerves of taste to decide which shall be accepted.

We copy some notes from the valuable work on "Health," by Dr. R. D. Mussey. This eminent physician was a professor of anatomy and surgery at Dartmouth College, N. H. and a professor of surgery in the Medical College of Ohio.

"Man is omnivorous by practice. Probably not a single species of animal was ever found that has not been tried for the food of man. Beasts clean and unclean, serpents, lizards, toads, grubs and spiders have all contributed to make out the variety, regarded as a necessity of the human appetite. Humbolt in South America saw the centipedes or "thousand legs" as we should call them, some of them a foot and a half long, dragged from their holes and eaten alive by the children. The white ants of Africa are put alive into a dry kettle or frying pan, and when duly roasted over a slow fire, are eaten by handfuls as we eat parched corn. Spiders are eaten by the inhabitants of New Caledonia, and Lalande a famous French astronomer ate the spider as a delicious morsel. Rattlesnake soup has furnished a rich and savory repast for the hunters of North America.

The eating of much fatty food tends to corpulency, and this condition may be regarded as a form of disease. It was a divine injunction to the Israelites, that, "It shall be a perpetual statute for your generations throughout all your dwellings that you eat neither fat nor blood."

Large eaters have become large men, and Krocher of Berlin weighed 450 lbs. Ultimately he became too fat to walk or stand alone. In our own country the annual feasts of Thanksgiving and Christmas, it may be presumed, seldom or never pass without extra work for the physician if not for the undertaker.

Dr. Foote says,—"Mexicans eat a large yellow worm found on the Maguey plant, and they call the dish Maguey butter. The Africans eat elephants, hippopotamus, giraffe, zebra, antelope, wild ants, leopard, lion, alligator, crocodile, eggs of reptiles, lizards, wild cats, panthers, wolf, opposum musk rat, porcupine, spiders, rats, locusts, birds' nests, and nearly every insect."

In Alaska the people are as saving of the whole reindeer as the Africans are of the elephant. The flesh is dried or smoked and can be kept indefinitely in such a climate The blood is drunk warm and every part of the body utilized in some way. The surplus blood is preserved by freezing and then used for puddings. The stomach and contents are frozen for special delicacies.—*Scientific American.*

(To be continued.)

Deaths.

Charlotte Hart, at Enfield, N. H. April 3, 1899. Age 83 years, 5 months and 23 days.

A true, sweet, loving Christian woman, gone to her eternal treasure. R. C.

Laura Dole, at Shakers, N. Y. April 20, 1899. Age 79 years, 3 months and 19 days.

Sister Laura came into the Society when a child seven years of age. She has spent a long and useful life among the Believers, and has occupied positions of care and trust. She was a faithful burden-bearer, being for many years a nurse, and afterward, family Deaconess. E. E. W.

Eldress Eliza R. Smith, at Alfred, Me. April 20, 1899. Age 68 years and 1 day.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." F. C. C.

Marcia M. Bullard, at Ayer, Mass. May 7, 1899. Age 76 years, 10 months and 26 days.

Sister Marcia was led in early life to espouse a cause she deemed best for her spiritual unfoldment. She has given a long and eminently useful life to its service. Always true and steadfast to principle, Sister Marcia is well known, as she has long filled places of trust, and with unfailing integrity. Her worth is approved by all who know her, and her rest is well earned. M. Mc. L.

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the course of this elaborate and comprehensive paper, Secretary Long reviews, in a most appreciative manner, the work of his distinguished predecessors in office—Secretaries Hunt, Chandler, Whitney, Tracy and Herbert—whose efficient and patriotic energy in the building of the new navy led up to the glorious results consummated under the present administration.

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THE

MANIFESTO

JULY, 1899.

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Books & Papers.

THE OUTLOOK publishes annually in June a special illustrated issue called its "Recreation Number." This year the eleventh of these numbers appears. As usual, it is devoted chiefly to out-of-door tobics, and includes many illustrated articles of seasonable interest. The Golfing Woman; by Mr. Van Tassel Sutphen, is a warm plea for golf as, above all other games, a sport in which women can play on a plane of real competition with men, because of the handicap possibilities. There are portraits of Miss Hoyt, Miss Griscom, and other famous women players, and several picturesque golfing scenes. The "America's" Cup Race for 1899 is treated by Mr. W. J. Henderson, probably the best yachting writer in the country. Four full-page pictures of famous yachts (including one of this year's defender, the "Columbia") and of famous yacht races give the magazine a breezy, seagoing atmosphere. A cheerful article on A New England Country Road; by Professor Bailey, of Cornell, is beautified by a dozen or more really remarkable photographs of typical New England scenes taken by Mr. J. Horace McFarland. A charming and humorous story of Canadian life by Macdonald Oxley, several summer poems, an excellent article of suggestions for foreign travel, and other features, make up a magazine fresh with vacation flavor and attractive to the eye. The cover design, by Mr. Harold Brown, is in close keeping with the character of the number. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York.

In Mrs Burton Harrison's new serial, The Circle of a Century, which is to begin in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of June 10, the author deals with two periods of society life in New York City, separated by the lapse of a century, but linked together by the kinship of the characters. Part I pictures New York at the close of the Revolution, and shows the humble beginnings of a family which has since become immensely wealthy, and the departing splendors of their aristocratic neighbors. In Part II the scene is shifted to the New York of to-day, and the story follows the fortunes of the new generation of Hopes and Warriners. Each part is a complete novelette. Always in her element when writing on society themes, Mrs Harrison has outdone herself in The Circle of a Century, and has produced a romance of absorbing interest.

WORD AND WORK for June, 1899 is at hand. It contains articles embracing religion, philanthrophy, biography, home and foreign missions, science and even the story for children is not missing. Mr. H. L. Hastings has an interesting contribution which is good advice in "The Choice of Food." Published monthly by "Christian Worker's Union," S. G. Otis, Supt. Springfield, Mass. 5 cts. a copy, 50 cts. a year.

It is far less easy to get to the President of Hayti than to Mr. McKinley of the White House. The pavilion-like palace in the Champ de Mars, surrounded by its litte park, enclosed by a tall iron grating, with lookout boxes at the angles, a large and strong military barrack at the rear, and field cannon posted here and there, could stand a considerable siege, and, with a faithful garrison, would be proof against almost any mob attack. There is no end of etiquette involved in the approach to Son Excellence. Yet I was favored with fortunate opportunities for seeing Mr. Simon Sam. Tall and massive, with an immense paunch, and features and hue that are typically African, as you gaze at him in his sumptuous uniform gorgeous with gold lace and a brilliant silk scarf, you can not help picturing to your mind's eye his hypothetical appearance as a mid-African chief with huge feathers in his topknot, only a rattle-beaded clout about his loins, a nail-studded war club in one hand and about him a band of dusky savages more naked than himself, instead of these strutting gentlemen in tall hats and European clothes, and these other prancing gentlemen in gaudy trappings with tinkling spurs and jingling swords. President Sam, however, is not, as it appears thus far, a man to be personally feared. His selection was a compromise, and he is only the figurehead of the present oligarchs, posing as a moderate statesman, while in truth he is only a rather dense-brained, slow-witted and lethargic old soldier. It is understood that in state affairs he is almost wholly guided by his ministers, of whom Brutus St. Victor, in charge of the foreign department, and Tancrede Auguste, of the department of the interior, are probably the ablest.—*Reuben Briggs Davenport, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June.*

The June *Ladies' Home Journal* reaches the top notch of excellence in both its pictorial and literary features. It opens with a page drawing of Longfellow's "Evangeline," and gives a group of pictures showing some "Fetes of College Girls." An interesting description is given of "The Creole Girl of New Orleans," and "Housekeeping on an Ocean Steamship" is graphically portrayed. "How a Young Man Can Work His Way Through College" has a practical value for every poor boy ambitious for higher education, and "Telling the Character from Handwriting" is interesting and entertaining. Bishop, priest, rabbi and minister contribute to a symposium on "What is the Good of Going to Church?" and the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., discusses "Pains that Polish Perfection."

The fiction of the June *Journal* includes the second installment of Anthony Hope's "Captain Dieppe," Sophie Swett's story, "The Revolt of Sar' Abby Quint," the first of "Ol Peckham's Opinions," and four chapters of "A College Courtship." There are two new departments: "Five-Minute Talks on Good Health," by expert physical educators, and a boys' page, to which Dan Beard contributes

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX. JULY, 1899. No 7.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N, H., as Second-Class Matter.

GOD'S PROMISES.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

THE promises of God as illustrated in the Scriptures are beautiful reminders of our home in the new and spiritual Jerusalem which the Revelator saw coming down from heaven to dwell among men. Those promises are for encouragement to those who will accept them in God's name.

"If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments, All these blessings shall come on thee." "I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil." "I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle." "The land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt possess it and dwell therein."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee."

From an early age mankind have been known in the religious order, as the obedient or the disobedient. One class has been subject to law, while the other has assumed an independent course. One class has been called the sons of God, and the other the sons of Belial. They have walked the journey of life, and ascended or descended with the influences around them, whether they were of a religious or worldly character. It was very much like the growing together of the good and evil plants unto the day of harvest.

From the world God calls a nation, and he calls them "My people." They

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become an especial order under the protection of divine Providence. Laws are framed, rules are given, and everything pertaining to a life on the earth is brought under divine inspection. God leads them on their journeys, protects them from their enemies, opens a passage through the sea for their escape, feeds them with miraculous food and gives to them an inheritance in the fruitful land of Canaan.

God gives them this promise, "I will bless thee in basket and in store. I will take from thee all sickness and all the diseases of the Egyptians." Those who have read the history of this people can see how successfully this was accomplished, and their prosperity was like the prosperity of all who follow the law of truth and right.

God's laws are imperative, and a careful regard for them insures prosperity. No transgression can pass unnoticed. The Psalmist has said, and that very wisely—"Though hand joined in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished." So long as the Jewish nation made the Mosaic Law their line of life, they were in every respect a prosperous nation. The law of human kindness was enforced, which made them largely a nation of brethren. Sickness was rare among them, and the physicians were at a discount. The same rule followed the king in his palace and the peasant in his cottage. It was God's law and he is no respector of persons. "All these blessings shall come upon thee! for I have put my words in thy mouth and I have covered thee in the shadow of my hand."

The spirit of the New Testament is the voice of advanced experience. It is God's law and demands the same implicit obedience. Jesus informed his disciples of this important fact. "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do." The laws of our spiritual well-being are equally essential for our peace. "There shall in no wise enter into it [the New Jerusalem] anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie."

Jesus, to sum up the whole matter, says, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Then follows the divine promise of an hundred fold of blessings in this world, and in the world to come, eternal life. God has given to us, light, and truth, and hope. Shall we not as faithful servants work for God, and for that testimony which is to save the world from sin?

God has given to us our home as an inheritance and our prosperity and happiness depend wholly upon the obedience which we render to the light and truth which is made manifest to our souls.

East Canterbury, N. H.

We should live in the present, vitally, nobly, courageously; commune with the past, soberly, wisely sincerely; plan for the future thoughtfully, hopefully, broadly. Let the past be a teacher of the present, and the present an instructor to the great untried future.—*M. E. H.*

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WHY NOT THINK!

By Joseph A. Wilson.

IN these latter days, when nervous energy is pushed to its fullest extent along commercial and governmental lines, when theology is straining its utmost to reconcile theory with fact, when accumulated wealth on the one hand laughs arrogantly at the humble petitions of the poor, there is still abroad in the land, in an increased measure, the same thoughtless, unthinking spirit that has ever been a curse to humanity.

As a rule, people are well enough read; in musty book lore, they are well enough equipped; in current topics they are sufficiently versed; of all the effects that exist, they know enough,—but the sad feature of it all lies in their careless indifference to the causes that produce the effects—to their lack of serious, thoughtful investigation of the results that are extant. The world, in its general sense, is wise enough, but it does not think enough. Generally speaking you can interest a person in a result, but it is difficult to induce him to investigate the cause—and it has ever been thus. The world, at large has ever declined to indulge in serious thought until driven to the last extremity.

History discloses numerous instances, indeed, it is the same old story, oft recurring, France suffered the debauches, extravagances and outrages of the Aristocracy until hunger and want of the barest necessities of life induced a thoughtful investigation into existing circumstances, and then as a result, a revolt followed with a long step toward freedom as an end. And so it is, the world over, every day,—even to-day. People suffer want and misery, because they fail *to think*. There is scarcely a day that the great newspapers do not chronicle the self-destruction of some despondent, unthinking person, who is out of joint with life and has no interest in things mundane. A rapid career,—a drunken debauch,—loss of friends, despondency, self-destruction are all links in the same chain,—all means to the same end. It is the old story too often repeated.

To those who can be induced *to think* earth offers a charm, and life has its victories. To those who can spare time to make thoughtful study, there is still in store for them a "balm in Gilead," even in these latter days of strife, unrest and increasing want. To those who can spare time to investigate, there is still a pure, healthy home life open to them, where peace and plenty exist, where honest, conscientious brotherhood and sisterhood abound, and all is in tune with nature.

Such a life as this is a living, existing fact among the Believers whose clean theology is a source of comfort to its followers. If society can be brought to think seriously of the inwardness of this true life, then, surely, we shall be numbered as the grass. But, can society,—the world,—be induced *to think*? Must dire disaster, as ever, be the medium to the end? Must still an empty stomach and a depleted wardrobe induce thought? Must

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still a crisis prompt action? We hope not. In this life of ours, removed from public haunts, we can follow the true path,—the ideal life,—the divine end, and this life is open to the world,—to all. To the interested we would say,—"come,"—to the indifferent,—"*Why not think!*"

White Water, Ohio.

SOLILOQUY.

By Asenath C. Stickney.

AH! Here comes the May MANIFESTO, full of good thoughts and hopeful aspirations, I presume.

It being the month of May, when all Nature is robed in a new dress, methinks one might liken these pages to a series of newly prepared gardens, wherein to enter and select rare plants for transference. So, on the first page in fancy I discover a large unwalled garden, where one can roam at liberty, it seems, since no scare-crows are present to caw their displeasure—no by-laws confront us like the following: "Don't pluck this blossom," or "This specimen is reserved for seed" or "Keep off the grass," &c.

Soon by continuing my walk, I am attracted to a beautiful perennial blossoming right in my path. Its ancestry dates back to nearly nineteen hundred years!—yet it seems as fresh as a lovely arbutus sparkling with dew and this is the language of its pure petals, viz:—"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid in Christ Jesus."

A little farther on, one meets a veritable "Immortelle" in character which bears upon its surface this: "Love your enemies, and pray for those that despitefully use you."

A few steps more bring us to another of similar character—"Verily, unless a man forsake all that he hath, he can not be my disciple." Who will not say that such are plants of the Heavenly Father's planting! Although pleased with my selections, I am glad to know that I have not robbed the owner of this garden.

On this page I find a little garden plot fragrant with the balm of consolation emphasizing this truth: "The Lord reveals his grace to men with healing in his wings." O, we must have this plant, this healing balm.

"The New Life" in the next garden is found growing *unselfish, universal love.* This plant may be easily traced to the dawn of the Christian Era, when our Savior reiterated this immortal truth: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"Self-denial,"—what a wide field these two words embrace! Here grow the healthful sturdy plants, the real tonics in character. If these receive the right culture, they will finally cover the whole field with the rich blossoms of conscious integrity.

'Discovery,"—this title sounds as if something new had been found. Per-

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chance I see it is an exotic, it proclaims the Christ method of conquering evil, thus, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

No specimen of the "touch-me-not" thrives in this garden; *au contraire*, the blossoms of humility carpet the whole extent and heart's ease, lilies of the valley gladden the eye of the casual passer-by as well as of the investigator.

Last, but not least I come in view of "Bring the Best." Here I find the superlative in degree and value is wanted, viz. a total surrender of self, a generous giving of the brightest hopes, the finest talent, the choicest fruits; in a word the best we have to God. All the choice plants indigenous to luxuriant vales of humility flourish in this garden. Shall we term them lilies of the valley or Easter lilies?

Thanking the owners of these several gardens for their liberality, I wend my way homeward satisfied that I have a selection worth setting in my own small enclosure, and from which, by careful culture, I may realize lasting benefit.

East Canterbury, N. H.

UNERRING PRINCIPLE.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

BEHIND all visible and invisible phenomena,—back of all the wheels of evolution,—below all the energies of human destiny lies a profound, unerring principle. This principle is Organization or Systematic Arrangement. It permeates and dominates every force and movement of the universe. It constitutes the Infinite mathematics of all that is. Its modus operandi is such as always secures the greatest good to the greatest number. Another of its sequences is that as Paul announced, "Without all contradiction, the less is blessed of the better."

Parenthood is a peculiarly bright illustration of this, and the illustration is as rife in the spiritual as the physical spheres. The fact of father and mother, son and daughter, ought to convince us all that we are in no sense of the word, independent creatures. Our origin and existence are both practical proofs of this, if we look at the subject in its true light.

Jesus said, "Swear not by your head, for you can not make one of your hairs white or black." Again, if God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, then surely we have not made ourselves, and so must have depended upon some higher source in the great mathematics of the universe for our origin. Moreover let us look at ourselves as we exist at the present moment. How can we predicate independence of ourselves, when we are so bound up in the bundle of universal life, that almost all we drink and wear, and almost all the mental and spiritual comfort we have in existence comes

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from our fellow-beings, either visible or invisible. What would the existence of any one of us be worth, if that of all others was wiped out? When I think of these things and compare myself with the mighty Allness behind, beyond, below and above me, I almost wonder how such an infinitesimal speck of creation should receive any notice from God. That great principle of Organization is such, however, that I find myself blessed with a niche in the sublime systematic arrangement.

On the whole, I am glad we are all in this category of dependence;—it seems to me far better than a state of solitary isolation. I therefore can not agree with our friends the Christian Scientists, that we must be entirely independent, by virtue of what they call our individuality. Must not do anything because somebody says do it; must ignore all teaching outside of ourselves. And yet they quote Christ as saying that unless we receive the kingdom of Heaven as a little child, we shall in no wise enter therein. Does a little child set itself up as a being who by virtue of something he calls his individuality, is independent of every other man, woman, or child on the earth? I think not. He is not only wholly dependent upon his parents, but confides in them with entire trust. Furthermore, every time we speak of prayer, some say we should not beg or beseech, but rather demand of God, whatever we need. Now does a little child demand this or that of his parents in an arrogant manner? Does he not rather humbly beseech that he may have this or that? In fact the theory of each one for himself, seems to preclude all possible ideas of organization, and to depend altogether upon the isolated condition for beneficial results hoped for.

The happiest, purest, and most harmonious organization that was ever on the earth, is a Shaker Community. Obedience to its principles promotes order, purity, and equality. I do not think that there ever was or will be, a person who can become a member of the Community from religious convictions who, after a solid experience therein, will deny, that it is the very best Institution in the land for the religious, mental and temporal comfort of its members and which carries out the principle and practice of peace and goodwill to man. If we only had the Thaumaturgic element of Christ's evangel, we would be ready to go on in the approaching century with a prosperity and a glory surpassing all that has preceded us since the world began.

Union Village, Ohio.

THE MISSION OF DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.

By Emma B. King.

IN Matt. x., we read that Jesus called unto him his twelve disciples, appointing to them their spiritual mission in the words, "Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom

of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received; freely give."

The disciples were men whose lives had been spent in pursuing one particular trade, and we may well think they were quite unprepared to embrace the mission of preaching the gospel, but with the command, "Go ye, and preach the gospel," came power and authority from the Christ to meet all the requirements of the mission thus placed upon them. They were to provide nothing for the journey, that they might learn dependence and trust in divine guidance, and as they walked in obedience to this guidance they possessed the Christ power against unclean spirits and to heal all manner of diseases.

At this time the disciples were not firmly established in the faith, and it seemed a word of wisdom. "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans, enter ye not." The Jews would have no dealings with either Gentile or Samaritan, such was the existing animosity between them, and this retaliation could not be approved by our Savior, whose forgiving ministration drew all men unto him.

Jesus warned his disciples that they would receive persecution, but never left them without the assurance of a comforting promise. At one time he said to them, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you, If they have kept my sayings, they will keep yours also." "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord, but every one that is perfect shall be as his Master." "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

His great concern, was lest the disciples lose the power of God by carnal reasoning and would speak less of gospel truth, fearing accusation before the courts and councils of men. "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves, be ye therefore, wise as serpents and harmless as doves." But when they deliver you to finite judgment, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for that power which hath anointed thee with thy mission shall grant thee words of wisdom to speak "For it is not ye that speak but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you."

What could express more plainly the work of Christ in the soul! A oneness with God and godly principles which permeate thought, word and action that others recognize not the natural ambition or selfish aspiration wrought out through natural ability, but a disciple of Christ whose life efforts are directed by the Father who dwelleth in and speaketh through the soul.

The disciples received much instruction from Jesus, but did not receive a spiritual baptism into the work until after his crucifixion. From the day of Pentecost they commenced to understand the mission of Christ. Then they became living preachers of the gospel testimony and brought many souls, both Jews and Gentiles, to righteousness.

Unto us the Savior has appeared with the simple injunction, "Follow me," "I have chosen you," I have ordained you to preach and live the Christ life.

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He hath granted that we become partakers in the life of regeneration. He hath appointed to us our mission in life.

As we learn so we must teach, find conversion of soul; and as the Pentecostal blessing meets each soul become baptized with the Holy Spirit which shall enable us in love to win souls to God.

East Canterbury, N. H.

CYCLES AND MAGNETS.

By Alonzo G. Hollister.

TWENTY-THREE years ago, Eldress Elizabeth Farr of Union Village, Ohio, gave to the reading public the following testimony. I retired to rest, feeling anxiety in mind as to the growth of Zion, and the prayer on my lips, O Lord, what will attract souls to Zion? What will make them accept the cross, and build up the waste places of Zion? What will bring laborers into the Lord's vineyard?

Immediately a ponderous wheel rolled up before my vision, being in perpetual motion. Each cog of the wheel appeared to represent a cycle of time within a general cycle. Attached to the axle of the wheel, and connected in groups, by fine thread-like fibers, each group in its place, was the advancement of science, art and religion. Every element and principle was represented that bears close relation to the practical affairs of life, and is necessary to the harmonious growth of intelligence.

The constant motion of the wheel, brought within the sphere of mind, some one of these which appeared to engross the general attention of mankind at a given time. Then came these words; "It is as easy to excite the religious element, as any other, when the time rolls around; and souls will as surely be attracted by the magnet of truth in religion, as in any other science."

Here was a spiritual vision which applies to our day, as really and authoritatively as any vision recorded in ancient Scripture. Intelligent minds can see proof of its verity in the character of the literature issued through a series of years, to meet the ever changing interest of the people.

It speaks of the magnet of truth in religion. Then truth is a magnet. It attracts hungering souls to whoever possesses it. This is what attracted people to Jesus and his Apostles, also to Mother Ann Lee and her co-laborers. Truth is the bread of life to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to all who seek rest and emancipation from the world, in the everlasting kingdom of God.

Truth is the eternal substance of being. However far, or however long creatures may wander in the land of shadows, enchanted by illusions of the senses and dreams of pleasure, like the prodigal in the parable, who wasted his substance in riotous living and would fain appease his hunger with the

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food of swine, they will sometime come to themselves,—to a realization of the truth.

They will experience a hunger that will not be quieted with earthly riches nor pleasure, nor by any application of natural science, or art, or worldly knowledge,—but can be appeased by the truths of life eternal, given to man through specially prepared and inspired messengers of the eternal Spirit. Such as were Jesus and Mother Ann,—and such as were those who were taught by them, and obeyed instructions, and have communicated it to successors, who continue to be instructed by the same Spirit.

They who obey the truth taught by those Divine messengers, crucifying the lower self and the world within, laying down their lives in daily service for the living members of the body of Christ, are storing up truth such as will feed hungry souls in the body and out of the body. They incorporate truth of the higher life with their own being. To the worldlings, they appear narrow in aim and accomplishment. They contract their pleasures on the lower, visible and natural plane, that they may be enlarged on the higher and spiritual, and become magnets of truth, to draw all truth-seeking, God revering men and women to them, for the only bread which can save them from perishing. Even like Jesus, who said I am the way, the truth and the life. I am the bread of life. If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me. He is the magnet. How is he lifted up? By showing his example and teaching through the everlasting gospel, which is the gospel of the judgment, the gospel of the harvest and the end of the world. Because those who come into it, are thereby cut off from the life of the world, and it is brought to an end in them. And by this gospel of confessing and forsaking sin and of slaying self in mutual service, made known to us by the Holy Spirit of Truth which dwelt in Mother Ann, and her faithful successors, all souls will be finally judged, and will decide their own ultimate destiny by accepting or rejecting it.

We know this the same spirit that dwelt in Jesus because it brings forth the same fruits in all who obey it. By the fruits the tree is known, and not by any form of words or profession of belief. The doctrine is the same, plus the increase which comes of or by the redeemed other half of humanity. Jesus did not teach his disciples all truth, for the reason that it can not all be received at once, any more than a child can receive all the knowledge contained in books by the time he has learned the alphabet. Hence Jesus promised that the Spirit of Truth which the Father would send in his name, should abide with them to the age everlasting, and guide them into all truth—even to a knowledge that the second coming of Christ into human nature, would be in a woman, the Comforter. There is increase in knowledge and charity and growth of understanding, which comes to every individual by travel.

Mt. Lebanon, N Y.

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THE MANIFESTO.

JULY 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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HENRY C. BLINN,
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TERMS.

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

May.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.		Rain.
1898.	56.	3.875 in
1899.	58.48	1.75 "

Highest Temp. during this mo. 88 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 36 "
Number of rainy days " " 5
" " clear " " " 11
" " cloudy " " " 15

June, 1899.

THERE is but little, if anything, unusual transpiring that would be of interest to the general reader, unless it is the extremely dry weather that prevails in this vicinity, which causes vegetation to droop. We have no tornadoes to record, such as devastate Australia, stripping forests of their leaves and branches and driving stones into the trunks of the trees.

We are pursuing the "even tenor of our ways," cultivating the crops that are to be converted into aliment for support of the human and the animal.

Some of us are growing better who were somewhat ill. For this we should be thankful. "Thanks to God for every blessing, thanks to God for what we've gained."

The project that has engaged the powers of New York State in the building of a State Road along a route where nothing but woodchucks burrow and cattle feed seems to us quite misplaced energy. Not a single dwelling is located along the whole line of the road. With the expense of half the cost of the present road, a turnpike could have been built through our village, far superior to the present shunpike. The Second and South families will be entirely deprived of its use.

Calvin G. Reed.

Second Family.

June 1899.

THE beautiful weather with which we have been lately favored has not been unimproved by us for we have—as is said of the politician or statesman who is looking after his re-election—been "mending our fences;" not only our fences but also our gates, our agricultural implements and all that, until now we think they are in prime order.

Last fall we put up a new round silo, under cover in our cow barn, 26x12 feet and filled it well with ensilage; on opening it three or four weeks ago we found the contents in excellent condition, perfect, and much relished by the cattle.

This new silo with the square one of double the capacity which we already had, gives us a large and valuable reserve of food for our cows. Our live stock, horses, cows, calves, sheep, lambs, hogs and little pigs is in splendid condition.

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Our fruit trees and small fruits are coming on finely; the large variety of vegetables will more than compensate us for all the trouble they have been and will be and make us the more thankful that we are vegetarians, really, if we are not strictly so.

Our good Sisters are having most satisfactory results from the attention they have given their flower gardens; an hour or two in the mornings and evenings given to this pleasant work is beneficial to one's health and the returns made by the plants are very gratifying.

Occasionally—not very often, I am sorry to add—a Brother volunteers to assist the Sisters but then he must be very careful as his touch is not so delicate, nor his step so careful as that of the Sisters and his hoe will sometimes cut a pretty plant instead of a noxious weed; but even then, if he is so unfortunate, he is not frowned on.

Henry C. Farmer.

North Family.

June, 1899.

THE locust trees are in bloom. The bees found it out first, and should you find the North family developing a spirit of prophesy in the future, will you not attribute it to a diet of honey and wild locust? And will not a reverse of its form be also a reverse of the fate of our vegetarian of the Judean long ago? It is to be hoped so.

We are trying to keep ourselves in sympathy with the brightness if not with the greenness of our hills, but next to a flood a drouth has the most depressing effect upon the mind of a farmer, and a drouth is upon us now. So stealthy has been its approach some of us are just realizing its dreary, dusty presence. But good cheer! there is a moist prophecy in the whistle of the rising wind and for several days the thunder has been growling below the horizon.

The "Arena" comes to hand with a Japanese view of Kipling that is most delightfully daring in this day of Kipling worship. Ah, courage is a fine thing! Indeed it is the only perfectly fine thing in existence excepting truth,—and what is truth but courage?

Sister Catherine is away among the haunts of her childhood, and we are expecting her to return to us rested and filled with new vigor to carry on with hand, heart and brain, the battles we all must wage for the right against the wrong. Sister Olive is still waiting in the "land of Beulah" for the welcome from the "City Beyond," and we all feel that keeping friends with the Shining Ones on our journey is the only way to win, like dear Sister Olive, a peaceful pause in Beulah Land. The ministry are with us. Is it necessary to say that they are here to bless?

G. Ada Brown.

South Family.

June, 1899.

JUNE, one of the rarest months of the year, dawned with brightness in its wake. Surprises new and joyous were ours the past week. Thursday morning the 8th inst. we were favored with a visit from Elder William Briggs of East Canterbury. We hope when he comes to New York state again his tarry will extend beyond the limits of a few hundred minutes.

We learn with much joy that our venerable Minister and honored Editor, Elder Henry C. Blinn, is once more only a short distance over the mountain, enjoying the invigorating atmosphere of the Berkshire hills making his summer home among his friends of the West Pittsfield Society. We shall surely see him now and trust the good Lord will spare him to earth for many days to come. Our prayers and best wishes are with him.

Sister Louisa Rice, the faithful and patient Samaritan of our family, enjoyed a few day's vacation at the West Pittsfield Community. She reported rest for body and mind and says the "Berkshire air is wonderfully invigorating and healthful."

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The cold rainy days of May hindered farm labor somewhat, but the sun now shines on a thriving and prosperous Community.

Geneviere DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

June, 1899.

LOVELY JUNE! We greet thee with thy roses, as a benefactress who teaches us that life is more than a dreary conflict of the elements with their snow and sleet; that it is also sunshine and beautiful flowers, and it is no doubt best that thou canst not always stay for we then anticipate and appreciate your coming.

We were very pleasantly surprised a short time ago by receiving a presentation copy of "The Altheia," by Sister Aurelia G. Mace, of Sabbathday Lake, Maine. It is a compilation of essays in the form of letters illustrating the principles and precepts of our Society in a very able manner. We extend our hearty thanks to every one who, having light is willing and anxious to let it shine that others may be able to perceive the truth and render thanksgiving to the divine Spirit from which comes, as from an overflowing fountain, the power that is lifting all who receive it into higher planes of thought and action.

The International Peace Congress recently held has accomplished one object. It has given every thinking person something with which they can occupy their minds on the line of human progress, though its work has been only preliminary, casting up the highway, pointing out the obstacles to be removed therefrom that the future may attain to that condition of universal peace which we at the present time are anxious for, but as yet are unable to accomplish.

It has proved to those pioneers of advanced thought who are reaching out with a strong arm, seeking to lift the nations out of their barbarism, that all earth's rulers who sit on thrones are not lost to the truth and humanitarian principles, nor intoxicated with the power that is given them, for a short time, to exercise. The illumination of the eastern horizon proves that there is dawning a glorious day, and we, as an organization, can render thanksgiving and praise for the increasing light.

We were one of a party of ten from the North family that attended by invitation "Children's Day" by the Verdoy Sunday School on June 11, at Verdoy, N. Y. The School was held in Lothridge hall, commencing at 2:30 p. m. The service in both song and recitation, adapted to the day and occasion, under the direction of the teachers of the school, was interesting.

Rev. C. P. Dedmire of Niskayuna addressed the School on "The Importance of Little Things in the Formation of Life's Character."

Although quite unexpected, Elder Alexander L. Work of the North family was called upon to address the School, which he did as a loving Father would address children; giving counsel to the older members to be careful and set a good example to those who were forming their characters, and to teach them lessons that the rising generation can call them blessed. Certainly the world is moving as was manifest by the character of the songs and speaking. Nothing said that was objectionable to spiritually minded persons whatever denomination they may be associated with.

Hamilton DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

June, 1899.

WHAT a combination of melody our Notes this month would produce could we transfer the varied tones we hear around us, to paper or imitate them with the voice.

Nature's orchestra holds free concerts daily and never a false note mars its sweetness. The trees hold the flutes, and pipe notes sometimes weird, sometimes joyful, the mountains send forth minor or major chords from their deep-toned organ;

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the birds with violin, guitar and banjo trill their merry lays; the bees with trumpets and insects with drums; the brooks with tinkling bells, and the breezes with tuneful harps, all perform their part in such perfect harmony, that we marvel at their skill. Their master, the sun, has kept them in such constant practice however, that we fear the long-drawn notes may merge into a chant, unless relieved by a little interlude of showers.

At present the ground is very dry, and the farmers are predicting a light hay harvest, and small crops, unless the clouds open their treasure store for us. The potatoes even, though credited with keen sight, fail to see a ray of hope and bow their tops dejectedly. Our garden, however, as usual is nobly doing its part, the result of constant coaxing and care and applications of patience and powders. Asparagus was excellent and plentiful, but now that its reign is over, other articles are succeeding in their order.

The fruit trees blossomed in fulness of promises, but now have removed their holiday attire and in work-day dress are busy at their labors, converting sunlight, moisture and earth minerals into delicious fruits. They too petition for a little essence of the clouds to insure the perfect flavor. Failing to find it in the atmosphere they send the roots down deeper and deeper, thus finding a source of supply.

Shall we apply the lesson thus taught? All the power necessary for soul growth can not be drawn from the outward helps given, but those who earnestly search, drawing closer and closer to the fountain itself, the living waters, shall there find unlimited measure.

Our school is in session with a membership of sixteen pupils. They were visited on the 6th inst. by a party of five, committee and teachers from Hancock.

Two of our buildings are renewing their youth, at least in appearance, by the application of a fresh coat of paint, and the very air surrounding them seems less cloudy since they commenced smiling in brightness. Cheerful countenances are so contagious.

We are pleased to say that our beloved editor, Elder Henry, is with us once more. Elder William Briggs accompanied him and is making a short stay with us.

We will now touch the finale of our Notes, which is love to all our Brothers and Sisters in other homes, and an earnest wish that daily blessing be theirs.

Fidella Estabrook.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

June, 1899.

JUNE is here and the days are long and fine. No rain of much account has fallen for two months and the land is suffering for the want of it. Not even a shower condescends to stop in this section. The fruit will probably be spoiled. Hay a very light crop. As for vegetables and flowers we can only hope as to-day is dull and foggy that rain may come and save them.

Sister Aurelia's books are now ready and selling fast at a dollar apiece. The guests from Poland Springs are much pleased with them. We are glad as Sister Aurelia has taken much pains to have the work a success and books, we know will live long after the visible form of the author is consigned to dust, so we believe her's will be a testimony to prove her love to her work and her people.

We are glad to record success in the sale of our plants, as at this writing the greenhouse is cleared of all salable plants, only enough left for home use.

Not long since, Dr. Bailey, a veterinary surgeon called here to examine our herd of cows, and pronounced them free from tuberculosis. This examination was necessary as the Ricker Brothers wished to engage our cream for the summer.

We hear that Elder George Clark and three Sisters from Enfield, Conn., are on their way to our home but are stopping at Old Orchard Beach. We shall be glad to extend to them a cordial welcome.

Ada S. Cummings.

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East Canterbury, N. H.

June, 1899.

HOME Notes seem so almost indirect in their communication between the inmates of our several gospel homes, that it is with pleasure we remark upon the almost tangible nearness of the mansions at West Pittsfield, Mass. and Enfield, Conn. Safely ensconced in the former, our beloved Editor is at date, and it is satisfactory through this column, though narrow, to greet him in behalf of home friends, who throng to the pen-point with loving congratulations and best wishes for a healthful sojourn. We are also especially mindful of the genial, hospitable friends who were so successful in their persuasions, and to whom we are attached by the bond which is dependent upon no human expression, yet may be manifest in every human expression. Sometime they may try the effect of *our* climate, as they have not recently done so. Someone ventures to suggest that Canterbury air is especially good in case of asthma, and we think so, too. At any rate, most of us are entirely free from the complaint, and this is no meagre testimonial.

Our kind welcome, long imprisoned in the heart waiting for action and circulation, is now upon the lip, but not till the 21st shall we have occasion to express it in the hearing of our beloved friends from Enfield, Conn. who have agreed to visit us in the name of the gospel interchange, so necessary to maintain the firm, equal pulsations toward the "exceeding righteousness," which true progress demands of our life forces.

Weather, drouth, crops, June roses and whippoorwills are prominent on the home almanac, but the Home Note rule forbids more extended mention. We and the robins must furnish the last word, however—"More wet."

Jessie Evans.

Union Village, Ohio.

June, 1899.

THE morning is pleasant, with clouds thinly covering the sky, and some signs of showers are present. We think we have had a sufficiency of rain for the present. Strawberries are coming in fine and large, and our black and raspberry bushes are full of blossoms and promise to be abundant.

We raise to-day a stock barn at our Westlot Farm, 106x35 ft. In a few days we shall raise another at the North family 40x30 ft.

All crops at present look promising and if we could only persuade people who need salvation, to come in and partake with us of all these great blessings, and of that infinitely greater boon—the everlasting gospel;—then we should have nothing left to be desired. If we all would agree to adopt the ideas of Edward Bellamy into practical life and surrender our selfishness, and live on terms of equality, we might then hope gradually to see the beauty of the genuine Christ life. Now is an excellent time for the study and practice of that "patience of the saints" spoken of by the inspired Seer of Patmos. Nothing is more necessary for Believers, than the exercise and continual practice of patience.

Our health is very good and this reminds me that we neglected to send to THE MANIFESTO, an obituary of our brother, Henry Tobin, who deceased July 9, 1897. Age 81 years, 9 mo. and 13 days. He had lived in the Church family about 20 years. Faithful in duty, orderly in conduct and an excellent miller.

We try to abound in charity, but we find it at the expense of no little self-abnegation. May we abound still more in this first of all spiritual gifts. We also abound in many beautiful flowers and flowering shrubs, which look splendid at this time of year and seem to indicate that we are determined not to have "All cross and no glory." We love to read the Home Notes of all the Shakers, east, west, north and south.

O. C. Hampton.

WISDOM is often concealed under a threadbare garment.

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THE FOOD WE EAT.

No. 5.

By Elder H. C. Blinn.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

There are races now in Australia (1898) who live on snakes, lizards, worms and anything living which comes within the grasp of these ugly looking creatures.

"Chinamen eat the chrysalis of the silk worm, and feast on cats, dogs, wharf rats, sea slugs, sharks, bats and caterpillar soup."

"The Indians of Florida eat horses, dogs, foxes, cats, skunks, crocodiles, hawks, crows and buzzards."

"Indians on the Rocky Mountains eat a dog stew."

"The Esquimaux eat putrid flesh of seals, putrid whale's flesh, reindeer chyle, brain oil and unhatched eggs."

Of course, the most of this is the food of the uncivilized races, but in many respects it comes quite near to those who have the honor of being civilized. By a close investigation we may now find that the highly civilized and Christianized nations of Europe and America are quite like our savage neighbors in the preparation of their food.

Professor Mussey thinks the command to eat every living thing was given because man transgressed in regard to the first law, which was to eat of the fruit and of herbs. Believers in the inspiration of the Bible should make a note of this, and make straight their crooked ways.

If the food that we eat to sustain life has anything to do with the ruling of our mind or body, and a large class of intelligent people, to-day, entertain that thought it becomes highly important, especially for those of the Christian faith to examine the subject with great care, As we study the order of food, of some of the savage nations, so repellent to our mind we invariably remark,—That, is pretty low in the scale of humanity. And then if we should reflect, how trifling the ascendency of the ace has been in the past 4000 years, we may well conclude that the millennium will still be in the far distant future.

We copy from an article in "The Temple of Health." Men grow to be like what they feed on . We are told of a man in Cohoe's who to show bravo caught and ate a mouse. His comrades were shocked. But why, why worse to catch and eat a mouse than to catch and eat a pig? In the eyes of an Israelite the latter would be far the more disgusting! No gastric strainer nor digestive net-work is sufficiently potent to transform putridity to purity. What a sight to see a family of Christians boasting of progress,—singing of the "tree of Life," and talking about angel's food, sit at a table and devour diseased meat."

While we may think it is very singular and even vulgar that uncivilized races should eat nearly all that may be taken from the body of an elephant, the Christians can eat, with a peculiar relish, almost all that is taken from the inside of the scrofulous swine. Indeed, the swine although refused by Moses as unclean and wholly unfit for food, is more carefully saved than almost any other animal.

"No other kind of food is so largely used as is pork in its various forms of preparation. In the western states, pork and potatoes constitute the most substantial portion of the farmer's bill of fare. Pork is considered such a delicacy that not a particle should be wasted. The fat and lean portions are eaten fresh, or carefully preserved by salting or smoking or both. The tail is roasted, the snout, ears and feet are pickled and eaten as souse; the intestines and lungs are eaten or made into sausages; black pudding is made of the blood; the liver, spleen and kidneys are also prized; the pancreas and other glands are considered great delicacies, while even the skin is made into jelly."

And more modern ingenuity has even utilized the digestive ferment of the gastric juice, to mix with the wonderful chewing gum that has such a fabulous sale. A piece of taffy and some juice

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from a pig's stomach, must be a nice article to have in the mouth!! What next?

"In fact nothing is left of the beast but the bristles, which the shoemaker claims. The terms scrofula and measles are so intimately connected with the raising of swine, that they become familiar to every school boy. Many who eat the swine hold in contempt the Frenchman who eats a horse, or the Chinaman who eats a dog. The trichina which develops in swine's flesh produce in man an incurable disease."

Oysters and clams are eaten as a rarity, and the American thinks it nice to eat the whole creature as it comes from the shell. In this the Americans and Patagonians and Fuegians have corresponding tastes. The one eats his oysters and clams without removing any of the refuse, and the others eat their crabs and turtles in the same way.

The English and Americans eat shrimps just as they are taken from the sea, with a sprinkling of salt, the same as the Arabs eat their grasshoppers. Then the Americans eat the little crabs that are found among the oysters, without removing even the shell, chewing and swallowing them with as much relish as do the Patagonians. Herrings are smoked when taken from the sea and then eaten, while sardines are packed in oil and eaten without removing any of the inner parts.

Turkeys are fastened to a board and forced to eat till they become diseased and their livers are swollen to an enormous size, when these are eaten by the epicures of the most civilized and Christianized of nations. Like the savages of Africa we make puddings of bullock's blood and extol them as choice articles of food, Tons of edible snails are brought to the United States every year and served as a delicacy to the highly civilized class.

We also have "clay eaters" right in our midst, who will eat a ball of clay from the size of a pea to one of three or four inches in diameter. The chewing, smoking and snuffing of tobacco is common among the men, women and children.

Snakes and eels are eaten in some civilized countries, and served to travelers by inquiring whether they preferred the "eel of the ditch or the eel of the hedge." The fishermen of Tangiers call everything fish that comes to the net. Limpets, snails, muscles, horseshoe crabs, toad fish, sea anemones, as well as the fish better known to other nations, and these are all bought and eaten.—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

While there may be great need of advancement in regard to the selection of our food, for the general health and for the comfort of the individual, it should be also, through the growth of intelligent minds. There are not only individuals, but also nations who thrive on a diet excluding the flesh of all animals, and there are nations who rarely eat anything except the flesh of wild and domesticated creatures.

The advice given by the apostle to his brethren, may prove profitable even in this case. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." The health and happiness of the individual becomes of the first importance, even though as a matter of taste, other things may have a great influence.

East Canterbury, N. H.

DUTY is ours; results, God's.

SINCERITY is the parent of truth.

Deaths.

Willa Bruce, at Shaker Station, Conn. May 1, 1899. Age 13 years and 2 months.

Death is often a welcome visitor to the old and infirm, but it is sad to see blight and decay fasten upon the young.

L. S. B.

Charles Massie, at Union Village, Ohio. March 24, 1899. Age 79 years, 11 months and 5 days.

He was for some years acting Trustee and Deacon of the Center and South families. True to the trusts confided to him he was respected by all. O. C. H.

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an illustrated article on "A Boys' Underground Club House." Two pages of photographs show "Where Our Presidents are Buried;" other picture "Children's Day in the Church," "Picturesque Bits of Gardens," etc. Mrs. S. T. Rorer teaches "The A. B. C. of Ice Cream Making," and gives menus for outdoor gatherings. "The *Journal's* Prize Model House" is shown, with others built from plans previously published. There are numerous practical articles on woman's work and woman's wear. By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE for July, 1899 is full of matter especially interesting to the reading public. Articles upon Charles Neufeld's "Twelve Year's Captivity in Chains in Omdurman," "Saved from Hydrophobia" by E. H. Julian add the history of the Ruskin Co-operative Socialistic Colony are alone sufficient to recommend the last current number. Price 10 cents. $1.20 a year. The International News Co. 84 and 85 Duane St.

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Books & Papers.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for August is a grand Midsummer Art and Fiction Number. It is brilliant and entertaining in its literary contents, and sumptuous pictorially, as may be judged from the fact that among its writers are included; W. D. Howells, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Joel Chandler Harris, Egerton Castle, Van Tassel Sutphen, Edgar Fawcett, Etta W. Pierce, C. F. Carter, Theodosia Pickering Garrison, Perriton Maxwell, Larkin G. Mead, Eben E. Rexford and R. K. Munkittrick; these illustrated by such well known artists as Albert B. Wenzell, Howard Chandler Christy, F. Luis Mora, W. Granville Smith, F. Hopkinson Smith, Hugh M. Eaton, Clifford Carleton, Charles Grunwald, H. C. Edwards, Frank Adams and Geo. R. Brill. Moreover, the single article upon Weddings in Art is illustrated with sixteen beautiful reproductions of paintings by celebrated European and American masters, including Teniers, Erdmann, Vautier, Riefsthal, Hovenden, Moran, Turner, Leighton, Mosler and Luke Fildes. William Dean Howells gives, in quaint and delightful verse, the gastronomical observations of one of our fellow-countrymen at Carlsband, who declares, "Breakfast is my best meal!" Joel Chandler Harris contributes one of his inimitable Minervy Ann stories; while Ruth McEnery Stuart's Queen o' Sheba's Triumph, is destined to rank among her masterpieces. Van Tassel Sutphen shows, in a wonderful imaginative work of fiction, entitled The Greatest Thing in the World; how this country is rapidly becoming golficized. Edgar Fawcett spins a weird yarn. The Lid of the Chest. Etta W. Pierce's Miss Angel is more cheerful. Larkin G. Mead writes a crisp little newspaper storyette, called Human Interest. A Day of the President's Life; by Mrs. John A. Logan, is no fiction, but highly interesting actuality. The midsummer cover, in colors, is by Wenzell. This number will surely rank "FRANK LESLIE'S" as the monarch of the 10 cent magazines.

British Honduras was originally a portion of Guatemala. In the days of piracy in the Caribbean Sea, English pirates used to run into the harbor of Balize for safety. They soon founded a small settlement there, without any right or warrant. The few natives were either annihilated or driven away. Other English and Scotch adventurers soon joined the pirates and British commanders either connived at or aided them in their opposition first to Spain and then to the Republic of Guatemala. For two centuries England tried every means diplomatic and military to secure a legal status for Balize. At first she was satisfied at obtaining the right of protection for so-called British subjects, in reality pirates. She always had cunning enough to insert the deceptive clause "Saving the authority of Spain over the country." This claim grew stronger till in 1862, during the War of the Rebellion, when England, took advantage of our troubled state of affairs and no longer feared the waning power of Spain, declared Honduras a free British colony. The way for this steal had been prepared by Mr. Clayton, the American commissioner for the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which, among other things, the concession of a participation in the Nicaragua Canal was granted to England and also the promise of the United States not to include British Honduras in any farther negotiations in regard to the Central American Republics. Never did man yield more easily what every true American, who loved the integrity of the Continent, should have refused. Where was the Monroe Doctrine at this time? Where the readiness to repel all foreign pretentions which is so pronounced in our own day?—*Donahoe's for August.*

THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT by H. L. Hastings. This little pamphlet of ninety-four pages is one among the many books that should be read for the information it contains. Bible readers will accept it with pleasure. It was written with careful thought and in language that bears so uncertain definition. It is also from the pen of one whose name is so familiarly known in the literature of good books, that we accept it without question. We follow the author; "Everything which passes through human hands is liable to be altered, corrupted and vitiated, and sacred books form no exception to this rule. The integrity of a book may be impaired every time it is copied. In copying any writing bad men might make alterations, careless men might make mistakes, and good men might seek to change and improve the things which they were copying, and so, in one way or another, the integrity of the document might be seriously impaired. This no intelligent person can deny." Pub. by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY for July. Dr. Gifford has an article on the "Science of Life," which renders valuable information for those who read to be better informed. Practical instructions on the science of life that all may read and be able to understand becomes a treasure of inestimable value. Home Breweries touches a tender spot in the minds of all temperance people. Many a hard word has been thrown at Deacon Gile's distillery by the would be zealous lecturer and yet he may have at the same time been innocently and ignorantly generating alchohol in his own home. Pub. by Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

ARE PROTESTANTS, CATHOLICS? by Rev. R. O. Kennedy. This is a small pamphlet of some twenty-two pages and written very pleasantly in the interest of those who would be saved. Pub. at Notre Dame, Ind. Price 5 cents.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX. SEPTEMBER, 1899. No 9.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N, H., as Second-Class Matter.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.—Jno. v., 39.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

THE searching of the Scriptures is always new and interesting. It is like the storehouse of precious treasures,—the eye never tires with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Those who have not grown to appreciate the study of the wonderful Book, will be more or less like those, who having eyes, see not the many beautiful things which God places before them.

We should study the Scriptures that we may be the better able to understand what the best inspiration of all ages has instructed men to do in the work of practical righteousness. It is the duty of a Christian to learn. It is also the duty of those who stand independent of the churches, and of their multiplied theologies, to learn how they may become better men and women.

When St. Paul advised his brethren concerning the Sabbath day, and closed his remarks so liberally by saying, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," and whether he keep Friday, Saturday or Sunday as a day of religious devotion, let him keep the day to the glory of God. So in reference to the study of the Scriptures. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind that he understands them and obeys them with a good and honest heart.

The Christian church in its most extended sense is comparatively a limited order, and largely amalgamated with that quality which we are pleased to denominate the spirit of the world. It is greatly to our advantage and to the advantage of every progressive mind that the influence of disintegration has

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wrought so effectually. It brought light into many dark places, and allowed an independence of thought which must be exercised by all rational beings. When there is life, there must be more or less growth of mind. If with this comes the practical righteousness which was taught by the mission of the Christ, it will largely assist in making the kingdoms of this world, the kingdoms of our Lord.

The Reformation allowed men to think and act, as they never thought and acted before, and this reformation still goes on dividing and subdividing the churches and scattering the endless systems of theology to the four winds of heaven. Man has now but little need of them. So also the war of the Revolution, while it brought to us, on every hand, the painful record of sorrow, it also brought to us the independence of the country, the independence of thought and measurably that freedom of soul with which God loves to bless his children. Our government recognizes no church, but gave to all the one great blessing of religious liberty. From this date, in the United States, a man for the first time, in the world's history, was permitted to think for himself and to choose the road by which he through anticipation, might reach the city of the New Jerusalem.

Do you suppose that a less number reach the kingdom of God, to-day in their freedom of thought and action, in their denunciations of churchal dogmas and soulless theological traditions, than were privileged to pass through the celestial gate in the days of Constantine?

God's light comes for the purpose of making men better, and it comes through the Godlike intelligence which rules the minds of men and women. To say that St. Paul was very shrewd and cautious and had a great point to gain, when on his mission to the church at Jerusalem, does not speak very highly for the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. St. Paul was not Jesus and therefore is not our especial guide.

As we search the Scriptures for a closer walk with God, we are especially drawn to the sayings of Jesus, and these are used with an emphasis which is unmistakable, because we have chosen to be as he was, separated from the world. Jesus gives us to understand that he was not of that order and if any man would become his disciple he must deny himself and take up his cross and follow him—away from the world. The Revelator writes that we must be harvested from the vine of the earth, and this most assuredly separates us from the world and from all the relations which grow out of that order.

If the mission of Jesus was for the introduction of a new and spiritual life, as all Christians admit, then as certainly it forewarns us of the decline and death of the state in which we had formerly lived, and brings us into a resurrection order where all things are to become new. Instead of wars which have been the delight of man since the days of Cain, we are to have peace. Instead of evil imaginations and unrighteousness as in the days before the flood

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we are commanded to purify the heart and to be crucified to the elements of the world.

Whosoever believes and lives in the resurrection testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ can never die, for his work is eternal life. So different is this from the children of this world, who follow the pleasures of time, that St. Paul tells us, they are dead, dead in their trespasses against light, even while their bodies are alive. The apostle's advice to try the spirits, means as well to prove the lives of religionists by the doctrines which they preach.

Advocates of peace principles are crying out against the warlike spirit of the age and then work with a corresponding zeal to inflame the passions of man, to rush to the battle field, and destroy the lives of each other.

The Christian prays as earnestly to God for victory over his enemies, as he prays for bread in time of famine. To denounce war as sin and then pray for victory to pass from city to city is praying that sin may abound. This knowledge comes through God's light to man and such a light as John Calvin, Martin Luther, and Roger Williams never saw.

It is the pleasure and indeed, the duty of the Shaker Church, so far as they have learned the operation of the spirit of truth, to zealously exalt the Lord their God.

This is manifested by accepting the revelation of light which leads us from ignorance and from selfishness to the blessing of an honorable life and of universal love.

East Canterbury, N. H.

"HE PASSED BY ON THE OTHER SIDE."

Read before the Church at Northfield, N. H., Sunday, June 4, 1899.

By Sarah F. Wilson.

WE have often read the touching narrative of the man who fell among thieves and was severely wounded while on his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho; of the Priest and Levite who passed that way, and seeing his needy condition very cautiously "passed by on the other side." Next came the good Samaritan, who tenderly bent over the injured man, providing most generously for his needs.

We may be more familiar with the incidents of the parable than with the Priest and Levite conditions in our own lives, as well as the good Samaritan qualities. Let us learn which of the illustrations will most closely fit our conduct. The Priest and Levite represented special classes serving as ministers to the people, held in their estimation nearer to God than any other order. That they had been the chosen instruments from the early history of God's people, seemed to have no weight with them at the critical moment when a practical service was needed; there was no ritual or ceremonial ob-

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servance that required the Priest or Levite to pause and care for the wounded and dying man. They were, perhaps, hastening to Jerusalem to offer sacrifice unto God in the Temple. Sacrifice in the Temple! There are temples of God's construction, whose temples we are; yea, the temples of our bodies which should be so fully dedicated to his service that all our faculties will be employed in benefactions toward our fellow-man.

In this service we recognize, not only the Fatherhood above us, but the brotherhood around us. It is not our province, however, to condemn the Priest and Levite of the past; their ears had never heard the blessed sound of the Christ message,—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," neither had they learned the truth, "If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God, whom ye have not seen?" Their example is quite unlike that of some of our devoted ministers and missionaries of to-day.

The Rev. Charles Sheldon gives an ideal picture in one of his books, (but one that we hope may be verified) of a minister of the gospel, living in an aristocratic part of the city, moving from his gorgeously fitted parish in a wealthy locality, to dwell in a humbler position nearer the more needy population, whose homes were in the tenement houses, that he might work among the non-church-going classes. What was the result of this step? He was dismissed from the Church by the vote of its wealthy members! Had he "passed by on the other side," hardening his heart to the crying needs of the common people, what would have been his reward? An extended popularity and support in a luxurious parish while ministering to a class of people upon whom Jesus Christ would have pronounced the sentence, "Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation." He would have missed that sweet reward from the Father which came to him in the assurance that he was reaching and saving those who most felt the need of a good Physician. Thus, to pass on the side where there is more regard for popularity than right principle is always taking the unchristian side, whether in Church work, in business, or in political life.

The question arises,—Why do we so often "pass by on the other side?" Is it not to avoid the self-sacrifice that is required should we press unflinchingly forward in the path of duty? But rendering the service of our lives merely from a sense of duty is synonomous to morality, alone. Did the good Samaritan act merely from a sense of duty or for human approval? The sympathy and love of his heart was touched and moved in compassion and practical helpfulness. No other element than the true love of God can be applied to his far-reaching kindness.

A life prompted merely by even the honorable obligation of faithfulness in duty will never constitute us the true disciples of Jesus Christ. "Duty is morality but Love is religion." The Samaritan, although from an idolatrous nation had more of the gospel of love in his soul, than could be found in all the documents of the law.

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Was Jesus Christ ever known to "pass by on the other side" when the lame, the halt, the blind, or even the leper sought his aid? The pages of sacred history are not once stained with such a betrayal of selfishness. Thus we have a perfect example, as a living reality to follow; not an ideal picture, an artistic sketch, or a work of the imagination. Do we "pass by on the other side" only when in connection with others? Ah, nay; we have an inner life. A new connection dawns upon our thought. Shall we obey it? That obedience involves the sacrifice of some idol we have long cherished; some mammon god we have worshiped. We can not sacrifice it, we argue, it would be hardly reasonable. Oh this harmful compromise! It leads us to "pass by on the other side." What would we not gain by obedience to that conviction. "Nearer my God to Thee, e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." A nearness to God we should gain by bearing that cross, but compromise with conscience, the voice of God, leads to the other side.

Again, how many opportunities we pass by, conscious of the pressing need of that very work being accomplished, yet we deceive and persuade ourselves that we are not qualified for that particular mission, thus we pass by on the other side. How much talent we find reserved for personal, selfish enjoyment which, if laid out broadly either in home life or in community work would better, not only the conditions around us, but would widen and brighten the horizon of our own lives!

The opening for service comes to us all in different ways, not only according to our various conceptions of right, and willingness of heart, but kindly adapted to our different stations in life. At some time in our lives, we may, in our Christian zeal, long to do some more important work for Christ than that which has engaged our hands and heart. They are rather commonplace needs, we think, and we have met them so frequently that our minds have become hardened to their existence, therefore we look beyond for our Christian work. If the beyond should come to us, it would find us unfitted for the work, not having grown the ability for greater things, by faithfulness in the grains of life,—the very service we have overlooked.

There is one great reason why so many pass by on the side other than that of the immediate call of the spirit. There is a plank of excuse put down, and it bears us safely over, but we find ourselves on unhallowed ground. Is this not always a plank of selfish interest? The difficulties experienced by the rich young Ruler, is the same to-day. An excuse was in his heart if not on his lips before the great sacrifice to be made of all his wealth; hence, with all his goodness under the law, like the Priest and Levite, he passed by on the other side of the direct and unmistakable call of the Christ. Spiritual aspiration dies, and is often buried under the superabundance of wealth. The luxurious life, the selfish pleasure-seeking life can have no part in the Christ life. The good Samaritan is much needed in the earth today, represented by Christian men and women who will rescue those who are

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falling among thieves. Aye! many of the pure and innocent are daily falling among thieves, who rob them of honor and virtue leaving them homeless, heartless, courageless, before the struggle of life. May the authority of Christ become so potent in our country that these moral thieves and robbers may be arrested before the evil is perpetrated, and thus not only morality but true, royal and loyal Christianity be preserved in our hearts, our homes, and in our community at large. Let us no longer pass by on the other side of the field of "present opportunity" that opens so liberally before us in service for the Master, but with the Quaker poet let us remember that we "may not pass this way again; therefore if there is any good thing I may do, let me do it Now."

East Canterbury, N. H.

A Farewell to Elder BENJAMIN H. SMITH.

By Josephine E. Wilson.

HOW reluctantly the word of parting is framed by the lips even to dear ones who are about to leave us for a few weeks or months, only, of absence. The hope of reunion remains with us, lightens our daily task, and brightens the darkest hour of life. "They will return!" Even after years of separation, we speak happily of the "coming home." But ah! how different "when the last farewell is spoken; severed the last, tender tie," then the law is irrevocable; they have crossed the bourne whence no traveler ever returns. Gradually, day by day, the verity grows upon us. We find ourselves unconsciously planning for "when they return." We knew so well the little human things which formed a part of the earth life! We knew so well the richness of their experience, and unwittingly we say, "when they return" all this will be renewed. It takes time, to realize that the voice of a loved one is forever hushed to the household, that "Nevermore" on this side shall we hear the step or meet the glance always so welcome; but all this comes,—ah, but too surely.

Elder Benjamin has joined the invisible "brotherhood of souls." "His reward is with him and his works do follow him." The memory of these loving works will ever follow *us*, for who was so kind to respond to the many calls of his large "household of Faith?" Who so conscientious that all his handiwork should keep close to the perfect pattern of the Master Workman, who drew his affections in early days. "Elder Benjamin is a good man." These simple words fell as a benediction from the lips of our sainted mother, Eldress Dorothy, during one of her last conscious moments. It is pleasant at this parting hour to repeat them, though in *her* memory they were enshrined in an acquaintance of a life-time. During the last months of feebleness it has been ours to minister, rather than to be ministered unto, and as

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we realize, to-day, that the round of life and daily service has really closed for the present, the "Angel of the Heart" whispers, "We know not when the dear ones will leave us. Let each day, then, bear the fulness of Christian service, that the sunset of life may fade upon no regrets."

The good father has been gathered to "his own" among the "conquerors of Time." They draw our hearts after them into the "Beyond," but our footsteps linger still longer upon the strands of earth, while memory holds sacred the good life, the full measure, the kind brotherhood, the useful manhood that has so gently been drawn away from us into the holier sphere.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE DIVINE OVERSHADOWING.

By Hamilton DeGraw.

IN all the systems of life that have in any measure evoluted out of the gross materialism which was the result or reflection of man's unspiritualized condition as he existed in the ages before the quickening of the spiritual forces, which even then, in that lowly estate, existed in embryo ready for the breath of life which, when breathed into his spirit, made him a living soul. In all those methods of expressing life there runs like threads of gold through every fibre of human existence the recognition of a power not foreign to the human finite existence. It is of a superiority far transcending the human, and at times manifesting itself in a way that to his undeveloped soul is classified as marvelous.

While not comprehending the law through which those forces are being made manifest, it has appeared at times as if they had been set aside or revoked so as to exhibit to his unfolded mind that which seems a miracle. This being the result of his ignorance, will be remedied through the expansion of the soul, and knowledge of the fact that miracles do not exist; that whatever transpires in the material or spiritual realm is guided by a law that is immutable.

Tracing human life through the ramifications of its complex existence, back to the dawn of human history, and following it even into the realms which eventually merge themselves into the prehistoric, this one supreme, central idea of universal acceptance,—a belief in a divine, overshadowing Presence, proves that it is the normal condition of the soul to recognize that there exists a superhuman power; and a rejection by individual entities of that fact is proof that such human minds are not in accord with the truth.

A reverence for an intelligent acceptance of the truth of the existence of that infinite Presence, when it is based upon the evidence given through the highest medium for transmitting ideas,—the intuitive faculty, whose perceptions of and decisions in regard to the right or wrong of a theory are not based upon the intellect alone, but when under the control of the spiritual

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faculties can be used as a powerful auxiliary for good, and when thus controlled can be relied upon, for from their position in the divine plan they are superior to all others; it being intended to have them more in harmony by recognizing all others as secondary conditions, controlled by the ever-present spirit. An unquestioning, unreasoning compliance with the fossilized dogmas of sectarianism, is not being spiritually-minded. Their paths do not run parallel nor converge. The more enlightened the soul becomes by a study and obedience to those laws which in their operation lead "from nature up to nature's God," the stronger the internal evidence is that to be spiritually-minded is life, joy and peace.

Those external symbols, in the form of idols, intended to represent the human or animal were the lowest forms through which the idea of infinity was represented. Outward symbol was intended to convey a manifestation of the divine spirit. That the conditions of human development made such illustrations necessary is admissible, and as they fulfilled their purpose, like a garment outgrown and worn they were rejected. Sometimes the soul through the inspiration of its higher consciousness turns iconoclast, breaking the idols that it formerly worshiped, thus clearing the way for a new and higher ideal.

We can at times, with beneficial results, smite with a strong hand and indomitable will those idolatrous forms that have before our soul's vision tried to counterfeit the divine presence; if not in the form of inanimate matter, then the more condemnable when represented by ideals that have been instrumental in eclipsing our vision, causing us to be unconscious of that spiritual power which is omnipotent and ever present to the soul that is prepared for its reception.

Dr. Livingston stated that the lowest types of savage life that he met in his travels, recognized the fact of a superhuman power, and a belief in the soul's immortality which has withstood the shock that has destroyed nations and races, and which at the present time is extending its benediction over the earth as never before known. It is the supreme power that has kept human life moving steadily onward and must be admitted by every one who is capable of intelligently studying the causes which have brought life up to its present standard. This consciousness of the divine presence, has been the inspiration that enabled those heroic souls who were the witnesses of the truth and commissioners of an advanced light to the world, to maintain their integrity in the face of an demoniac in its ferocity. Savanarola, when about to suffer martyrdom at the stake was accosted by the bishop with, "I expel you from the church militant and from the church triumphant." Savanarola replied, "Not from the church triumphant, that is beyond your power."

A conscious recognition of the divine Presence empowered the possessor with a courage that is invincible when brought in contact with those powers which are seeking to suppress an open expression of the truth. In the hum-

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ble walks of life, among those on whose brow fame has never placed her laurel wreath, are souls who are living in the conscious presence of that everlasting life. They have given all for the advancement of the truth and are ready to suffer that its principles may be triumphant and human life exalted, moved forward one step farther toward its great and mighty destiny.

We can not accept the views advanced by certain so-called reformers, that the race is becoming more materialistic and the moral tone of human society is on the descending scale. Such souls must be living in the lower realms of their being. Such views are too horrible to contemplate, and we turn from them to view life's brighter side.

Shakers, N. Y.

FINISH THY WORK.

FINISH thy work; the time is short;
The sun is in the West;
The night is coming down—till then
Think not of rest.

Finish thy work; then welcome rest;
Till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God,
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work; then wipe thy brow;
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work; then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work; then go in peace;
Life's battle fought and won.
Hear from the throne the Master's voice;
"Well done! Well done!"

Finish thy work; then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of mighty joy
And endless love.

Give thanks to him who holds thee up,
In all thy path below;
Who holds thee faithful unto death,
And crowns thee now!—*British Friend.*

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MOTHER ANN LEE.

By Emma B. King.

ANN LEE was born February 29, 1736, in Manchester, England. She accepted the testimony of James and Jane Wardley, in 1758 and after suffering persecutions and imprisonment she embarked for America with eight of her followers, and arrived at New York on the 6th of August.

Why do we commemorate this day?

It is one hundred and twenty years, since Mother Ann, whom we acknowledge as the founder of our Church landed on the American shores. We celebrate the anniversary as a pleasant opportunity to renew our vows of consecration to the glorious cause which she espoused. We exalt the integrity of purpose which fitted her as a pure agent to disseminate light and truth to the world, and to reveal a way of salvation to all souls.

Those who associate as Brethren and Sisters in the Virgin Order,—the fruit of the revelation of God, through our Mother Ann, have a debt of gratitude, for sacred protection, which others may not comprehend. Its blessings and beauty open anew to our minds, as we realize that one baptism, one cross and one sacrifice enable "whosoever will" to find a spiritual home for both soul and body, under the parental guidance of God's love to mankind.

We have unlimited confidence in the Christ spirit that spoke through Jesus, which gave to the world so much of truth as it was prepared to receive, and which was renewed and perfected through Mother Ann.

It is only for this sacred feature of the gospel mission, that the landing of Mother Ann on the shores of America would be an event of moment to us, more than the landing of other people, either before or since. The spirit that breathed into her soul, was a purely, unselfish mission, and to this she remained faithful.

We rejoice that the testimony of Mother Ann was preached in a Free Land and that this church of Christ was established upon principles which are life unto life to those who obey them. The crowning feature of the life of Mother Ann was her loyalty to principle. She suffered severe persecution at the hands of both men and women, whose favor she might have sought.

Although we can not claim great experience in walking by the cross, even though surrounded by the angels of God, yet we honor and seek that birth of the spirit which through obedience may be ours and which was possessed by Mother Ann. She flinched not, but published the truth in its fullness, even in the midst of persecutions.

Our Mother's mission was to make it possible to build and maintain homes on a spiritual communal basis, and many happy companies of Brethren and Sisters, are prospering in the union and blessing which these homes have afforded.

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We have a peaceful, happy home to-day,—It affords us the comforts of life, with temporal, moral and spiritual protection. This comes through the faithfulness of our gospel parents, in the seen and unseen world. But best of all, for which we are now giving thanks, is the knowledge of the Christ mission of Mother Ann, which has opened its arms as a loving father and mother, to this little band of brothers and sisters, as we stand in gospel union, and with the full assurance that we may win and wear a full crown.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

By Lillian Phelps.

IT would be impossible to picture to the mind, Jesus, without the attribute of love. Love shone like a bright star, through the truths that he uttered and in the parables he gave for instruction in his doctrine.

In many instances wherein he sought to touch the hearts of the poor sinful multitude which crowded about him, attracted by the love and forgiveness which he bestowed alike on all, we find the Pharisee, ready to accuse and condemn.

In the story of the woman, known to be a sinner, who came and anointed the feet of Jesus with precious ointment, (Luke vii., 36—50.) we read how the Pharisees rose in self-righteousness, and mindful only that she was a sinner, wondered that Jesus could not discern that she was unholy. Jesus, however, in his great love and tender mercy, saw beneath all this the sincerity which prompted the lowly service, and sent her away with the happy assurance, "Thy sins are forgiven."

Can not we, as followers of the divine Pattern, draw a valuable lesson from this little instance? How often in daily life, we can discourage a brother or sister by refusing to recognize a good effort, rather magnifying the mistakes and failures. Oh the accusing spirit of the Pharisee! how little it knows of the love of Christ!

We are chosen to become ministers of good to each other, Saviors to seek out the undeveloped germ of the divine in the worlds around us, and encourage and strengthen by sympathy and love, until it becomes the tree bearing fruit unto God.

East Canterbury, N. H.

A good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; temperance the best medicine.

One may gather a harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought—thought is the winnowing machine.

No man is good enough to govern another unless he has first governed himself.

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THE MANIFESTO.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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NOTICE.

OUR little Magazine which at the present time is known as "THE MANIFESTO," issued its first number in January, 1871, at Watervliet, N. Y. At that time it bore the very pleasant but modest title, "The Shaker." It was the messenger of "good news," and in its advocacy of the testimony of the Christ, gave no uncertain sound.

Its publication has been sustained by the liberal contributions of the several Shaker Communities, as they have manifested a deep interest in its success as a medium for good to its own members, and no less to those who were not residents of the Community.

Possibly it may be after a term of some thirty years, "THE MANIFESTO" has accomplished all the good it can for the present, and may now go into retirement till another wave of enthusiasm calls it again into action.

To all who have ministered to the success of the little paper, as writers or readers, or to its circulation, we extend our kindest thanks. Times have changed. Money is scarce and the several Societies have suffered with the laboring classes in the common distress.

It is now proposed that the December number of "THE MANIEESTO" for 1899, shall be the closing of the publication.

The Directors.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

July.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.
1898.	75.3	2.125 in
1899.	72.42	7. "

Highest Temp. during this mo. 92 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 50 "
Number of rainy days " " 9
" " clear " " " 9
" " cloudy " " " 13

July, 1899.

JULY has been quite a hurried month. It has given us seven inches of rain which is more than the three preceding months combined gave us. July gave vegetation a verdant coloring, which gives the landscape almost a vernal bloom. Notwithstanding the scanty showers of April, May and June, their total supply of rain was only six and one fourth inches, yet garden and farm crops showed very limited signs of drought. The garden has given

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a bountiful supply of wholesome vegetables; the farm furnishes us with excellent new potatoes; the orchard gives us an ample supply of ripe apples; the nursery and berry bushes afford us a variety of small fruits. There is no danger at present of our perishing with hunger.

There has been a decided improvement made on our village street; more yet remains to be done. The road-bed is coated with gravel from the cross walk,(running from our dwelling to the infirmary,) and north to the junction of the two roads; the west wall of the blacksmith pond dam has been repaired; a substantial railing has been built on each side of the dam and the road has been gravelled, which is an improvement. The N. Y. State Road is at the point of completion. The Mass. end is being worked.

Our Ministry are at Hancock. It is a time of usual health in the Community.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

July, 1899.

HOME NOTES and bird notes
How do they agree?
Bird notes are merry notes
So should Home Notes be.
Bird notes are musical
Full of light and life
Cheering ev'ry hearer
Like the harp and fife,
MANIFESTO Home Notes
From the writers' thought,
Can impart the music
Which the birds have taught.

When July laid its burdens down August rose up to the rescue; should we not as ready be to lend a helping hand in bearing the burdens of life? Ofttimes they are many and heavy for the willing few.

Eldress Miriam Offord of Enfield; Conn. honored us with a visit. We were spiritually benefited by her presence and were thankful for her coming.

She's just "what God requires of her
A messenger of love
A minister of light and peace
Her works they surely prove."

Saturday the 29th ult. we were favored with a call from our worthy friends Mr. and Mrs. Brannen of Denver, Col. Hope their next journey east will be of greater length but remembering "short visits make long friends" we will not regret brevity.

By kind invitation of our North family friends a happy band from here entered the land of Canaan, Thursday the 3rd inst. and devoted the day to blackberry picking. We found a rich harvest of that most healthful fruit.

Milk and honey we found flowing
Through the berries black there growing
Though the thorns were strong and great,
Yet we met with kindly fate.
Many thanks to northern friends
All the south to them extends.

Geneviere DeGraw.

North Family.

August, 1899.

BEAUTIFUL days and bountiful harvests of berries are ours. To be sure aching backs and scratched hands must be taken with the blue sky and deluges of sunshine but if we had no stubborn discomforts to beat our wings against how could we know that we had wings?

The tide of summer travel casts now and then an ebbing wave upon our lawn and some of the salt and some of the silliness too of the great world ocean linger for awhile in the atmosphere about us; one to be used as a needed tonic and the other as an equally needed warning.

The making of the State road promises to be no slight task. After the hard labors of the day, you may see squads of dusky-faced Italians on their errands of business or of pleasure. Poor exiles! How little they thought when playing among the olives and vines of their sunny land, a day would come when they would be laying roads among the hills of far away America. Are they homesick? Their swathy faces tell no tales. Does not God intend for us to have a kindly interest in the stranger at our gates? stranger to us but not to God. Are not we too busy or too indifferent?

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It is Sunday to-day. One of those perfect days that Beecher calls a "flower dropped over the walls of Paradise." As usual we shall attend service at the Church family. Elder Levi, busy, burdened Elder Levi, has just come down the walk with a Sabbath peace on his face and the sound of his springy step, for he keeps a little chapel of fadeless springtime within the hoary cathedral walls of old Time's building, and the twitter of the birds are all that break the silence. Such perfect peace! And among the islands of the Pacific are our brothers at war. Life is indeed a hard nut but there is a rich, sweet kernel within, and it takes many blows from God's hand to bring it forth. If we, like peevish children, push His hand aside and insist upon breaking the shell ourselves, we shall get the kernel all the same but not without much self-bruising. Our nation is just now learning this lesson.

Think of the conference at the Hague! These are mad times, but also glad times, and best of all God's times. Will not this be one of the memorable summons of history? Is there not something gravely significant in the representatives of the old world of Europe and of older Asia suspending their deliberations at the Hague to celebrate our Independence Day?

Do we realize what is being done in little Holland just now? To use Stead's words, "A company of men is busy creating at the close of nineteen hundred years of nominal Christianity a court which will give the nations a chance to carry their disputes to some other judgment seat than that of war." How all our petty cares and toils, our bread and butter strivings sink into nothing in this broad white light of promise.

G. Ada Brown.

Shakers, N. Y.

July, 1899.

As we note the shortening of the days observable in the rising and setting of the sun, we are reminded of the words of that old hymn commencing, "Our days are gliding swiftly by," and if we could we would not detain them. The present is constantly becoming history, as it is recorded in the annals of the past, and the prophetic future is becoming the living present. The pleasure of anticipation in looking forward gives the inspiration to every healthy mind to struggle for the best and make the futnre superior to the present.

During the month of July we were favored in a manner that seldom falls to our lot. Our Beloved Elder Ira Lawson spent Sunday the 23rd ult. with us, and although the visit was of short duration when counted by hours, yet the blessing that came to us while in spiritual communion with him could not be measured by an earthly standard. We also had a pleasant visit from Sister Sarah Cutler of Mt. Lebanon.

In reply to the question of Elder Oliver C. Hampton as to what will destroy the Curculic? we would state that our experience has been that the most effectual means to prevent its ravages is as soon as the fruit is past the blossom, to catch them by spreading a piece of cotton sheeting six or eight feet square, under the limbs and by a sudden jar on the limb they will fall and can be caught; and by burning them and all of the defective fruit that falls. The best time is in the morning while the insects are dormant. We have seen plum and apricot trees where this system was followed three or four times in a week, or better, every morning, to yield bountiful crops of fruit while those that were neglected yielded none of any value.

Hamilton DeGraw.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

August, 1899.

WHEN last we visited the Home Circle, we were predicting fruitless harvests, and lamenting the dryness of the earth, because of the scarcity of the rain. But should we not make known the sequel

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and as readily appraise the blessings as murmur at the ills of life?

The rain came. In copious showers, in lengthy "drizzles," in light mists; but interspersed with rays of sunlight, so that now earth is smiling in freshness and beauty.

It is now a beautiful morning. The green-covered earth is sparkling with millions of sunbeams, and the trees stand arrayed in treasures of bright crimson and gold. On such mornings as this one realizes more fully the significance of the words said to have been uttered in the last family prayer given by the author, Eugene Field. "Let us bring morning hearts to Christ." Not hearts only weary as at close of day, seeking rest; but hearts filled with praise, and bright with purpose, strong in an endeavor to do our best.

Why has August been so neglected by poet or singer we wonder. They tell of "June's Roses," of "Golden October," etc., but August is only noted for her sultry days, and—visiting flies. But who like August of all the months, fills in each detail of the rude sketch prepared for her by her preceding sisters. She rounds the apples and tinges them with sunlight hues; she bronzes the pears, and busily stores away sunbeams in fruit and vegetable; she touches each tree and flower with fuller, deeper beauty;—and then October comes along, and with a dash of color here and there, and a grand final swing of the brush; completes the picture;—and receives the glory.

We were disappointed,—very pleasantly, as to the hay harvest, and reports are now issued of a plentiful supply.

Pears are exceedingly abundant and apples, all that we shall need. An advance regiment of tomatoes have arrived from the fort across the way, with tidings of a well conditioned army soon to arrive. Those who survive the present season will be quartered with us for the winter, I presume.

Upon our mountain-side a city has lately been building; its cottages are exceedingly light and airy, with no superabundance to intercede with nature's way. Its inhabitants are natives of Italy's fair clime, and they are hewers and drawers of stone and earth building another mile of state road on the Massachusetts line, to meet that of New York, for the "Old Bay State," wishes to meet on an equal footing, always.

We have enjoyed the pleasant society, and kindly influence of our editor for several weeks, and now that he has returned to his old home, miss him very much. But there would be no welcomes, unless a farewell preceded, so we shall hope and trust, that the future may again see him at Berkshire.

Fidella Estabrook.

East Canterbury, N. H.

July, 1899.

THE Shaker Church was established one hundred and twenty-five years ago. The landing of eight persecuted souls in New York, Aug. 6, 1774, opened the history of our church work on this continent. It has long been our custom to commemorate this important event, and the current month brought no exception.

The Sixth occurring on Sunday, the anniversary exercises were presented to the society between the hours of 1-30 and 3-30 p. m. in our Old South Church. Each number on the well-arranged programme was especially appropriate to the occasion, the following giving particular pleasure:—

In our Home of Many Mansions. Chorus.
A Historical Summary of the Church.
Why Do we Commemorate this Day?
Our Mother's Way. Trio.
The World's Good Women.
Our Mother. Acrostic.
A Bouquet of Flowers. Little Girls.
Art thou Watching over me My Mother? Quartette.
Choice Gems from our First Elders.
Thy Kingdom Come. Children.
What will Bring the Heavens Nearer? Chorus.

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Links in Mother's Golden Chain. Youth.
Mother's Crown. Little Boys.
Our Mother Ann of To-day.
Our Mother's Last Hymn.

While blessings rich and many are ours to-day, may we ever hold in sacred memory the names and testimony of those pioneer spirits, who suffered that our communal Christ homes might be established in this land of freedom.

Temporal prosperity is still vouchsafed to us. Beloved Elder Henry has been heartily welcomed home. No good friend or friends accompanied him from that lovely hospitable home at West Pittsfield, however. This would have been a pleasant sequel to a pleasant story.

Haying has closed at this date.

Jessie Evans.

Alfred, Me.

August, 1899.

DURING the past month, thunder showers have been of frequent occurrence. On July 21, we had a very severe one from seven o'clock p. m. when the storm broke until after midnight it was a continual roar of thunder and the lightning flashed all over the sky, it seemed like too armies met in battle. We are thankful to say that we did not suffer any from it, altho rumors of disaster came from all around us.

Hay is harvested and we find we shall have a plentiful supply with what was left over from last year's store The Sisters are busy getting basket work ready for sale. At present Elder Henry Green is in the White mountains trying to exchange some of it for the almighty dollars which we need for the comforts of life.

We are having very cool weather, the evenings are quite chilly, if it continues to grow cooler we shall expect an early visit from Jack Frost.

We look forward each month with pleasure for THE MANIFESTO, for it is full of good things. It is one of the links that bind our homes together, for through its columns we hear from our gospel friends afar.

Eva M. Libbey.

Enfield, N. H.

July, 1899.

NEARLY four months have had their time since six of us were transferred from the Church order to this family, and our time has been fully occupied with the duties incident to the prevailing conditions, thus debarring us from some of the pleasantries and duties pen and mind has enjoyed.

With the abundance of fruits and grains, coupled with the remembrance of the many joys that are ours as we live in nearness of thought to the Christ spirit, we rejoice and—

"Our heart's breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done."

Not according to any world levelling process, nor by any pagan conception of life, impeding expansion of individual and society life toward a higher degree of existence, but by the power of mind that will expand in duties and uprightness of spirit, valuing principle above human favor or material gift. It may not be essential that we echo end reecho the same remarks the founders of our societies heralded, but it is necessary that we give full consecrated lives to the principles that bind us together.

"Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past, their triumph won,
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place."

A careful inspection of our true condition will apprise us of the fact that "hands to work and hearts to God" is the imperative law of to-day that we may remain able to hold fast that which is good.

Our Church family have shone with new lustre; three buildings revealing very artistic dressing. With our kindred there we gather each Sabbath and exchange gifts of the spirit. With us change from family to family can not mar the ties of affection or withhold the aid each one is capable of giving. New voices may sound the gospel news and different themes inspire the lips; but never can new friends or modes of life take the place of old ones bearing the seal of Christly approval.

George H. Baxter.

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Union Village, Ohio.

August, 1899.

We have very good roads around our Village, and our Supervisor, Bro. J. H. Fennessey, has very thoroughly gravelled them this summer as well as made many other improvements over our farms and premises; being our farm deacon as well as one of the Trustees. During the last eighteen months he has built many new fences, and cleared many places of rubbish, such as weeds, briars, fence-rails sticks and stones,—so that as I pass around the premises, I see many places altogether improved. I call this one of the emphatic ways of keeping the Gospel. For all this is in perfect accordance with our blessed Mother's testimony and teaching.

Last Sabbath, I read a discourse in our morning meeting, from the writings of Thomas A. Kempis, on "The joy of a good Conscience," and I think if we all would see to it that we keep that richest of pearls pure and unsoiled, we will enjoy even our temporal blessings in far more perfection and peace. It is said that temporal and spiritual go together, and this is true—nevertheless, the former must move, live, and have its being and actually emanate from the latter. Our yards are full of flowers, which give out their fragrance and beauty on every hand, and point to the Great Architect, whose wisdom and love, truth and goodness purity and peace, mercy and forgiveness, are deep and substantial, not only, but sublime and ornamental. But we are too far from any profitable market to make merchandise of our flowers, as they do at Alfred, Me., and as for Lebanon our county seat, one dandelion posy would glut the market there. So we must be contented with looking at them, which indeed is a great comfort—for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

We are enjoying excellent health, and there is not a healthier location on earth than Union Village, Warren Co., O. Some 30 acres of our wheat yielded 29 bu. to the acre (amounting to 870 bus.) We have about 6500 bushels of wheat this season but some of it was somewhat damaged by sprouting in the shock. However, we will not complain about that seeing we have been so abundantly blessed in our basket and store the present season.

Some of our oats yielded 50 bus. to the acre. We also have barley and rye and an excellent crop of potatoes. What we should like would be for some of our good Brethren and Sisters from the Eastern Country to come out here and settle right down on our vacated premises, and enjoy the comfort and blessing of the same. They would find such a good place to make a living out of the soil and an abundant welcome from the Society here.

I wish THE MANIFESTO prosperity and success and also all its editors and publishers.

O. C. Hampton.

Books & Papers.

What has been done of late in the educational world in the way of advance, and what lines the immediate future advance is to take are two cognate and related subjects treated in the Educational Number of THE OUTLOOK (August Magazine Number,) by two of the foremost educators and writers on educational topics—Professor Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, and President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University. The two articles form a memorable and unusual contribution to the literature of American education. ($3 a year. The Outlook Co., New York.)

Hamlin Garland, Anthony Hope, John Kendrick Bangs, Harold Richard Vynne, Anna Robeson Brown, "Josiah Allen's Wife," Clara Morris, Kate Whiting Patch and Anna Farquhar are among the half-score of writers of fiction who contribute stories to the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. The Midsummer Fiction Number of the *Journal* is in many respects a notable magazine. It has brought together in a single issue some of the most popular story writers, and the most capable black-and-white artists to illustrate their work. Fiction, of course, predominates, but there is an abundance of timely, practical articles especially appealing to home and family interests and tending to lighten and brighten women's work. The Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., has an interesting arti-

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cle in this issue on The Diffusion of Happiness Through Conversation; the third of his Secrets of a Happy Life series, and Mrs. Burton Kingsland and Emily D. Striebert write of With the Children on Sunday; their diversions and instruction; What Can be Done With an Old Farmhouse pictures how an old building may be artistically remodeled at small cost. On two other pictorial pages are shown the most cozy and attractive Houses in Woods, Valleys and Mountains: and The Sweetest of Summer Charities pictures the work of the flower missions in several cities. The latest feminine fancies in dress are set forth in The Gossip of a New York Girl; and Emily Wight writes of the Newest Styles in Hairdressing and Laces for Dress Trimmings. Mrs S. T. Rorer's cooking lesson is on Cold Dishes for Hot Weather; and Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Warman's health talks are on timely themes. For the boys Dan Beard explains how to make A Back-Yard Fish Pond. The editorial departments are more interesting than usual, and touch upon every phase of home life. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

MISSION OF THE SHAKERS by A. G. Hollister. A little pamphlet of thirty pages. It informs us that "the object of a Shaker life is purely religious and spiritual." It is self-conquest; salvation from all wrong doing, from selfishness to be utterly rid of the carnal life and will, through a perfect moral intellectual and spiritual obedience to the commandments of God. Pub. by A. G. Hollister, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

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THE

MANIFESTO

OCTOBER, 1899.

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Books & Papers.

At the present time there are 320 women nurses in the service, and these are scattered from Puerto Rico to Manila. A nurse now receives under contract forty dollars a month, and fifty dollars if serving out of the States. An army uniform has not yet been adopted, but is in contemplation. Steps are being taken to place the woman nursing corps of the army on a permanent and satisfactory basis. But it is very true, as Dr. McGee says; "This is a thing which it is impossible to do empirically, or at one stroke." With our increasing responsibilities in other lands, responsibilities which entail the keeping of a large force of our soldiers in countries and climates generally alien to them, the continued maintenance of the corps of women nurses seems nothing more or less than a humane necessity. The woman nurse during the recent campaign proved herself capable of rising above the most trying and usual conditions. She has been a success; more than that, she has been acknowledged a necessity. Nursing is distinctly a woman's vocation. It is a profession which, under all ordinary and the most extraordinary circumstances, should belong to women. Ask any one of the soldiers who lay ill or wounded in the hospitals during the late war what they think of the woman nurse. There will be but one answer to every query, and it will be seen that the moral strengthening and support of a good woman's presence is, in time of war and suffering, as great as that of her professional skill.—*Anna Northend Benjamin, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September.*

"It is estimated that during the last year 6,000,000,000 pieces of mail matter, including all classes, were posted in the United States," writes Patti Lyle Collins in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for September. "Of this number, 6,812,731 were sent to the dead-letter office, making an average receipt of about 21,000 letters and parcels for each working day. During this period more than 85,000 pieces were dispatched either with insufficient postage or none at all, 32,000 bore no address whatever 34,000 were misdirected, 200,000 were unclaimed at hotels and something more than the last number were sent to fictitious addresses. And to these figures must be added 2,973,387 letters and circulars without inclosures of obvious value which could not be returned to the senders and were destroyed. More than 50,000 letters contained money amounting to $38,595 while 32, 422 included drafts, money orders, etc., to the value of $945,000, to say nothing of 30,000 with photographs."

"OUR ANIMAL PROTECTIVE LEAGUE." We have received one of the first numbers of the LEAGUE, which is a very pretty, illustrative pamphlet. The object of the League is to awaken a deeper interest in "the care, protection and kindly treatment of animals." The leaflets will be issued monthly, well printed and well edited, with stories generously illustrated. The Leaflets are 5 cts. each or $3.00 a hundred. Pub. by Our Animal Protective League. 105 East 22nd St. New York.

In hardly any subject are educators interested more just now than in the adequate and satisfactory representation at the Paris Exposition of American education. The Director of Education and Social Economy for the United States, Mr. Howard J. Rogers, writes on this topic for the twelfth annual Educational number of THE OUTLOOK describing the plans adopted and the character of the exhibits to be made. There are several striking pictures with Mr. Roger's article. ($3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York City.)

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY for August has an abundance of truth for those who are willing to accept it. The lecture read by the Rev. Aaron Walker is full of valuable information and equally full of salvation. He says that a "clean life is an important factor in the regeneration of the race."

Dr. Gifford in "The Science of Life," works earnestly for the advancement of truth while he says that "Life Science is a word representing a system of philosophy that, when understood and fully developed. will be to mankind in all of his life needs and possibilities, what addition, subtraction, multiplication and division are to numbers." Other valuable articles may be found in this number which should claim the special attention of those who wish to be well informed. Pub. by Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

Women hold an important place in the world's history. They were the power behind the throne in ages past. Every era produced its heroines, and down through the ages history gives to us noble, cultured women whose lives have been an inspiration to all. Their deeds are recorded with those of men. They wore their laurels and won renown by helping man not by usurping his place or claiming equal rights with him. Their first duty was their home, and around the hearth stone they inculcated into the minds of their children the duty they owed to God and to their country. What place in the world's history will the twentieth century women occupy? Where will posterity find the heroines of our day? Will it be among our so-called highly educated women? Will history record the "century runs," "golf games," "women's conferences," where stupid theories are discussed and homes neglected? Will it give a place to club women with their teas and gossip?—*In Sept. Donahoe's.*

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX. OCTOBER, 1899. No 10.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

MOVE ON!

By Eider Henry C. Blinn.

IN the Providence of God, Move on! Keep moving on!! Move on toward improved conditions for society, where men may have confidence in men, that the best interests of society may be conserved.

Move on toward an individual cultivation in self-denial and into a high appreciation of practical righteousness. Moving on seems to be so in harmony with the creation or the revelation of God that we have every inducement to accept the sacred privilege. Whatever variations in life are for the better, moving on toward goodness is indeed, moving on toward God. The whole creation seems to share in the universal evolution, and to work as was designed by the laws of nature. We may well contemplate with astonishment the wonderful work that has been wrought in all that pertains to life, since the day it was called into existence.

Moving On, best expresses our idea of the successive changes that have taken place on the earth. The animate and inanimate, more or less, share in the general law. The rivulets and rivers are moving on toward the sea, and even the great oceans themselves are moving upward to form the clouds, and then moving down again to fulfill their mission over the whole earth.

Individuals, families and nations are moving on from ignorance and barbarity to higher and higher forms of education, and to a wonderful progress in civilization. Human kindness is being more largely developed in merciful forms toward the weak and simple-minded of our own race, and then toward

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all the lower orders of animal life. Man is growing in this divine revelation,—the merciful man is merciful to all the creation of God. There can be no limit to the distance to which this may move on, in its mission of peace on the earth.

During that period of time which we are pleased to call the "Stone Age," we read of man, only, as a wild and savage race, and but a slight remove from the wild beasts. Happily for us, man also moved on to another age, and to better and better conditions for the race. We now anticipate a brighter age than ever has been, as the light continues to shine and the hope of the millennium may not be so very far distant. That anticipated season is certainly coming, is moving on, if it be not already at our door.

People who stand in their own light, and are determined not to see how beautifully the knowledge of God is beginning to cover the earth, must make the pilgrimage of life a sad, dreary journey, as has been largely the case with the religious world. That has moved at a less accelerated speed than some of the above as it has multiplied a thousand different forms of belief and ceremonies, till it is more of a wonder, than otherwise, that its progress as a whole has been so fortunate.

In this year of our Lord, religion, with many persons, means honesty in trade, truthfulness in speech and kindness to man and beast. This form of religion, though destitute of all ceremony, is quite acceptable throughout the whole world. There has been a time when the making of a fetish or the praying to one was called religion. A stick or stone became the representative of a wonderful power. As time moved on, a creed or a ceremony became the vital point on which to form a judgment respecting religion.

But in common with everything else, religion has been forced to move on, and although at a snail's pace, fetish worship and churchal dogmas have largely given place to other forms and systems, more in accordance with the civilization of the age.

Religionists from an early date have made capital of the errors of mankind, and have not failed to afflict and to anathematize all who dared to differ from their established form, either on points of faith, or doctrine. The horrors of religious persecution have marched by the side of religious zeal, from age to age, rushing the masses into a baptism of blood, that for fiendishness has not its parallel in the history of heathenism.

In the Apocalypse may be read, a vision which illustrates a religious beast, having no less than seven heads and ten horns. This hideous creature was able to draw down, with his magnetic tail, not less than a third part of the stars of heaven. As repellent as the picture is, commentators of all shades of religious belief have charged it upon each other, that their religion embodied this dragon-like representation. Traces of this unchristian spirit are occasionally discovered, even at the present date, but as the world is obliged to "Move On," this form of cruelty will evidently grow less and less till it

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will, finally, all fade away and become things and experiences of the past.

Dark and sinful days may come to individuals who neglect to watch, or like the foolish virgins who fail to replenish their lamps with oil, but it may be with them as with the hypocrites of whom Jesus said,—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, They have their reward."

One most beautiful relief to this sad picture is found in the life of Jesus. His mission of self-denial and soul consecration assures us that the spirit of God still dwells among men, and that even the religious element is moving on, and that righteousness is growing in the earth.

This light, so effulgent, agreeably to the prophetic voice, must yet fill the whole earth with its glory, and transform the kingdoms of this world into the kingdoms of our Lord.

East Canterbury, N. H.

SCENES OF GLORY.

AWAY I have turned from this world's transient glory,
From evil and all that the wicked can boast;
And have set out for Zion, O hear the glad story,
To gain, more than gain, what in Eden was lost.

Behold the sweet prospect of life never ending,
Here scenes of bright glory will open to you;
And as all the strong ties of nature are rending
Kind heaven will grant you a life that is new.

'Tis here you may find the true balm of the Spirit,
And feast on the bread and the waters of life;
Yes, rich treasures eternal may safely inherit,
Secure from this world of confusion and strife.

Though trials await me the light has descended,
The highway of heaven to me has appeared,
Though my life it will cost me, I'll not be offended,
But keep the straight way which the Lord has prepared.

South Union, Ky.

THE VIRGIN RELATION.

By Alonzo G. Hollister.

WHEN the rich young man came running and kneeled before Jesus, and asked him Good Teacher, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? Jesus answered, "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." The

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man said, "Which?" Jesus replied, "Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt not commit adultery; Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not bear false witness; Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The man said, "All these have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?"

A good man it seems, according to his own account of himself; but he was not satisfied with the life given in these commandments. Jesus looked upon him, and loved him; gauged him—took his measure. Then he said, "One thing thou lackest; If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow me."

Several things may be learned from this relation. First, that one may enter into life simply by keeping those commandments which enjoin us to do good and to abstain from evil—and still not be a follower of Christ, nor have treasure in heaven.

Second, to follow Christ and have treasure in heaven of eternal life, one must, in addition to keeping the commandments, renounce earthly possessions if he have any, and be joined in associated and consecrated service with the members who are of Christ's body.

Third, for those who selfishly cherish earthly possessions, this requires a change of heart. For where the treasure is there will the heart be also. If the heart is set upon earthly things, it can not be upon heavenly things, for no man can serve two masters.

That the reign of the heavens abolishes all private ownership is confirmed by what follows. The young man went away sorrowing for he had great possessions. Observing this, Jesus said to his disciples, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Then Peter began to say to him, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee." That there might be no mistake, Jesus said, "Verily I say to you, there is no man who has left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife, or children or lands for my sake and the gospel, who will not receive a hundred fold now in this time, houses and brethren, sisters and mothers, and children and lands, with persecution and in the world to come eternal life."

This can be fulfilled only in the order of communal life, such as was practiced in the primitive Christian church at Jerusalem,—such as we are called by the instruction and training we have been privileged to receive, to set an example of, before the world. Is not the reward more than commensurate with the sacrifice we are called to make?

We voluntarily lay off that which is self-limited and perishing, full of conflict and unrest in exchange for which we are promised a hundred fold in this life of all we need for life's support, with life everlasting that has no flaw, to complete our joy when the goal has been won and all conflict is ended.

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Jesus declared that heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away. That is, the heaven and earth built upon the selfish, natural life of the world in its highest reach of perfectness. It is limited, full of antagonism and subject to death, designed from its beginning to pass away, that it might be supplanted by the spiritual and eternal, which is revealed to us in the word that shall not pass away. And this is the word which is preached to us in the gospel of virgin purity,—and of love in self-sacrifice and mutual serving, ultimating in complete death to the old man and old woman, and the birth and growth unto highest perfection and harmony of the new creature in the anointed Savior.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

"THE LEAST OF THESE."

She had little of earthly beauty;
She had less of earthly lore;
She climbed by a path so narrow,
Such wearisome burdens bore!
And she came with heart a-trembling
To the warden at heaven's door,
And said, "There were hearts of heroes,"
She said, "There were hands of might,
I had only my little children,
That call to me day and night,
I could only soothe their sorrows,
Their childish hearts make light."
And she bowed her head in silence,
And she hid her face in shame,
When out from a blaze of glory,
A form majestic came,
And sweeter than all heaven's music,
Lo, Christ did call her name!—*Christian Herald.*

THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.

By Henry C. Farmer.

THE present war in the Philippines has caused much discussion in the daily newspapers and literary publications, and the paramount question seems to hang on the Jeffersonian opinion that there should be no government without the consent of the governed, or in other words, that no government or country, the United States, for instance, should attempt to subjugate, control or govern any people without first obtaining their consent or ascertaining if such action would be approved by any country or people it might be our fortune to have power over.

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I have alluded to this matter, not to discuss it but to apply it to the government of a household. There must be a director, a person in authority, who shall have full charge, complete control in minor as well as in more essential matters, for without such an officer there would be the most dire confusion. It is imminently necessary that there should be a center which all things should revolve around in order that everything have its proper bearing to preserve its equilibrium, and that there be no friction; without this center,—this governor, no system would be successful; no good results, no benefit be derived by members of a family or nation.

If the system is a wise one, administered for the common good of all—which is generally the intention of the persons in authority—then success is sure to follow and a benefit to all is assured. Then the governed should yield a ready compliance to all rules and regulations of the government or officers when the affairs of a family or country are honestly and faithfully administered. But the rules and regulations of a family, a community, or a country should be based on the law of equal justice to all,—justice tempered with mercy.

A careful diagnosis is made by a wise physician, the remedies and treatment decided on, then the patient must faithfully and rigidly follow the direction, the rules which the wise physician has prescribed else the result may be most disastrous; in the same manner and with the same care must the affairs of a family, a community, or a country be obeyed, or the results will be anything but satisfactory.

The governor of a state; the judge on the supreme bench; the officers of a community; all persons in authority have annoyances, trials and perplexities of which the persons having no such responsibilities have no conception and consequently, can not realize or appreciate the situation. The governed should acquiesce cheerfully and willingly in all reasonable rules, for this is not only making it more agreeable and easy to such officers but is more satisfactory to the persons yielding to them. No abject manner; no humiliating one's self is necessary; one has only to do this in a manly or womanly manner, fearlessly and honestly.

But the governing power owes a duty to those not in authority, and wise managers will not govern with an iron hand, but will administer the affairs of their office in a mild and gentle manner, that good results may follow; will approach those dependent on them as if they had good news to tell; it is not only *what* is said, but *how* it is said that produces the desired effect and to which all persons will, usually, quickly respond. Discipline can be maintained sufficiently and with better effect if justice is tempered with leniency and mercy.

There are cases where certain laws, rules and regulations seem harsh, unnecessary and uncalled for, but we must bear in mind that such laws are made not to control persons who do not need stringent measures, but to re-

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strain the lawless element, to control persons who, otherwise would not live up to the requirements of society unless they were compelled to do so by such laws.

There is only one way to make the affairs of a nation, or a family, a great success, and that is for all to work for the good of others, for the common good, to have confidence in each other, to have no jealousies, to extend to others the same treatment which one wishes accorded to himself, to follow the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

The provident manager of a household, stores his granary which is still overflowing when it is spring and seed-time and the dearth of winter nearly past; let us, then, apply this to ourselves and store our minds to repletion with good resolutions to govern ourselves wisely, to faithfully perform our duties, and we will find ourselves met in kindred spirit and will have discovered "The Art of Government."

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

REFORM.

By Frederic McKechnie.

TEMPTED in all points like as we are, Jesus, the Nazarene, must have faced the same temptations that to-day assail many an earnest soul. For, whoever has a heart to feel or a brain to think, and looks at the condition of things around him to-day, both near and far, can not help becoming possessed of a longing desire to do something to better conditions. We can not blind our eyes to the fact that all is not as it should be. We would fain help. After long and painful pondering, at last we think we see the cure.

The erring nations need no longer err, we say in all good faith; we know how to set them right. Those who walk in crooked paths, if they will only be guided by us, will be set in straight places. Ignorance and sin shall no longer have dominion, for we have the light that will banish all such darkness. Only let us flash it in the sight of a bewildered world, and that world will instantly hail us as its deliverer. Self-love is aroused. We are overpowered by the subtle tempter, and forthwith become eager and zealous reformers—of somebody else.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" That is the only reply to be made to this and to every other offer of the deceiver. "Get thee behind me, for it is written, thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and *Him only* shalt thou serve."

Thou shalt not serve self under this or any other specious disguise. Thou shalt serve "Him only." So it is written, and so it is felt, whenever the better self is allowed to speak. To Jesus, the temptation, to go up to Jerusalem, enter the schools of the Rabbis, and as a spiritual teacher make a name for himself outshining that of the illustrious Hillel himself, must have come with terrible strength. But, he put the sweet cup from him, and mended

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shattered masts and broken oars for a few fishermen on a little Syrian lake, and waited till he knew before he spoke; until, in his own life, he had faced and mastered the problems that so pressed for an answer in the life of his times.

When that answer came, it was not to name and fame that he was directed, but, to blame and shame. He was not to become one of the great ones of the earth, but simply to go about doing good, to the mean tax-gatherer and the despised woman of the street, and any one whomsoever he might meet by the wells or the wayside. And if any might wish to become the follower of one such as he, here was the preliminary instruction;—"Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor," words which in the ears of a high-born Roman or a law-revering Pharisee could only sound like madness.

But he shrank not from the cross that was henceforth to be the symbol of his life, and which he carried to the end, from the time when he went home to become subject to his parents. That cross was the entire subjection of his own personal, private will to the will of God. It lay in perfect obedience to the new spirit, the Christ, that took possession of him as he brought his own spirit into subjection to the behests of the divine law, and he preserved it unbroken even unto death.

His disciples, to-day and through all days to come, can only take the same path. If we do not, if we reject as unnecessary the cross of self-denial, we are not his disciples, talk and preach as fervently as we may. The world is saved by *doers* of the word, and not by *hearers* only. It will be redeemed, *is* redeemed by those who count not their own lives dear, who seek not to save the carnal will, but freely lay down their lives for Christ's sake and the gospel's. "All for all," is here the governing law. Give all and you receive all. He who loses his life, finds it again, with some strange element of eternity so worked into it, that he can never again lose it. He has saved it in the only sure way that it can be saved, and the small satisfaction that comes of having one's own way and will gives place to a satisfaction that knows no bounds, for its root is henceforth set, not in the finite, but in the infinite and the eternal.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Correspondence.

STAR ADA CO., IDAHO.

ELDER R. M. MESSICK,

DEAR FRIEND;—Your letter of February 19th at hand and finds us in usual health, for which we are indeed thankful to the Giver of all blessings temporal and spiritual. "You say my views on married life are all wrong and not in harmony with God's word." Jesus in all his teachings, by exam-

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ple and precept, taught a life of purity, such as is not found on the Adamic plane. He said "All men can not receive this saying save they to whom it is given. He that is able to receive it let him receive it." If one must become emasculated to enter the kingdom of heaven, all must or not enter. It is an inward work.

Paul told the Corinthians that the unmarried cared for the things of the Lord, but the married cared for the things of the world how they could please their husbands and wives.—1 Cor. vii., 32—34. "So then they that are in the flesh can not please God."—Rom. viii.,8. In my last letter I requested a solution of the above, but you were silent, yet it clearly specifies who those are which care for the Lord and those who care for the things of the world. John says "all there is in the world the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life is not of the Father but is of the world." You say marriage is a divine institution; if divine, why is it under the entire control of the civil law? Abraham, to whom you refer, was under the law, as all are who do not accept the life and example of Jesus the Christ. You say "when the Millennium comes then marriage will cease." To every faithful follower of Christ the Millennium has appeared, and marriage ceases with them. Jesus said, "The children of this world marry but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world neither marry or are given in marriage."

Peter says there will be a new heavens and new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness. You say that you infer from my letter that I am not now with my wife. It is with me as Paul said, "This I say brethren, the time is short; it remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none."–1 Cor. vii., 29. The meaning conveyed is, that they live as virgins, wholly abstaining from the gratifications of the flesh. Paul says "They that are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with the passions and the lusts thereof." The keys Peter received of Christ unlocked to him the great mystery of godliness and he had a desire to know the truth for he said to Jesus; "Lo! we have left all and followed thee." And Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that has left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children but shall receive an hundred fold now in this time and in the world to come eternal life." In the hundred fold promised in return there is no wife but persecution is mentioned in lieu thereof.

In his first epistle he said; "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul."—1 Peter ii., 11. You say no one can be saved without immersion into water. To be baptized into Christ is to be baptized into his death to sin, for millions are baptized in water and still remain out of Christ. "For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body or church," which is the church of Christ. Give me the baptism by the spirit into the Christ life then I know I am saved from sin and by no other baptism can anyone find salvation.

Your friend,

WM. W. BELLMIRE.

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MOTHER ANN LEE.

THIS is a befitting opportunity to renew our vows of consecration to the noble cause which she espoused. We exalt the integrity of purpose which fitted her as a pure agent to disseminate light and truth to the world, clearly defining the nature of sin and revealing a way of salvation therefrom to all souls.

Those who are blest to associate as Brethren and Sisters in the Virgin order which is the fruit of the revelation of God through Mother Ann, have a debt of gratitude to render for sacred protection and liberty which no others comprehend. Its blessing and beauty open anew to our minds as we realize that one baptism, one cross and one sacrifice enables whosoever will, to find a spiritual home for both soul and body, under the parental guidance of God's love to mankind.

We have unlimited confidence in that Christ which spoke through Jesus of Nazareth, giving to the world as much of truth as it was then prepared to receive, and which was opened afresh and finally perfected, through Mother Ann.

Only for this sacred feature connected with the journey, the landing of Ann Lee on the shores of America would be an event of no more moment to us than the landing of hundreds of people, before or since. The spirit breathed into her soul, opening to her a purely unselfish mission to which she ever remained faithful.

We rejoice that the testimony of Mother Ann was preached in a free land, and that this blessed church was established upon principles which are life unto life to those who obey them. The crowning feature of her life was loyalty to principle. She was opposed and severely persecuted by both men and women whose favor she might have sought, but she reviled not.

We honor and seek that birth of the spirit, which through obedience may be ours, and which was possessed by Mother Ann so that she flinched not before her duty but published the truth in all its might, receiving often in return great persecution with malice and enmity against the Christ testimony.

The mission of Mother Ann made it possible to build and maintain homes on a spiritual, communal basis, and many happy communistic homes of Brethren and Sisters, prospering in each other's union and blessing have been the result of this suffering and labor. We have a peaceful, happy home, blest with the comforts of life, with temporal, moral and spiritual protection by the faithfulness of our parents in the seen and unseen worlds.

Above and beyond all for which we give thanks is the knowledge of her Christian mission which has opened its arms as a loving father and mother, enabling us, if we are so minded, to stand as brothers and sisters in gospel union and equality in Christ.

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We are members of a Church which should be "without spot or wrinkle," a faith which is as the "keys of the Kingdom," a light which showeth us the "exceeding righteousness" demanded of "his people" a relationship which claimeth "he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother;" an inheritance which makes us heirs of the kingdom, "joint heirs with Christ." With such a legacy what shall the future of our church bring forth? Shall it not be an hundred fold of the fruits of the Spirit? The "Spirit and the Bride" demand it of those who would "enter in through the gates into the City."

East Canterbury, N. H.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

By Lizzie D. Horton.

THE kingdom of Christ, which we pray may be established upon the earth, does not come with display, for it is the enthronement of Christ in each individual life. Its perfect consummation, will be the obedience rendered to the will of God.

The law of this heavenly kingdom is love; as its principles of righteousness and peace are made the guiding and controling elements in the hearts of men, the knowledge of the truth, is extended to all people.

It was the mission of Jesus to lay the foundation of this spiritual kingdom and having taught many truths as the laws for its government, he left with his disciples, instructions for its growth and development, commanding them; "Go ye therefore and teach all nations," baptizing them through faith and love, as members of the kingdom of God or Christ Church, of which Jesus is the "corner-stone" its life and the source of its power.

The majority of those who followed Jesus, failed to understand the distinction between the Kingdom with its spiritual rulership, and the earthly kingdom which they had expected he should establish in Jerusalem, and many discussions arose from time to time, as to which of them should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Jesus taught them that these distinctions did not exist in his kingdom, but the highest place should be given to him who was most willing to be the least, or servant of all. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

In this kingdom, there are neither rich nor poor, high nor low, as shown in the words of the Divine Teacher,—"I have not called you servants, but I have called you friends," also, "I am among you as he that serveth."

As we accept the life of Christ, just so far are we able to proclaim his mission of peace and good-will. When Christ reigns as King the powers of darkness will be dispelled by the light of that spirit which fashions the life according to the perfect Pattern.

East Canterbury, N. H.

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THE MANIFESTO.

OCTOBER, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is publisht by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
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TERMS.

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A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

☞ REMITTANCES for subscription by Money Order should be on the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

August.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.
1898.	72.4	10.75 in
1899.	69	1.75 "

Highest Temp. during this mo. 84 above 0.
Lowest " " " " 48 "
Number of rainy days " " 5
" " clear " " " 11
" " cloudy " " " 15

Sept. 1899.

IT is harvest time in this quarter of our Masterly Globe. We are gathering apples, pears, sweet corn, potatoes, etc, all of these look so perfect in form, and are of such excellent quality, we might imagine they grew in the garden of Eden. In thrashing our grain, the oats turned out over fifty bushels to the acre; rye yielded in proportion. We have a full supply of garden products from vegetables, fruits, and roots each in its season. The weather being so dry during April, May and June our meadows did not yield the amount of hay they did last year, consequently there will not be so many tons to sell. We shall have enough to supply home stock.

The standard of our moral obligations we endeavor to bear aloft both by precept and example. In our connection here we find,

> Many men of diverse minds,
> Many men who choose to stray
> And their foolishness display.
> Many who their wills control,
> Exhibiting a dingy soul,
> There's a few who still declare,
> By the Truth their lives they square.

The health of Community, generally, good. There are some who can not always stand erect under the pressure of Life's burdens and so need the help of a good physician.

Elder Arthur Bruce gave us a short call on Aug. 28th, which was very pleasant. It increases our love which is the life of the soul.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

Sept. 1899.

"THE WORLD MOVES" bringing to us blessings, rich and many. The new highway is rapidly approaching completion; the traveling public are watching and waiting for the good time coming, when the old road shall be no more, and the crooked, winding ways of the old mountain road will give place to the strait path where the wayfarer can travel without a fear.

Brothers, Frederic McKechnie and Daniel Offord—Sisters, Eldress Anna White, Sarah Burger and Cecelia DeVere who attended the Peace Convention at Mystic, Conn., on Sunday afternoon, the 27th ult. gave a rehearsal of the meetings, in the

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Hall of the Church family. As we listened to their remarks we were more and more convinced that the "world moves," and that goodness is filling the souls of men.

Elder George Clark, of Enfield, Conn., called here on a sunny morning in Aug. and in the afternoon Elder Arthur Bruce of East Canterbury paid us a hurried visit. The "world moves" and so they could not tarry long, for the call to all is Forward.

We shall much regret the passing away of THE MANIFESTO, it was such a pleasing medium of communication with friends far and near, but the "world moves" and all things of this world must pass away, but the word of eternal truth and light which we have sought to publish in the earth can never die.

Genevieve DeGraw.

North Family.

Sept. 1899.

THE beautiful autumn weather of September, clear and sunny, yet cool, finds us with haying all finished, potatoes almost all in, and rye and other grain crops safely housed. We are now awaiting the arrival of a portion of our corn-cutting machinery from the repairer, and then we shall be able to cut the ensilage corn that is to feed our milk-producers throughout the approaching winter. Of fall apples we had a very plentiful supply from our Red Astrakhan, Twenty Ounce, and other trees. Winter apples still remain to be gathered, so soon as they shall ripen, and though they are not over-abundant we shall yet have enough, and that as the proverb tells us is as good as a feast.

Our bee-keeping experiment has been quite a success. From our five hives we have so far, taken 100 lbs. of honey and expect to get yet more before winter comes. Meantime the bees, angry at the robbery of their stores, are continually on the alert to sting any one who comes near their homes, or else diligently search into belated squash and bean blossoms for the means to make up that "more" which we are expecting.

We have received in printed form copies of a vote of thanks from the authorities of New Lebanon, expressing appreciation of our liberality in donating right-of-way for the New State highway that runs through our lands. Such tokens of the good-will of our neighbors are valuable and to be valued, and we feel correspondingly grateful for them.

In concluding these Notes we have only to mention that a few of us had the privilege of visiting the 34th Annual Conference of the Universal Peace Union at Mystic, Conn. towards the end of August. It was very pleasant to meet with so many lovers of the cause of peace and good-will among nations. We are all agreed that peace and good-will between individuals is the only right thing. Those who met at this conference met to maintain that it is also the only right thing between nations. We derived much good from our brief intercourse here, and believe that we also ministered good and the whole aim of life can be summed up—can it not?—in these few brief words, to give and to get good.

Frederic McKechnie.

Shakers, N. Y.

Sept. 1899.

WELL, so we must say goodbye to THE MANIFESTO! It is like saying farewell and giving the hand shake to a friend from whom we are being parted, and whom we do not expect to again meet until we clasp hands on the other side of the mystic river. It causes a feeling of sadness to come over our spirit and a regret that conditions necessitate such a change. Longfellow beautifully expresses the sentiments that should dominate the soul under such conditions.

"As one by one thy hopes depart
Be resolute and calm;
O fear not in a world like this
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

While we are penning these lines by the light of the evening lamp we realize plain-

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ly the presence of some of those saints who have journeyed on and they minister hope and courage; they were faithful unto the end and our prayer is may we be worthy to follow in their footsteps; and may those who to-day, here in earth life, are bearing the brunt of the battle to sustain the cause and uphold the principles of the higher life be comforted and strengthened.

The trend of thought manifested in the writings of the advanced thinkers, religious or political, point very plainly to the culmination of another of those wonderful cycles that, as mile-stones, mark human progress; and the race is entering upon a new cycle that will bring to the front powers that have in the past laid dormant, and by their use human life will be lifted higher in the scale of spiritual evolution.

The testimony that Believers have held forth, that a denial of the attractions of the lower life and a spiritual growth away from those conditions is necessary for a development of the spiritual life is stronger to-day in the world than ever, and though sects and parties may rise and then decay, that truth will remain forever a beacon light showing the way to attain to those treasures that perish not with their using.

Hamilton DeGraw.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Sept. 1899.

THE foliage, already turning to view its fast fall colors, and the bleak winds, so familiar to September and its followers in New Hampshire, are striking the death knell of our short-lived Summer. Of small fruits she offered us a bounty, and we were quick to seize a goodly share during her prime. Now that she is leaving us, we are pleased to find ourselves entitled to valuable property in the shape of cranberries, grapes, butternuts, with a promise of our full share of chestnuts and beechnuts when Jack Frost is ready to help us. The cutting of ensilage is now in progress. 400 tons of corn, 15 ft. tall will yet come under the power of McCormick's Corn Binder. The more we use this machine the better we like it. Nothing that chews the cud and parts the hoof will suffer when supplies are safely stored in the three huge silos.

While squashes are not considered in quality quite as good as last year, 1088 are now at hand for winter storage and demolition.

Day school opens this month, in common with neighboring ones, twenty-seven pupils in prospect.

Our full order of Ministry visited the Society at Enfield, N. H., between Aug. 28 and Sept. 15, and are now at home once more.

Jessie Evans.

Enfield, N. H.

Sept. 1899.

IT was with heartfelt sorrow we read the notice of the intended suspension of our MANIFESTO, whose pages for many years have helped to cheer us along life's way.

Our Society as a whole has had an extra fine trade in Fancy Goods this season. The Sisters of both families who attended fairs and went to hotels to sell their articles, have put into the family purses sums of money, pleasing to the eyes of all.

During the past month the writer with Eldress Rosetta Cummings and six Sisters, of the Church order, spent two days at the Lake Sunapee Spiritualist's Camp Meeting. There we met an old-time friend Dr. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., who delivered a lecture upon his travel and experiences in India. His kindly remembrances of Elder Frederick Evans and recital of their doings while in England, were very pleasing. On Sabbath evening, nothing would do but we must occupy the platform and sing and speak in their conference meeting.

At time of writing, we are entertaining Elder Abraham Perkins of East Canter-

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bury. We see that time has laid no severe hand upon him. We can say as we think of his 92 years of life—Virtue pays those who prefer soul-elevating influences and pleasures to those that debase and degrade. Even blessed are those whose lives have ebbed away many years below the life-mark Elder Abraham has attained, having given their all to the work of human advancement. Consoling is the knowledge,

"Not all earth's denizens—the human race—
To sensual life their noblest pow'rs have given
On history's page this glowing truth we trace,
That souls for high and glorious aims have striven."

George H. Baxter.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

Sept. 1899.

WHILE we have seemed to be neglectful of "Home Notes," home work has required constant attention and in that capacity we have striven to be faithful, for the elements have been against us in floral culture. The early drought affected our sweet peas so much that the vines were completely covered with the green aphis. This fly absorbed the goodness from the vines, and only by the persistent efforts of shot guns, sprayers, etc., did we succeed in subduing them. As it is, we got no flowers in July, but through August we had abundant bloom, and what is better, found a ready sale for all the sweet peas, asters and carnation pinks we could raise Since Sept. came in, heavy winds and more drought again played havoc among our vines, but now it is too late to save them.

Sisters have canned green peas and string beans for winter use, and the season is at hand for fruit canning. Of some kinds we shall have enough to be comfortable. Apples in our section are scarce.

Repairing buildings is the order of the day. In the Dwelling house a large room is being fitted up for music; and at the Laundry the Sisters are arranging a nice, light room where they can be together while making the fancy work.

The fall term of school is about to open and the pupils are rejoiced to welcome Wentworth, the mathematician, instead of Walsh. We are delighted with "Gentle Manners" and shall use it in our school.

We were not unmindful of the anniversary of the sixth of August. Appropriate songs were sung and selections from the "Life and Experience of Mother Ann Lee" were memorized and rendered in our Sabbath evening Service.

Ada S. Cummings.

Alfred, Me.

Sept. 1899.

WE regret to hear that the publication of THE MANIFESTO must be discontinued. We wish to thank the Editor and publishers for their efforts to continue it as long as they have under the pressure of so many financial difficulties.

On Aug. 26, through the kindness of the Portland and Rochester R. R. our young people enjoyed an excursion into the city of Portland, and after a sail to Peak's Is. where lunch was served, we returned to the city and took a ride of about five miles on the electrics, arriving home at 7 p. m. tired and glad to be in our quiet home again.

We hope to be blessed with an abundance of rain before long, for the springs and wells are failing us and all the water for kitchen and laundry purposes has to be pumped. The spring that supplies the tank at the foot of our hill where the trains fill their boilers, which has never been known to fail since the railroad was built, some thirty years ago, in now so low that the Railroad Company have had to put in a steam pump to pump the water from the lake into the tank.

The sweet corn is being harvested and taken to the corn factory. We find the amount from 15 acres to be 28,759 lbs. after being cut off ready for the cans.

Eva M. Libbey.

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White Oak, Ga.

Sept. 1899.

To-day the first brick of our enlarged Southern home was laid by a son of Ham, and we are glad to record progress and encouraging prospects. Ten months ago a small company from Union Village and White Water, Ohio, accompanied the beloved Western Ministry to this location, close to the town of White Oak, in the extreme south east county of Georgia to found another center of spiritual life and light as understood and enjoyed by the "people called Shakers."

A few persons from the South joined us and in a beautiful Southern mansion with abundant acreage, timber, fish, sea-breeze, promising fruit we daily perform our duty, asking God's blessing upon our labors.

This newly-acquired estate of 10,000 acres is peculiarly adapted to stock raising and dairy purposes and is located on the F. C. & P. R. R. midway between the important cities of Brunswick, Ga., and Jacksonville, Fla., and extends to within six miles of the Atlantic swell,—in fact the tide steals up to our asparagus bed not 100 yards from the house. We have already proved that our home farm is capable of raising 50 bu. of corn per acre, and 300 lbs. of pumpkin per vine, and sweet potatoes to astonish even New Jersey. Asparagus equals anything North, and melons, well—they are at home here, and just enjoy growing "big and beluscious" as the darkey declares.

Thirty of our range-fed cattle were rounded up for sale, a few days ago, and all were surprised at their fat and healthy condition. On another branch of our possessions, a $10,000 crop of excellent rice is being harvested. and this will very materially help to raise the new and conveniently modern 90x40 two-story extension to our home.

Our climate is not accompanied with more, but probably less disadvantages than Maine, Minnesota or Mississippi, and there is much good to rejoice over and share every way and alway.

We humbly and confidently look to the divine Spirit to gather to us an earnest, self-conquering, spiritually Christ-baptized company to carry on the work of the pure gospel of love in labor and life—our precious heritage and present and eternal hope and heaven.

The Ministry of the West expect to spend the winter with us, and we hope to welcome them next month.

We feel waves of loving interest and spiritual blessing, reaching and touching us from so many believers in other homes. We send back the overflow of our thankful hearts to you all, and pray that big billows may break in blessing on every shore of our rock-bound Zion.

Elder Charles Faraday or Eldress Laura Fridger will gladly give any further information desired.

Let us do right as we eat good food, not for reward but for health.

Courtney Rundelle.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

By Rev. Geo. F. Hunting.

'Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.
"One of us here would not be felt
One of us here would quickly melt!
'But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow-leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone
Long enough ere the day was gone;
But I'll help you, and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be.'

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried
Seeing another drop close by its side;
"This warm south breeze would send me away
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you, and you help me.
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea!"

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
'The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, oh what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand?"

* * * * *

And so the snow-flakes grew to drifts,
And grains of sand to mountains;
And leaves became a pleasant shade,
And dew-drops fed the fountains.

Deaths.

Caroline W. Kirsten, at Hancock, Mass. July 26, 1899. Age 18 years, 1 mo. and 28 days.

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CHRISTIANITY AND SCIENCE, by Daniel T. Taylor. The best thing to say about this little book is—read it, and then make your own conclusions. It was published for the purpose of throwing a little more light upon the subject, and we want all the light that can be given on any subject. Pub. by H. L. Hastings 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

That there are five thousand theatres in America, and that one million and a half people attend them each week-day night, spending seventy millions of dollars a year on theatre-going, are the surprising facts with which Mr. Franklin Fyles, the dramatic editor of the New York *Sun*, will open an important series in the next issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The series will be called "The Theatre and its People," and will run through seven numbers of the magazine, lavishly illustrated with pictures made by twelve different artists. The articles will treat of every phase of the theatre, the play and the actor, from the inside, and will tell how a theatre is managed; the actual money which plays have made; how an actor is trained and what the actors are actually paid; how a play is written and what the authors receive; how a play is rehearsed; the first night of a play; how the actresses "make up" and what they use; and in a minute way the two last articles will show what goes on behind the scenes on the stage during a performance. It is a curious fact that this will be the first time that the theatre and the actor have ever been exhaustively treated in a magazine, and that there is no book on the subject in existence.

"The Art of Buying Food for a Family," by Mary Graham, is an able paper in the September "COSMOPOLITAN" on the very practical subject of purveying for a household. The writer shows just where the average housekeeper is wasteful, and tells many things that will enable a purveyor to supply her family with variety in food at less cost than that with which she now endeavors to maintain a household with a too frequent accompaniment of complaint and criticism. This "COSMOPOLITAN," seems to be a household need, for it contains another article in the same vein, by Anna Leach in the "Delightful Art of Cooking." It is remarkable what a wealth of information she crowds into a few pages. One longs for meals prepared and served as she suggests. She promises endless variety, just as cheaply too, when one learns to prevent the wastefulness which is the besetting sin of the American kitchen.

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FORGIVENESS.

By A. B. Chittenden.

"*Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, until seventy times seven.*"—*Matt. xviii.*, 21, 22.

IN the above texts Jesus plainly teaches that the bestowal of forgiveness is a virtue having no limitations.

Forgiveness is not a synonym for a forgiving act, a word or a mere thought, but it is the divine influence of the Christ love which falls as the soothing balm upon the penitent soul who seeks remission from sin. Those endowed with this Christ-like love wait not the transgressor to return to them in the deep agony of sorrow and repentance to beg forgiveness but even in the midst of his transgressions they pray, Father, forgive him.

Perhaps there are those who may say that it is easier to write of this spirit than really to possess it, and to the Christian learner it is, yet when we think that if we forgive not men their trespasses neither will our heavenly Father forgive us our trespasses, will not the knowledge that we ourselves at times yearn to know more of the forgiving power of God help us to do unto others as we would be done by?

There is a condition of mind where a wrong has been committed, forgiveness been sought and still the spirit is not at rest. Why? Because, deep in the heart is the knowledge of an unearned forgiveness and instead of the needed balm, the encouragement and strength desired is the bitter sting of a conscience which can not be eased until the steps dictated by it have been taken which bring the forgiveness so long sought.

East Canterbury, N. H.

☞HAWTHORNE says, that young or old, in play or in earnest, man is prone to be a brute.

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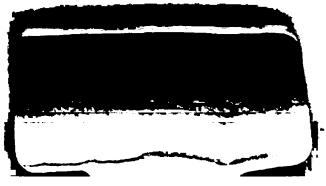

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